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August 7, 1963

The Australian

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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 7, 1963

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The Cringila Public School, at Port Kembla, which has an enrolment of more than 80 per cent. of New Australian children (story, pages 14, 15), has grown rapidly.

BEFORE 1957, the school, then with 144 pupils, had classes in a Scouts' hall as an annexe to the Warrawong Public School.

The migrant population increased so rapidly that in spite of the opening of the new school of six classrooms in 1957 two more rooms were added in 1958.

These were the pioneering days when the present headmaster, Mr. W. Hansen, and his staff established the school on its present successful course.

Mr. Hansen said: "Of course we have our naughty pupils like any other school, but on the whole the children are keener on attending school than staying away."

As well as all the help given migrant children at the school, teachers organise excursion trips to Taronga Park Zoo and other places to widen the children's Australian horizons.

Parents frequently go on these trips, too.

Also, the school's Parents and Citizens' Association provides an avenue of understanding between "old" and "new" Australian parents.

Our Cover

● This pretty two-piece introduces our new Butterick and Vogue Pattern Service (pages 35 to 43 and page 83). It's Butterick Pattern No. 2593. Sizes: 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Jacket and skirt, 3½ to 3½yds. 36in. material or 2½ to 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 5/6. Postage 6d. extra. How to order details, page 35.

IN response to the many letters we have received, we reprint our now famous Calorie Counter (pages 31, 32).

The counter is one of the most popular features we have ever published.

★ ★ ★
THE scenes inside the newspaper office in our new suspense serial, "A Secret Place" (page 27), are authentic.

The author, Edwin Lanham, is a former journalist. "A Secret Place" is an exciting blend of mystery and suspense, and the main characters, two small children, are beautifully drawn. Edwin Lanham, a New Yorker, lives with his wife and daughter on Long Island Sound.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS



3rd MARVILLE NATIONAL BAKING QUEST NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. H. Perry, SUMMER HILL N.S.W., wins a Phillips Transistor Radio. For her recipe see page No. 58

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a set of 6 multi-colored Agee Pyrex ramekins.

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Many happy returns



MESSAGES of good wishes from all over the world are pouring in for Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, 63 on August 4.

Many are from Australia, because the Queen Mother—smiling, friendly, charming—won Australia's affectionate regard during her tour in 1958.

And now there is a strong possibility that she will make another visit next year. She has been invited to attend Adelaide's third annual Festival of Arts in April.

If she accepts the invitation—and the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, is reported to have discussed it with her in London recently—Canberra sources say it will be a "leisurely visit."

It may be confined to South Australia and to Canberra, where the Queen Mother would probably officially open the £5 million Canberra Lakes project.

● Picture shows the Queen Mother arriving at Claridges for a banquet during the visit to London by the King and Queen of Greece.

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**When a
Digger
went back
to Crete**



**"I wasn't
ashamed of
my tears"**

CLAUDE PECK, right, with a snapshot of himself taken by a German officer in Crete in 1942. Members of the family sheltering him told the officer he was their uncle. At left is one of the family, Stalios, now naturalised, of Melbourne.

● Revisiting a Cretan village that hid him from the Germans during World War II has been a most moving experience for a Melbourne taxi-driver, Claude Peck.

MR. PECK, now 58, was an A.I.F. sergeant when the Germans overwhelmed the Allied defences on the island in 1941. The Greeks hid him for 19 months, then helped him to escape.

"For 20 years he has done nothing but dream about the day he could go back," said his wife, Queenie, who with a friend, Mrs. Hilda Bryant, of Croydon, Victoria, accompanied her husband to Greece.

They arrived in Crete early this year and went to the small village of Perivolakia.

"My welcome back was really something to see," said Claude. "We arrived about six in the evening and from then until the small hours of the morning there was a continual procession of old friends in and out of the old house."

"You would have thought I was the prodigal son."

Cretans opened their homes and their hands as in the desperate days when the Germans were there.

"My 'family'—for I regard them as just that—at Perivolakia were truly magnificent during that period of 19 months in Crete," said Claude. "The family name is Koukoulas. Just ordinary village folk, but what folk!"

Death threat

The family consisted of four boys, four girls, and their widowed mother.

Nearly 5000 Germans were quartered in the district, and the penalty for families harboring Allied troops was instant death for all male members of the household, imprisonment for the women, and total destruction of the house.

"In spite of this constant threat and the natural fear," Claude recalls, "these folk never faltered in their care for me and a mate, John Duncan (now of Cheltenham, Victoria)."

"In fact, at one time, for seven weeks, they harbored round the house 13 Australian, New Zealand, and English escapees. So constant was their devotion to all escapees that their house became known as 'Micro London'—Little London."

"The eldest son, Anikotos, and the mother, were great. Unfortunately, Mother—my second mother—died last year and it is my great regret that I didn't arrive in time to see her."

Since the war three members of the family have come to Australia. They are all naturalised.

Amalia (now Mrs. Nikoladis, of Yarram, Victoria) has three children; Stalios, living in South Yarra, has

By
**TORA
BECKINGSALE**

one son; and Demetra (now Mrs. Contaxis) has one son and lives at Morwell, Gippsland.

"Incidentally," Claude said, "I first went to Perivolakia on October 10, 1941. On October 10, 1962, after 21 years to the day, and 8000 miles away, I attended the naturalisation ceremony for Stalios in Melbourne."

"Before leaving home I tape-recorded greetings from them all to their family in Crete. I have since recorded greetings from the folk in Crete which I will take home to Aussie."

"So much for my own Greek family. There were others, too many to mention—the Pimbles family (one son was shot for helping in our escape), the Malamas family of Limnis, the Staleo-thanakis family of Vouves, and the Petrakis family of Nea Horio were outstanding among many great folk."

Before Claude Peck left Australia his battalion (2/7 Battalion, 17th Brigade) gave him money to buy gifts for the village church,

as the district had sheltered nine members of the battalion and helped them all to escape.

The gifts, two gold hanging lamps and a chandelier, were presented at a service conducted by the Bishop of Kastelli, assisted by priests from the nearby villages.

"I had expected to see a good muster of folk, but was amazed and humbled when more than 700 arrived," Claude said.

Still very poor

"I think everybody I had ever met was there. Many of them had walked for three or four hours and some six hours."

"The wealth of that welcome was something I can never hope to experience again and I wasn't ashamed of my tears."

Claude Peck says he could find no difference in the village after 20 years. "The mode of life, by our standards, is pitiful, and the conditions under which the women cook, wash, and live are hard to describe."

"I sampled again the snails (I ate hundreds during the war), the grass (with its courtesy title 'herbs'), and the etaka, made from curdled milk."

"The old washing-boards and the washing-stones in the creek are still there. The constant visits to the communal well to fill jugs and jars, for no village has running water in the houses—this is still part of their work, winter and summer. The rocky paths—I wore out a pair of shoes in two weeks—and the unmade roads, they are the same."

"Yet, with it all, the people are happy, hospitable, and great-hearted."

"The name Australia is the key to all doors, and any of our folk who go there would be assured of a royal welcome."

Claude Peck spent all his long holiday in Crete, but his wife and Mrs. Bryant went to England after two months and will be abroad until January.

A NEW YEAR BABY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PRINCESS



● Princess Alexandra, who will be 27 on Christmas Day, is expecting a baby in the New Year—thus providing Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, with her second grandchild in less than two years. The new baby will be 13th in line of succession to the Throne. Shortly before her wedding recently, Alexandra said she would continue her Royal duties after marriage, but thought this might not be for long, as she hoped to have a baby as soon as possible. Her Scottish husband, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, is now 35.

RECENT PICTURE of Princess Alexandra and her husband was taken on their return to London from Scotland, where the Princess had official engagements.



AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY on April 24, Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy leave Westminster Abbey. Mr. Ogilvy is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie.

And a greeting from her little nephew



THE FAIR-HAIRED PRINCESS was nearly four and brother, Edward, was five in this picture with their parents. Within two years their father died in an R.A.F. crash.



BABY EARL OF ST. ANDREWS manages a tiny smile and the semblance of a wave as he sits in the sun with his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, at Hong Kong, where the Duke is stationed with his regiment. The baby was one on June 26. His mother was formerly Katharine Worsley.



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ANY HUSBAND . . .

Working wife? NO!

Clinging vine? YES!

BACK ON THAT PEDESTAL, BILL!

(That's where your wife likes to see you)

By Sheila Sibley



. . . ANY WIFE

● Right now, in the cool, quiet confines of Canberra, the Government Statistician is at work on the 1961 figures relating to the number of working wives in Australia, and by all the signs and portents the total will be staggering. Even back in 1954 the figure was 258,246.

WHAT are you thinking of, all you girls who don't really HAVE to work?

Don't you realise the implications of what you're doing? You're changing a whole social structure and you're going to be sorry.

You may murmur that you're a free, intelligent, independent woman and have a right to contribute your piece to progress. You may mutter moodily that you're sick of being confined to the house like a caged bird.

a woman who'll make him feel inferior?

Alas, it is one of nature's laws that the girl who can make it alone is going to be left to make it alone.

No man is going to work himself to the bone for a woman who doesn't need him. No fine upstanding fellow is going to whistle for taxis, order the wood, buy the wine, and fill the fridge for the girl who lets him know she can do it twice as well in half the time.

He'll find himself a clinging vine instead, and bully for him.

The woman who works simply to preserve her independence has lost sight of the fact that men and women were made to complement each other.

Each has qualities the other needs for happiness.

A man needs a woman to think he's wonderful — he feels a foot taller if he knows that somewhere there's a girl who thinks he's smarter than the average bear.

And every normal woman needs the comfort and reassurance of someone who doesn't flap, who can think

Call me Judith Iscariot if you will, but I am always sorry for the husbands of discontented wives.

I meet plenty. Poor muddled men, they rise at daybreak to drive into work ("We built a good way out because of the children"), they have a hard, nerve-racking day, and then they drive home to a woman who says, "Oh, it's you."

This woman they are clothing, feeding, and sheltering to the limit of their pay envelope — every mouthful she eats, every garment she

Otherwise he might as well employ a housekeeper.

A quiet, efficient housekeeper would be infinitely better for him than a working wife who rushes in, dumps the pre-frozen dinner on the table, and wails about the wretched day she had at the office.

More loving

Have you become a working wife from sheer boredom? Because your house seemed a prison, your babies a bore, your housework dull, your husband

Well, we all have fleeting moments when the gilt is off our gingerbread house and family, but there is nothing that can't be regilded with a little more love.

Going to work isn't the answer, nor is taking up bridge, pottery, or foreign languages.

At the risk of sounding like a Sunday-school text, all covered with roses and forget-me-nots, I feel the answer is to pour a little more loving into every day.

This will drive the average strong-minded woman up the wall, but if she's half-way intelligent she'll know the different sexes have different needs, and from time immemorial man has needed to walk a good step ahead of his woman.

Deny that need, and deny him his right to cherish and protect you, and you will have something less than a man on your hands: the whole relationship, from its most intimate aspect to the public face it wears, will deteriorate.

There are, of course, some men who won't mind you working. There are even some men who won't mind you working for them.

Look twice

But who wants them? Whether we want them or not, we're going to get them if we don't quickly scuttle back to the old standards.

Female emancipation, to my mind, was a retrograde step and we were mad to let it happen. The trend should

"Career women go like steam . . .

You might even, with a pretty peal of scornful laughter, accuse me of thinking like a clinging vine.

Well, this is where I come right out and say it: what this nation needs is more clinging vines.

I might mention that this, for me, represents a complete switch, a downright betrayal of a youth spent chasing a career.

But after going into deep thought on the subject and studying various successful women in several fields, I have concluded that we careerists are all steaming at a mad, erratic pace in the wrong direction.

At the top

So we can compete with men in some fields we can beat them. It's all very well to be top of the heap, but if you prove your superiority you're proving his inferiority, and who wants to marry a man who's inferior?

And what real man is going to commit himself to

And as for you anti-vine faction, let me point out that a clinging vine presupposes there is some sturdy oak to cling to. If this trend away from the home continues, we will find ourselves fresh out of sturdy oaks.

The wife who works is creating a new type of male — a man who can't see why women shouldn't work, or stand in buses, or pay their way.

Me, I liked the old type — the dear, addled type who, in return for your smile and your kiss and a light hand at pastry, would shelter you, clothe you, feed you, protect you and your children, and pay the doctor's bills on the dot.

Admittedly, you have to do as you're told; admittedly, you get less freedom.

But ask any fine independent career woman struggling to bring up a family without a man just how much freedom she has.

Ask the woman who comes home to an empty flat and a TV dinner how much that freedom is worth.

objectively, who can make a snap decision and stick to it—in short, a man she can respect.

The male ego is at the same time larger, yet frailer, than the female's.

Any woman can cut down a man's confidence or build it up as the fancy takes her. A bored, contemptuous wife,

wears is given to her freely and generously.

And what does she give in return?

A little housework, a little cooking — which she'd have to do for herself, anyway.

Her loving is given begrudgingly, and — in an astounding number of cases — not at all.

. . . but in the wrong direction"

the kind who calls her husband "poor old Bill," will make Bill poor and old before his time.

But armed with the pure blind faith of a clinging vine, Bill is a mighty man.

For his vine knows he is something special. The vine knows her man is going to go right in there and win — and loved, replenished, encouraged, Bill has a pretty fair chance of winning.

He is not Bill minus he is Bill plus, which is a very fine Bill to be.

Decent, bewildered, resigned, the men stick it out year after year. Why they don't all pack their bags and head for Tahiti I'll never know.

Pre-frozen

It is my firm contention that in return for all the hours each week he spends in the rat-race, a man is entitled to a lift of the heart as he pulls into the home drive, and a loving welcome when he opens his front door.

Live as though you're going to lose that house, that child, that man tomorrow. It may happen.

Before I am publicly stoned by 50 per cent. of our readers, I'll admit that some working wives have a case. If they are particularly talented it's a pity to let that talent rot on the vine.

But it should be handled like dynamite, for marital dynamite it is.

His work has always got to seem more important than her work.

be counteracted by instant and constant propaganda.

Perhaps you feel you could never be a clinging vine? That it's against your deepest, most strongly held convictions? Well, let's hope you find a man who needs a good strong woman to lean on.

Do not pity us clinging vines our chains, our submissiveness, our blind obedience to the lord and master. Take a second look, dear — guess who's wound around whose little finger?

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Page 8



P.S. Ideal frying temperature 360-380 degrees.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 7, 1963

BENENDEN



"HEMSTED," Kent, home of the Earl of Cranbrook. in 1904. There were parties, balls, and 62 servants.

The village where Princess Anne will go to school has hardly changed in 50 years

THE sleepy little English village of Benenden is in the news as Princess Anne prepares for her first term at Benenden School in September.

A Sydney couple, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones, of Malabar, remember Benenden as it was 50 years ago.

They recall the days when the school was the home of the Earl of Cranbrook.

"Before World War I, the Earl's mansion, 'Hemsted,' was the setting for many parties and balls," said Mrs. Jones. "People used to come down from London for weekends and the guests danced till dawn."

"I remember when the Earl had 62 servants to run the place. There were gardeners and maids and cooks — many from the village. In fact, all Benenden revolved round 'Hemsted.'"

In some ways this is still true. The school, some three-quarters of a mile from the tiny village, is quite a distance from the nearest town of Cranbrook, so the students come into Benenden for walks and to buy little extras with their strictly controlled pocket-money.

"When I left Benenden 50 years ago, there was only one shop in the village," said Mrs. Jones.

"When my husband and I went back there three years ago the old grocer's shop

opposite the village green was still there, but there is now another grocery and two butchers.

"The village was almost unchanged after all those years. Only two new houses have been built — everything else is exactly as I remember it as a girl."

"Hemsted" is the same, too, except that now there are schoolgirls instead of the Earl and his friends."

The school is set in 200 acres of parkland. Great trees shade rolling lawns.

"I don't think the oaks have grown much," said Mrs. Jones. "I remember as a child going up to 'Hemsted' to gather the acorns from the ground for the pigs."

"Hemsted" was taken over by the Army in World War I, and was later the residence of Viscount Rothemere.

The school, founded in 1923, now has 315 boarders.

ENGLISH COUPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones, now of Malabar, N.S.W., who came to Australia 50 years ago. Mrs. Jones grew up in Benenden, Kent.



OLD CHURCH at Benenden, where Princess Anne will worship with her fellow pupils.

BENENDEN pupils sleep in panelled dormitories like the one at left; the girls make their own beds.



PUPILS cheer the announcement that Princess Anne will go to Benenden School, formerly a private home, "Hemsted."



VILLAGE GREEN (above) is the same as it was 50 years ago (right). "Only the cows have gone," said Mrs. Jones. The old pictures are from her family album.





FORMERLY a journalist in Sydney, Shirley Byrne is pictured here with Tanya the tiger, who will be about 14 weeks old — still very much a baby — when she arrives in Sydney.



SNOWS on the Himalayas background Shirley and Peter.

• Story and pictures from a white hunter's wife

THE author, Irish-born Shirley Byrne, now visiting Australia, first met her husband at a Sydney cocktail party, just before he left for Nepal to hunt for the Abominable Snowman. They married in India.

"Our honeymoon," writes Shirley, "was a six-month trek in the high Himalayas — I walked 400 miles. I now go with Peter on jungle safaris.

TRAVELS WITH

(also the four bears ...
a "lionised" lion ...



CHAIRS were meant for humans, but Tanya doesn't hesitate to make herself comfortable in one — it's a vantage point, anyway.

LEOPARD Thimbu, born in the Royal Zoo in Bhutan, now lives in Taronga Park Zoo in Sydney. He came by ship.



WATCHING for the lift. Thimbu learned to love riding in the automatic lift when the Byrnes were living in a Calcutta apartment.

SOMEWHERE on the high seas between Calcutta, India, and Sydney travels my seventh "baby."

In fact, four of my seven "children" have already made the same trip and have arrived bursting with health from the sea air and as fat as butterballs from eating lots of special food stored on board for them.

But I suppose I should add here and now that I am not really a cruel mother—given the chance I would have travelled with them.

But they were well taken care of, with officers of the British Merchant Navy as their nursemaids!

Exciting adventures

My babies? Nima, Pem Pem, Ang Phooti, and Tenzing — four Himalayan bears; Thimbu, a "royal" leopard; Simba, a very playful lion; and last, but certainly not least, our current traveller—Tanya the tiger.

The others made their home in Taronga Park Zoo, with the exception of two bears, who live in San Antonio, Texas.

Now Sir Edward Hallstrom and Zoo officials eagerly await Tanya's arrival.

Special enclosures are being built for tigers from different countries, and Tanya will take her place as the first Nepalese tiger cub in the Zoo.

Five years ago I married Peter Byrne, a "white hunter." Since then my life has been unique, exciting, and filled with adventures I only dreamed of as a child.

Six months of the year I live in the jungles of Nepal, where Peter runs his company—Nepal Safaris—with the coughing of tiger and the barking of deer for company at night.

My house is a tent (with all the comforts of home) and instead of a bus for transport I take an elephant.

Roast peacock, wild boar, and venison take the place of chicken, pork, and beef, and this, combined with a cook who turns out the most delicious crepe suzettes, makes our jungle home undeniably wonderful.

The first and foremost love of my life, after my husband, is animals.

So when native cattle herders of the Taru tribe brought Tanya to me one day, in a starving and exhausted condition, I prepared myself for at least three or four days and nights of constant nursing and tender care.

Tanya, who is now about twelve weeks old, was then a warm bundle of four weeks with deep blue eyes, enormous paws, and was a perfect miniature of an adult tiger.

I made up a formula of warm diluted buffalo milk and tried to bottle-feed her, but with no success. Then she fought so much against taking it from a teaspoon that I was afraid of cutting her tiny, pink gums.

I realised that there was only one other method — the transfer of milk from my mouth to hers.

It worked! And Tanya swallowed the first real meal she had had for several days.

From then on I spoon-fed her every three hours day and night.

She slept in the tent with us on one of my sweaters in a box. Tiger cubs love darkness for sleeping, as it gives them a feeling of security.

The days flew by and Tanya and her confidence in me grew.

She loved to play with Dillinger, our camp dog, who was very patient with her. But she tired very quickly and sometimes fell asleep where they were playing.

Dillinger would lick her affectionately all over. He adored her and I really believe he thought Tanya was a pup, too.

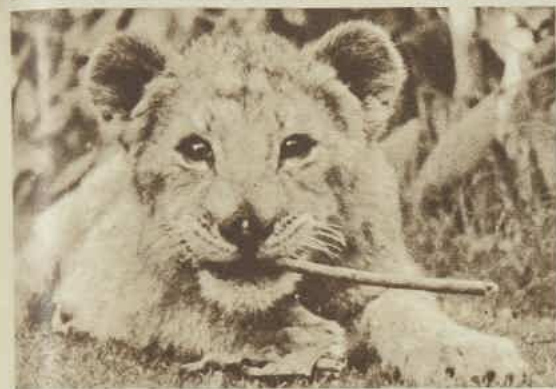
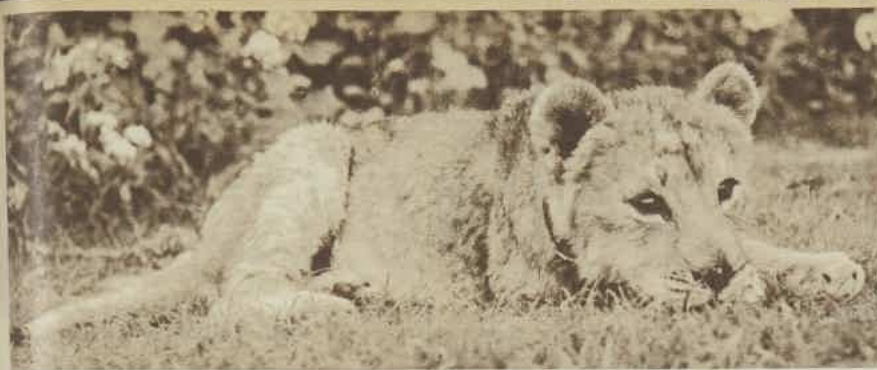
Every morning she walked with me to the river where I swam. She did not like getting wet, and although she made several brave rushes at the water she never got further than wetting her paws.

Irritably shaking the water off her paws she would sit on the beach and wait for me.

While I dried myself she rubbed her head against my legs and made a peculiar "fluffing" sound in her throat. She was a very contented cat.

All too soon our safari season was over and it was time for our two-day trip to Delhi. Tanya travelled in a box in a jeep with us.

She was a perfect traveller and did not bother us once. We stopped from time to time to give her a drink of water and let her go for a walk.



SIMBA (above and left) is a greatly "lionised" lion. Hostesses in Calcutta used to make him a star guest at parties and he has been on TV. He has sociable manners and now, aged three and in Taronga Park Zoo, he is still tame, Shirley says.



AN ELEPHANT is Shirley's usual means of transport when in Nepal, and "home" is a tent. Camps are comfortable, however. She likes the life.

TANYA the TIGER

... and a leopard who loved lift rides)

In Delhi we stayed in a private club, where the servants were terrified of her.

Our meals were left on trays outside our door, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that the beds were made while I held her in my arms.

For no matter what her size and gentleness, to these people she was a tiger and a wild and ferocious jungle cat!

We received the same "cold shoulder" treatment from the servants at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, when we flew in from Katmandu with our four bears.

If no one else was amused, the guests standing in the hotel were tickled pink by the sight of four six-month-old cubs lolling one behind the other into the lobby.

Our brains were a present from a native hunter who had found them in the jungle.

I think they were the most spoilt cubs in existence, for they lived on a diet of milk, porridge, golden syrup, wild strawberries, and wild honey.

A month old when I got them, they are now six feet tall.

Whenever we visit the Grand Hotel now the manager reminds us (not too happily) of the time we went out for a few hours and left the bears in the empty bathroom.

We certainly did not think they could get into any mischief—until we returned and found that they had turned on all the taps, and water was slowly seeping under the door and a small river had formed in the corridor.

Bill for damages

Nima, the naughtiest of the four and usually the ring-leader, was standing up in the toilet and couldn't get out.

Squares of paper floated out from under the door with the water, and the shower curtain was torn to ribbons where the bears had been swinging up and down on it. All in all, they had had a marvellous time and we were presented with a bill for the damage!

Living quite close to the bears now in the Zoo, in a cage all to himself, is Simba the lion.

Once just a scrap of yellow fur, sick and

motherless, he is now a tawny giant of three years and still quite tame.

I went to visit him recently and found it very hard to believe that this was the same creature that slept at the foot of my bed until he was nearly a year old.

If he was popular when he arrived in Sydney (and many will remember his appearance on television with Shirley Abicair or his week's visit to a city store), he was in even greater demand when he lived in Calcutta with us.

All our invitations to parties were for "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Byrne and Simba."

Wearing his "party" collar, he was usually the most sought-after guest there. I remember vividly one party where Fredric March, the famous film star, was guest of honor.

No one got a chance to talk to him all evening, because he played on the floor with Simba, who finally fell asleep in his lap.

Even if pet lions are not your cup of tea, we did discover one good thing about them: you can leave your car unlocked, with the key in the ignition, AND a lion in the back seat, and you have a hundred per cent. guarantee that no one will steal your car!

There may be no such thing as a "blue-blooded" leopard, but if there is, we have one! His name is Thimbu and he was born in the Royal Zoo in Bhutan and presented to us by the King.

We lived in an apartment in Calcutta at the time, so every day Thimbu had to go out for a walk.

We noticed he became very playful and eager as the time for his outing approached and soon discovered why. He loved riding in the elevator!

It wasn't so bad at first, but it did not take him long before he realised that if he sat down and refused to leave, a bell rang, the automatic doors closed, and away we went for another joyride.

Then one day Thimbu set sail for Sydney to join his companions in Taronga Park. Now only Tanya remains. Tanya the tiger. And I look forward eagerly to her arrival.

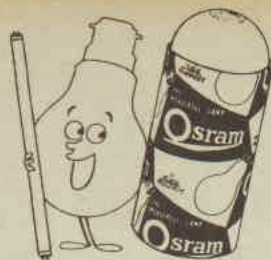
—Shirley Byrne



MISCHIEF led the Byrnes' bears, when left for a short while in a hotel bathroom, to turn on the taps and rip the shower curtain.



TANYA is a handsome, playful tiger. One of her best playmates in her own country was Dillinger, a pariah dog, who is being looked after at home by a Taru family while the Byrnes are in Australia.



Osram
Quality-tested for
• Extra light
• Longer life
• Consistent performance

£2,000

IN PRIZES

in the
Osram
ANOTHER B.G.E. PRODUCT

Lights-the-Night Jingle Contest

201 GREAT PRIZES FIRST PRIZE:
£1,000 value of superb B.G.E. electrical home appliances
of your own choice! AND 200 other valuable prizes.



Everywhere you see Osram lamps and tubes lighting the night . . . in offices like the A.M.P. Building . . . in factories like the Ford Plant . . . floodlighting the Sydney Harbour Bridge . . . and in homes everywhere.



It's easy — and fun — to enter the contest!

Use your skill and write a bright little four-line rhyme or jingle on why Osram was chosen for these projects and beginning with the line "Osram lights the night". An example:

*Osram lights the night!
The lamp with extra light!
Osram passes the quality test.
That's why it's chosen as the best!*

Jingle considered as the best and most original by the judges wins you a home of beautiful B.G.E. electrical appliances worth £1,000. You choose from the luxury B.G.E. range of fully automatic washers, refrigerators, automatic ranges, television receivers, vacuum cleaners, floor polishers and many others. And 200 consolation prizes of glamorous B.G.E. appliances.

You've a terrific chance of being a prize-winner. Write down your jingle on a sheet of paper, add your name and address, and pin to it the wrapper from an Osram lamp or tube.*

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

- You may submit as many entries as you like, but each must be sent separately.
- Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Employees of B.G.E. and their advertising agency are ineligible.
- Contest closes on 24th August. Winners will be notified by mail.

Post to:

Osram Lights-the-Night Contest,
BOX 7084, G.P.O., SYDNEY, or the B.G.E. office in your State
(*except where this contravenes State laws)

BG315N.

Ita Buttrose's SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Sally Platt-Hepworth will arrive in a horse-drawn hansom cab for her marriage with Rodney Hudson at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on October 4.

A keen horse-lover (she has groomed horses for the Royal Easter Show and major polo tournaments), Sally has made all her wedding plans from the country, where she is working as a groom on Mr. Reg Farrell's property, "Yarraman," Cobbitty.

Sally will be a lovely bride in a classical gown of French lace, and her attendants, Mrs. Digby Warren, of "Hereford," Tamworth, and Prudence and Wendy Platt-Hepworth, will wear white-and-gold gowns.

Mark Ratty, of Wahroonga, and Ross Turnbull, of Newcastle, will attend Rodney, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hudson, of St. Ives.

After the ceremony Sally's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Platt-Hepworth, of Avalon, will welcome 100 guests to the reception, which will be held at the Double Bay home of Sally's grandmother, Mrs. Bain Scott-Fell.

COLLECTING her snow wardrobe is pretty Julie Zerky, of Rose Bay, who will leave on August 2 for a skiing weekend at Thredbo. She has already bought a bulky jacket of coffee-colored lambswool with knitted sleeves and collar to keep out the icy winds as she skis over the slopes, and her favorite ski jumper will also be in her luggage. Black with a gaily patterned band around the top, the jumper was a present from Toni Lee Roberts, who bought it when she was tripping through Norway recently. Later in the month Julie will spend another holiday at Thredbo with Sally Andrews and Priscilla Renshaw during the University vacation.

ENJOYING a brief holiday in South Africa is Mrs. Bruce Steer, of Berrigan. She'll be leaving shortly for England, where she plans to spend about six months.

ON their way overseas for a 14-month holiday are sisters Jenny and Deirdre Davis, of Rose Bay. They will be met at Genoa by Beverley Bowker, of Strathfield, and Roslyn Bone, of Epping, who have been living in London for the past few months, and the four of them will spend three months touring the Continent. Jenny and Deirdre's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Davis, are travelling with them in Galileo as far as Perth and will return to Sydney by train with stopovers in Adelaide and Melbourne.

MRS. FRANK McCALL POWER, of Double Bay, received a postcard last week from Dr. and Mrs. Renato Velli, of Bellevue Hill, to say they were having a wonderful holiday in the sun at Lake Maggiore in Laveno, Italy. The Vellis will be arriving home on August 15.

PRETTY Virginia Craig is flashing a gorgeous aquamarine - and - diamond engagement ring, the gift of her fiancé, Richard Baker, of North Parramatta. Virginia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Craig, of Warrawee, and Richard is the son of Reverend and Mrs. H. W. Baker. They will marry next April.

MANY Sydney people will be flying to Melbourne to be guests at the wedding of Julia Stanford, of "Highfield," Berwick, Victoria, and Clive Hall, of Woollahra, at St. James' Old Cathedral on August 3. They'll include Clive's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Hunter Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Remond, and Dick Rowe. The day after the wedding the young couple will leave for England, where they will make their home for the next 12 months.

COLORFUL Japanese dolls, made and dressed in paper costumes, will be a special attraction at an International Fair which the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Kambala Parents and Friends' Association will hold at Monash Hut, Rose Bay, on August 3. The auxiliary president, Mrs. Colin Salmon, of Vaucluse, who is making the dolls, has also done several landscape paintings to be sold on the day.

EXPECTED home shortly after a seven-month holiday overseas are Gillian Burns, of Vaucluse, and Gail Garry, of "Mylora," Binalong. Highlight of their trip was a visit to India, where they went partridge-shooting in canefields near New Delhi. The birds were later cooked and carried for their dinner.

AMANDA FRANCES are the names chosen by Angela and John Kenny, of Killara, for their first child. The baby will be christened at Angela's old school, Loreto Convent, Normanhurst, early next month.



AT RECEPTION, from left, Mrs. John Hallstrom, the Assistant Trade Commissioner for Canada, Mr. R. L. Richardson, and Mrs. Tom Macfarlane, who were among more than 250 guests at a party which members of the Royal Agricultural Society gave at the Council Stand at the Showground for overseas exhibitors at the Sydney Trade Fair. The president of the Society, Mr. Strath Playfair, and Mrs. Playfair welcomed guests.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1963



ABOVE: The bridal group (from left) best man, Mr. Tony White, of Double Bay, Mr. Geoffrey White and his bride, formerly Miss Sally Fairfax, bridesmaids Miss Margaret Boasman, of Roma, Queensland, Miss Louise Tolmie, of Ottawa, Canada, Miss Penelope White, and Miss Ruth Fairfax, with flower-girls Julia Sherriff, of Braidwood, and Sarah Cant, of Newcastle, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for Double Bay.



GUESTS at the wedding reception at "Elaine," Double Bay, included Mrs. Ed Price, wife of the Assistant Trade Commissioner for Canada, and Mr. Peter Headlam.



ABOVE: The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Geoffrey White, sen., chatting with the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, at the reception at their home.

WEDDING AT ST. MARK'S

● Two hundred and fifty guests attended a champagne reception at "Elaine," the lovely waterfront home of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, of Double Bay, after the wedding of their daughter Sally to Mr. Geoffrey White at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The couple will make their home in Ottawa, Canada. Mr. White is Second Secretary at the Australian High Commission.

AT RIGHT, from left, youthful Julia Sherriff and Sarah Cant took time off from their duties as flower-girls to relax at the reception and kept warm in a borrowed stole.



AT LEFT: Bridesmaid Miss Margaret Boasman sipping champagne with Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey White after they had welcomed guests to the reception. Mr. White is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey White, sen., of Double Bay, and of Perth.

AT RIGHT: Miss Diana Fairfax and Mr. Dick Dennison at the reception. Miss Fairfax, a cousin of the bride, attended the wedding with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Fairfax, of "Tarnuk," Merriwa.



Children from 12 nations SCHOOL WHERE



WHY is the
Alka-Seltzer tablet

so big?



BECAUSE it does such a BIG job — in fact it does *two* jobs — it relieves headache and it will also relieve an upset stomach!

And — to do these two jobs as effectively and quickly as it does, it has more ingredients than ordinary pain relievers.

Alka-Seltzer, is *always* taken as a liquid. Alka-Seltzer tablets are simply dropped in a glass of water where they effervesce briskly and dissolve. The solution then contains the sodium salt of aspirin — to relieve pain — and sodium citrate to neutralise excess acidity in the stomach and relieve stomach upset. And, because Alka-Seltzer is taken as a liquid it goes to work faster. Being pre-dissolved the efficient pain reliever is rapidly absorbed into the blood stream — the only way they can provide relief.

The dual-purpose action of Alka-Seltzer is unique. Ordinary headache remedies often upset the stomach; ordinary indigestion remedies do nothing for headaches. Alka-Seltzer never upsets — always relieves. It is fast, and safe; it contains no phenacetin or codeine. It has been widely used throughout the world since 1928 for prompt relief in such a wide range of complaints as:

**HEADACHE, UPSET STOMACH
INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN
OVER INDULGENCE IN FOOD
AND/OR DRINK
NEURALGIA, DISCOMFORTS OF
COLDS AND FLU
HOT WEATHER FATIGUE, NAUSEA
MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS**

**Try
Alka-Seltzer —
it really works!**

IN THREE HANDY SIZES:
4, 12 AND 30 TABLETS



From Chemists and Stores — everywhere



A BIRTHDAY CAKE means another new and wonderful discovery to many of the migrant children in kindergarten at Cringila School. Teacher Mrs. S. Jarrett uses a cake and candles to explain to pupils how Australia celebrates birthdays. The children watch fascinated. All eyes are on this particular lesson — and on that cake.



HEADMASTER at Cringila School, Mr. William Hansen, points out a new word to Alfons Masurowski, 9, from Holland, and Connie Gafa, 8, from Malta. Children also help each other with English.

DANCING at Cringila School's annual Fancy Dress Frolic. There were prizes for the best national-dress costume. In picture is Anna Hucok, 9, from the Ukraine, with a boy from Malta.



TOMORROW'S AUSSIES MEET

By Alan Myler

● On a hilltop overlooking the giant blast furnaces of steelworks at Port Kembla, N.S.W., Cringila Public School stands as a symbol of the success of Australia's immigration programme. This school, with more than 80 per cent. of its enrolment New Australian children of 12 different nationalities, offers a glimpse of Australia-of-tomorrow—growing up.

BOTH the school and the steelworks—where many of the pupils' fathers work—are linked inseparably with Australia's progress through immigration.

Since 311 of the 374 pupils come from non-English-speaking countries, enrolment days are made unique among Australian schools by the babble of many languages and translation difficulties.

Although there are no special English classes (migrant children are quickly absorbed into school life), teachers employ simple, sympathetic ways of overcoming the language barrier—plus patience.

"Old" Australian pupils, and the "new" Australians who have learned English, accept it as a special responsibility to help the newcomers who can't understand or speak their new language.

The school, opened in 1957 under the present headmaster, Mr. W. Hansen, is noted for its sound academic results.

In 1961 a new infants' block was added, with Mrs. S. Jarrett in charge. Of the 200 children here, only 35 are "old" Australians; 36 youngsters in the two kindergarten classes cannot speak English.

One of the most intriguing features of the school is that small children of different nationalities play and talk quite naturally together despite the language trouble.

Their uncannily effective communication with each other is helped along by constant gestures of little hands and facial expressions.

To help Mother

New Australian children usually take about five weeks to assimilate into a class, but about four months elapses before they can understand enough English for ordinary lessons.

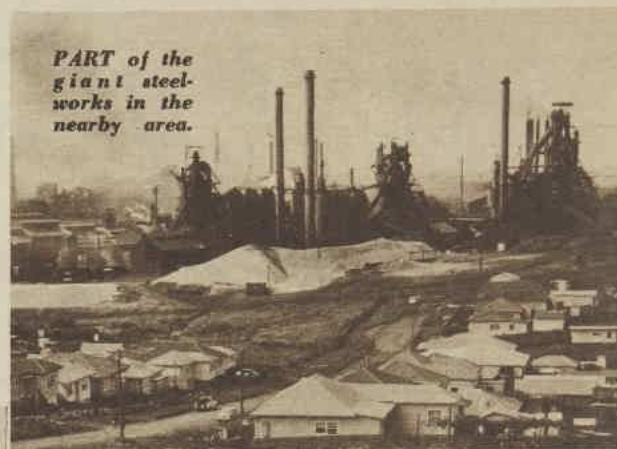
The headmaster said: "We feel we are accomplishing something—that our patience and efforts are worth while—when, after a few short weeks we are told shyly: 'I no come school tomorrow. I go Port Kembla help shopping my mother. She no speak English!'"

Should a problem arise requiring punishment, the reaction was one of contrition, he added.

I was told of a small Hungarian girl, who, on being scolded for a mistake, said to her teacher: "You are so kind. I am so stupid."



LONGEST NAME in fourth class at Cringila School belongs to Gabor Winkelbauer, 10, from Hungary.



PART of the giant steelworks in the nearby area.



STANDING UP are the three Australians in a class of 32 at Cringila School. Part only of the class is pictured. Children from 12 overseas countries—Italy, Spain, Greece, Germany, Yugoslavia, Holland, Portugal, Russia, Hungary, Poland, the Ukraine, Malta—attend the school.

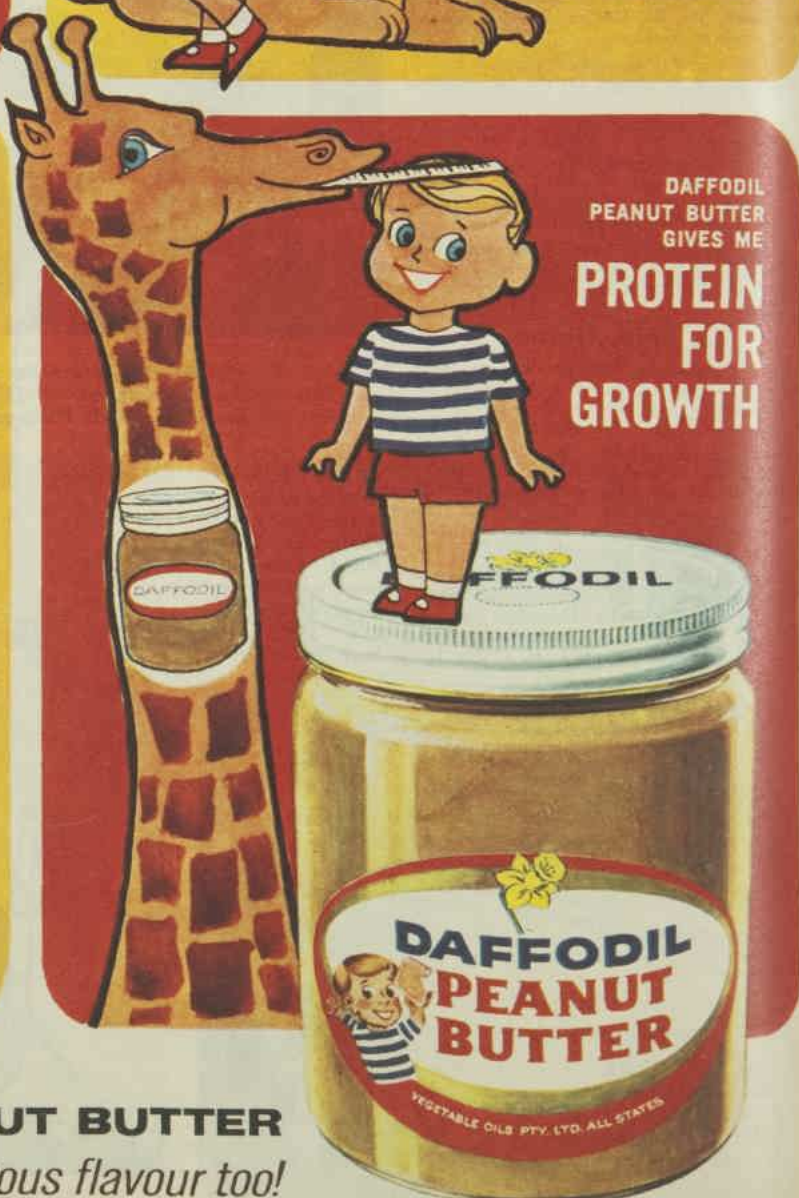
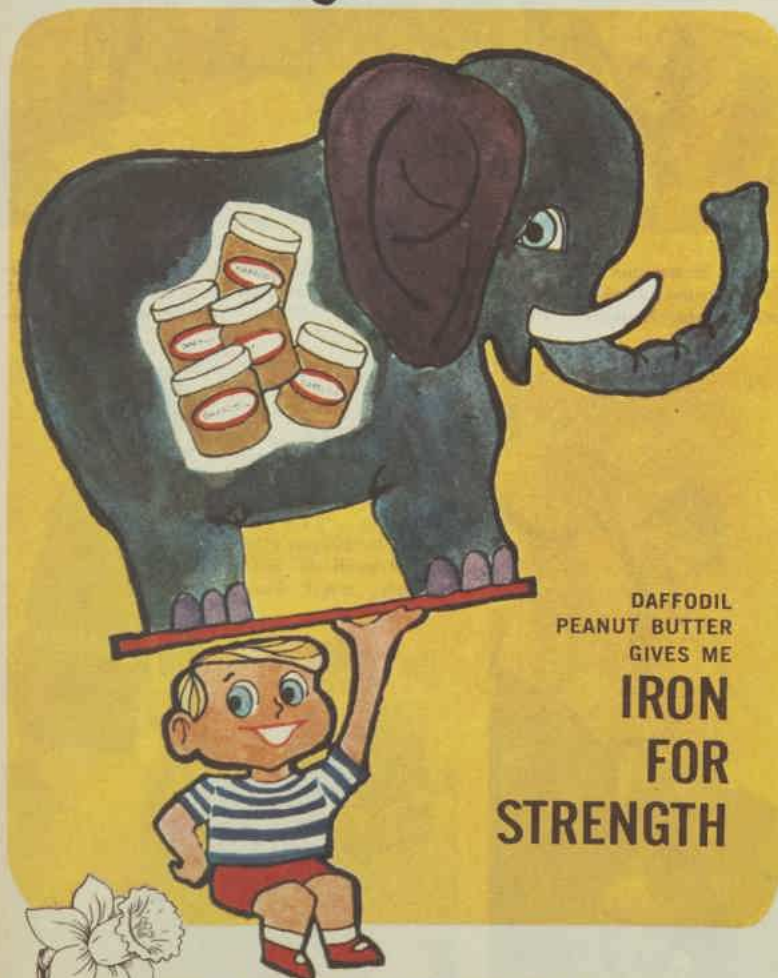
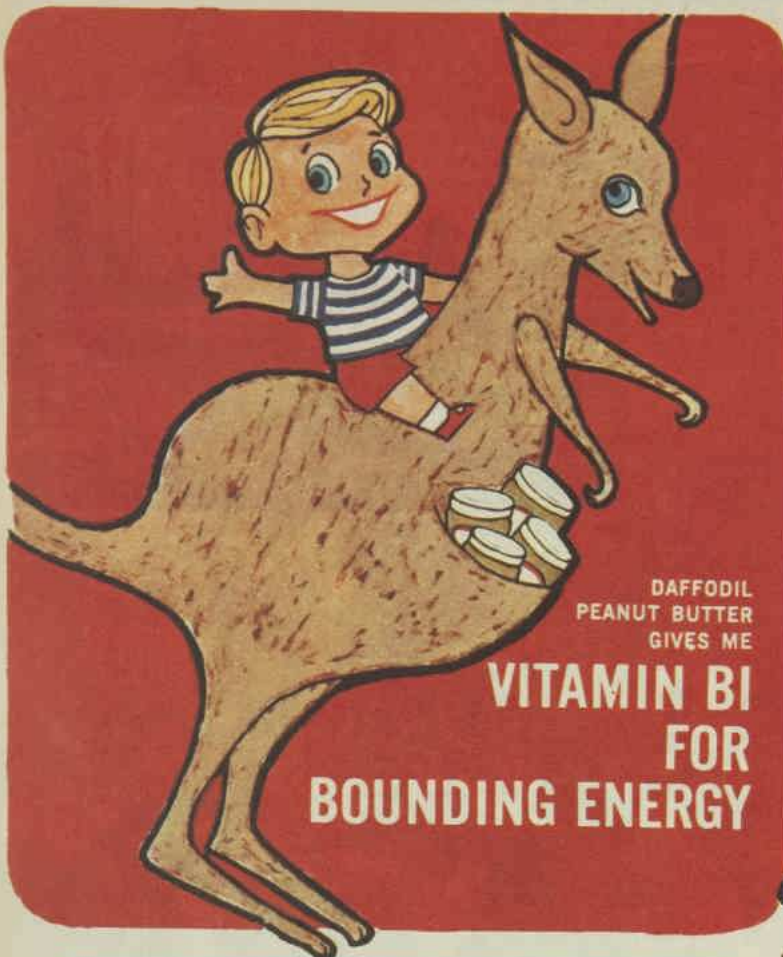
TRUE AUSSIES: Dressed as a miner at the Fancy Dress Frolic is Tony Moed, from Holland, and as swagmen Paul Vikes and Jim Xiros, both from Greece.



ANYONE for cricket? Jose Luis Alvarez, from Spain, is ready to hit a "sixer." Wicketkeeper Pino Torrasen is from Italy, and keen.



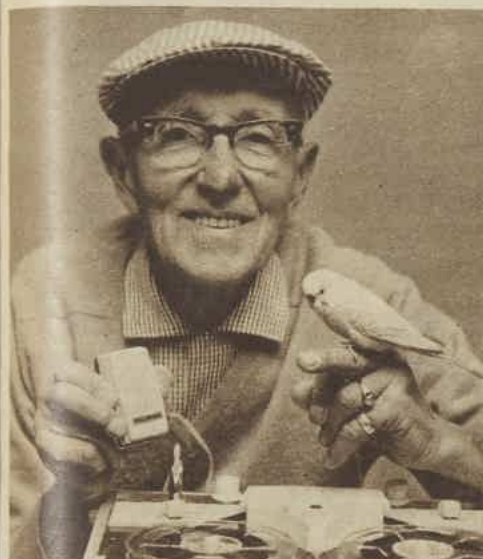
DAFFODIL NEW, NUTTIER PEANUT BUTTER



DAFFODIL PEANUT BUTTER

all this healthful goodness and scrumptious flavour too!

Worth Reporting



● Mr. Peter Lind, of Bondi, N.S.W., records a message from his budgerigar, Peter.

"HE'S a real car-basher," Mr. Peter Lind told us. "When my wife and I are talking he keeps chipping in."

The "carbasher" (his name is Peter Lind, too) is a blue-and-grey budgerigar. While we talked to 79-year-old Mr. Lind and his wife, Maude, 75, at their home in Bondi, N.S.W., Peter chirped and chattered from vantage points around the room — mainly the occupants' heads.

We caught occasional demands for "a cup of tea."

Mr. Lind has used 600 feet of tape to record Peter's chattering. He estimates that the budgie's vocabulary has well over 200 words.

"He started talking when he was about six weeks old. He's about nine months now," Mr. Lind said.

"We haven't tried to teach him anything for a long time. He just picks up odd scraps of conversation. And it's surprising what he comes out with."

"When I uncovered his cage one morning he said, 'Are you going to put the light on, Linny?'"

"I've never taught him any tricks. I just like to hear him chinwagging."

"But he does the Twist sometimes. Rock-'n'-roll, too. He loves music. When we put the radio on he chatters and sings to it."

"Do the Twist for us, Peter?" we asked hopefully.

"I'm Peter Lind, of Bondi Beach," the budgie said — with an accent unmistakably like Mr. Lind's.

● Hungarian painter Dr. Bela de Valentin with his portrait of daughter Timea, 19.

Escape at Christmas

WHEN Dr. Bela de Valentin fled with his wife and three children from revolution-torn Hungary in 1957, they took only one bag containing a few clothes and 15 of his paintings.

Dr. de Valentin was formerly restorer for the National Art Gallery and Director of the War Museum of Budapest.

"We were always frightened those last few months," Mrs. de Valentin recalled. "Every morning more friends had just disappeared."

"We left Budapest in the snow, loaded with a Christmas tree and gifts, on the pretence of visiting a friend's relatives near the Austrian border."

After Vienna the de Valentins came to Australia.

During the first year here Dr. de Valentin painted a church mural at The Entrance, N.S.W.

The family now lives in Hawthorn, Vic. Dr. de Valentin's first Victorian show was opened at the Victorian Artists' Society on July 16.



MOTHER



"No . . . No . . . NO! . . . Oh, all right, then."

Help for heart patients

WHEN the members of the Heart Auxiliary of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney, heard about ultrasonic equipment to clean the heart-lung machine, they decided they must find the money for it as soon as possible.

The heart-lung machine (which takes the place of the patient's heart and lungs during a heart operation) was being cleaned by hand—a laborious procedure which took almost two days.

The ultrasonic cleaner could do the job in less than a day — but would cost £1500.

Finding this amount was no small order for the auxiliary, a hard-working group mainly comprised of parents of children treated or awaiting treatment at the hospital for congenital heart conditions.

Auxiliary president is Mr. John Macdonald, a Sydney engineer who endowed the cardiac ward in memory of his son Peter, who died from a heart ailment, aged four.

"In the two years since we started we've raised about £5000 through functions. But this takes time," Mr. Macdonald told us.

"We've found very good friends in the Lions Clubs, however, so we appealed to Bankstown Club to help us get the ultrasonic cleaner. They're donating the £1500 — and the machine has already been ordered."

"Hurstville Lions have given us over £1600, which has helped enlarge the ward to seven beds. And Chatswood has promised £800 for equipment."

"Now we're aiming for £15,000 to extend the ward to 16 beds to catch up with

the backlog of children waiting for heart surgery. Some have been waiting for a year."

Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Edward Hulme, an electronics engineer, constructed much of the electronic equipment in the heart unit.

The heart-lung machine at the hospital was designed and built in Sydney by an auxiliary member, Mr. V. Ebsary, a pump engineer.

Keeping up with doctors

MEDICAL jargon is just another foreign language to most people. Not to Miss Dorothy Tremlett, of Sydney, who, as assistant editor of "The Medical Journal of Australia," prepares for pub-



● Dorothy Tremlett.

lication some 40 pages of technical data each week.

An Arts graduate of Sydney University, Miss Tremlett joined the Journal 26 years ago as secretary to the editor.

"Funnily enough," she said, "I've never found medical terminology hard. I'm fascinated by it."

"Although I'm the only person on the editorial staff who is not a Doctor of Medicine, I've learned enough about medicine over the years to know whether an article is sub-standard or inaccurate. In fact, I'd be rather silly if I hadn't."

Miss Tremlett says that paradoxically the longer she stays with the Journal the more difficult medical terminology becomes.

"Recently there has been a tendency for the medical profession to manufacture medical terms. These are so new they are not in medical books."

"It is a problem for the profession as a whole."

And as she spoke she looked almost despairingly at the medical books lining the walls of her office.

NEXT WEEK:

How to diet in secret

If you've intended going on a diet, but have put it off—too expensive, too fiddly, or "everyone will know I'm on a diet"—a 16-page low-calorie cookbook in our next issue has the answer.

The cookbook tells how to diet simply, sanely—and secretly.

It tells just what a calorie is; gives menus for a 1200-calories-a-day diet.

In the cookbook:

- Breakfast, lunch, and dinner menus with suggestions for extras for non-dieting family members.
- Menus for entertaining so that guests won't know you're dieting.
- What to avoid when eating out.
- Recipes for low-calorie cakes, desserts, biscuits, jams.

The number of calories is listed with each recipe; the cookbook is the most practical approach to dieting yet.

Keep the calorie counter in this issue, get the cookbook in the next, and you'll be prepared for your weight problem.

Also: Melbourne woman's weight loss

To encourage would-be dieters, Mrs. Joyce Manley, a 55-year-old Melbourne housewife, tells how she lost 4st. 8lb. in five months—by counting calories.

Mrs. Manley, who reduced from 16st. to 11st. 6lb., gives a day's low-calorie meals.

Her husband says: "She looks like a flapper now."

Spring elegance in straw

Straw is back in fashion news for spring.

You can be in that fashion with patterns to knit and crochet an elegant pink cocktail suit (shown at right) and smartly styled handbags for town and beach wear.

The designs are shown in color; the patterns are easy to follow.



BARGAINS GALORE

EVERYONE likes to think he has a bargain when he buys something.

You can be sure of bargains by reading the free ads section in the Sunday Telegraph.

Every week hundreds of youngsters use this section to buy, sell, or swap.

There are bargains galore — from bikes to lawnmowers, from prams to surfboards — all advertised in this special feature.

The Sunday Telegraph free ads section brings results. Let it work for you.



make this mouth watering HOT FRUIT SALAD CAKE

2 tblspns. Tulip (3 ozs.),
2 cups (drained) fruit
salad (if fresh fruit,
use little sugar; if can-
ned, no sugar required).

2 cups S.R. flour
2 tblspns. sugar
1 tblspn. water
Pinch salt
1 egg

Method:

- ① Cream Tulip and 2
tblspns. sugar.
- ② Add beaten egg, water,
sifted flour and salt.
- ③ Mix smoothly. Roll out
half of the pastry and
line a greased pie
plate.
- ④ If fresh fruit, peel and
prepare fruit as for
salad and sprinkle
with sugar.
- ⑤ Fill into pastry case
and cover fruit with
remaining pastry. Join
edges together.
- ⑥ Prick over with a fork.
- ⑦ Bake in a mod. oven
about 1 hour.
- ⑧ Serve with fruit juice
sauce made by thick-
ening juice with
arrowroot or corn-
flour, little sugar and
whipped cream.

What a thrill when you open the oven!
...You can always depend on Tulip!

TULIP

Change to Tulip AUSTRALIA'S QUALITY MARGARINE



"The Nurses" take over

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Sad movies always make me cry. This I freely admit. But never, until I saw a preview of the first episode of "The Nurses," has a television show brought a lump to my cynical throat.

"THE NURSES" begins on TCN9 this Thursday night at 8.30.

There isn't a dull soul in the maternity ward in which young Zina Bethune, playing student nurse Gail Lucas, finds herself on her first day of duty.

There is awesome but kind senior nurse Liz Thorpe (Shirley Conway), Mrs. Yanopoulos (guest-starred by Viviera Lindfors), widowed two months, suffering from a rheumatic heart, and expecting her first baby.

There's bitter, distressed Mrs. Janet Clark, married but a month and not wanting her expected baby; young, eager Mrs. Barrett, mistaking on natural childbirth against the will of her over-protective husband, and the calm, I've-been-through-all-this-before mother who is expecting her fifth.

The first episode certainly has plenty of drama, compounded of tears, tenderness, bitterness, and happiness — and lots of women.

My one doubtful reaction was that there were too many women, which might be in danger of hall-marking "The Nurses" as "a women's show" and thus possibly alienating some men viewers.

However, I understand that later episodes counter-act the ultra-femininity of the first one.

They will introduce regular men doctors, male guest stars; and some of the episodes move out of the hospital ward altogether.

For instance, some will start with patients being discharged from hospital and then follow their stories after they return home.

And there are some controversial subjects lined up for future episodes — for instance, the terrible thalidomide baby problem.

FRIDAY sees the first of the "Kildare" series in its new time (ABN2, Fridays, 8.30 p.m.) and a new series.

Its old 7.30 Monday time will be filled by yet another medical show — a B.B.C. series called "Dr. Finlay's Casebook."

Reason for the changeover is, I understand, that some of the episodes in the new series are not suitable for children, so the AO classification is responsible for the later viewing time.

But I wish "Kildare" didn't clash with another up-viewing show, Channel Nine's "Bonanza."

A Saturday night "Dr. Kildare" show would have been a pleasant alternative to some of those old films that are dished out occasionally on that evening.

Still, with "The Nurses" on Channel Nine, Docs Ben Casey and Theodore Bassett on Channel Seven, and



Zina Bethune, of "The Nurses."

Docs Kildare and Finlay on Two there should be no complaints about current viewing opportunities from the hypodermic, pep-pill, head-shrinker fans.

When Hitler held power

THE highlight of my Monday night viewing is now Project '63 (TCN9, 9.30 p.m.).

This programme and Kildare have always tied for my Monday night popularity stakes, but now Project '63 is way up on a peak above other Monday offerings.

These N.B.C. documentaries show how this type of historical programme should be handled. They are consistently excellent whether the subject is Stalin or Chevalier, Zanuck or Khrushchev.

The one which has moved me most deeply so far was the recent "The Twisted Cross," showing the rise of Hitler and Nazism.

It wasn't so much the shots of the dreadful fate awaiting those who resisted the regime. We've seen much of this before.

Ironically, I was touched with pity and guilt by the scenes of German civilians after Allied bombing raids — searching through the ruins for remains of loved ones and loved possessions, or scuttling to air-raid shelters at another warning.

Australians probably took it for granted that during the raids by both sides the civilians in Germany suffered as much as those in London, Plymouth, Coventry, Birmingham.

But those of us who lived through the London blitz used to sit in our garden dugout fondly imagining (no doubt because it saved our consciences to deceive ourselves) that while the wicked Germans were slaughtering innocent civilians our bomber pilots were carefully selecting only military targets — munition factories, railways, power stations — for destruction.

But these excellent shots brought home to me that our

civilian enemies suffered as much as we did.

Here was no glory, just the wicked futility of war.

HEAVEN help the future of the public-relations business in America if comedian Joey Bishop is typical of this breed.

That's the part he played — a timid, down-trodden P.R. — in the premiere of the "Joey Bishop Show" (ATN7, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.).

I thought Mr. Bishop was unfunny, and cannot understand why he has such a high rating with American television viewers.

In fact, I can't quite comprehend what type of humor his is meant to be.

Is he supposed to be the henpecked "little man" to whom everything happens?

If so, he's no Charlie Chaplin, not by a long chalk.

Or maybe, since he rarely smiled throughout the episode, his is the deadpan type of comedy. Then he should look at a few old movies of Buster Keaton or Ned Sparks.

I thought his stooge, Joe Flynn, playing his brother-in-

law, was much funnier. Incidentally, did you recognise Joe? He's Captain Binghamton in Channel Nine's "McHale's Navy."

I hope the show improves, since I understand that Mr. Bishop was discovered by Frank Sinatra, and I suppose Mr. S. should know talent when he sees it.

Personally, I wish he'd left him undiscovered.

Visit to a famous valley

MANY people who associated the Barossa Valley in South Australia with wine-growing will not be aware — as I wasn't — that the Valley had another ancient industry — hand-made pipe organs.

On August 4 at 9 p.m. ABN2 will present a half-hour documentary on the craft.

"The Pipes of Para," as the programme is to be called, takes its name from the river which flows through the Barossa Valley, and the A.B.C. expects the programme to be telecast overseas, especially in Germany.

The story tells of a well-known organist who revisits Barossa after a 40-year absence.

He is to play at a wedding, and while sitting at a large modern organ in a modern church he recalls the days when he played in all the Valley churches on the old pipe organs.

The histories of many of these pipe organs and the inhabitants of the Valley — early Prussian settlers with a fierce devotion to their religious faith and enthusiastic builders of churches and organs — make up the programme.

One of the most interesting sequences is an old-time wedding in the church of Gruenberg. Authentic costumes worn by the bride and bridesmaids are black, then the traditional color for brides being married in Lutheran churches.

The German waggon which carries the bridal couple from the church is also authentic — one of the few waggons preserved in the Valley.

"Pipes of Para" was filmed by an A.B.C. unit from Sydney and was produced and directed by Gil Brealey.

Reviews of New Films

With WINIFRED MUNDAY

★★★ A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

A faithful film translation of Arthur Miller's play, this film is powerful and disturbing indeed. Set in Brooklyn, it tells the story of a happily married longshoreman who has a subconscious love for his young niece. His love flares violently to the surface when she falls in love with a handsome Sicilian who has entered the country illegally. The performances from all members of the cast are masterly. (P.K.)—Lido, Sydney.

In a word . . . COMPELLING.

★★★ THE L-SHAPED ROOM

Anyone who has ever roomed in London on the cheap will sympathise with Leslie Caron, who settles in an old house with an odd bunch of boarders — a retired actress (Cicely Courtneidge), an out-of-work writer (Tom Bell), a colored boy, and a couple of prostitutes.

Acting is excellent, and the sad, indeterminate ending gives the film a realism one has come to expect from first-class British films.—Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . SURE.

★★★ 55 DAYS AT PEKING

This film version of the siege by Chinese rebel and

Imperial troops of the representatives of 11 nations in the Legations at Peking — known as the Boxer Rebellion — is exciting, colorful, and splendidly acted.

Charlton Heston is the Major in charge of U.S. Marines in the Legation Compound, Ava Gardner is a displaced Russian countess, and David Niven the British Ambassador who persuades the other countries to hold out rather than evacuate the city.—Forum, Sydney.

In a word . . . EPIC.

★★ BON VOYAGE

This is a lighthearted bit of nonsense about an American family's long-planned vacation in France. Stars are Fred MacMurray and Jane Wyman. There are some fine views of Paris, and it's a lot of fun if you want a get-away-from-it-all film. P.K.—St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . RELAXING.

★★ HUD

Paul Newman is a self-centred Texas cattleman who tries to swindle his father (Melvyn Douglas) out of the ranch, tries to corrupt his 17-year-old nephew (Brandon de Wilde), and assaults the housekeeper (Patricia Neal). He gets his deserts when the cattle are destroyed through disease, his father dies, and both housekeeper and nephew leave him ruined and alone. It is difficult to feel any sympathy for such

a nasty character, and the action is sometimes slow.—Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . SPACIOUS.

★★ THREE TRUTHS IN THE WELL

Intense story of a divorcee (Michele Morgan) who befriends a young ne'er-do-well (Jean-Claude Brialy) only to lose him in marriage to her 18-year-old daughter (Catherine Spaak). When the daughter is found dead a detective tries to find out whether it was suicide or whether she has been shot by her mother or her husband. The story is told in flashback through the eyes of all three, and there is some fine, convincing acting.—Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . EXPLOSIVE.

★ SOME PEOPLE

This rather obvious story of Teddy Boys in the West of England who reform when they become interested in the Duke of Edinburgh's physical-fitness awards is really propaganda for the scheme. The choirmaster (Kenneth More), who lets them have a church hall to practise rock guitar playing, is too bland and good. And the boys, who change from tough little motor-bike riders to responsible fellows making and sailing canoes, are also too pat to be true.—Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . ORDINARY.



Mr. Sheen Spray 'n Wipe Polish is waxing so popular, my mailbox is full of letters of praise!

Mrs. S. Jensen, Victoria. It is with pleasure that I write to thank you for your wonderful new product, Mr. Sheen.

As a business housewife, with limited time, I find now with my tin of Mr. Sheen and my dusters I can do all jobs, such as polishing mirrors, taps, fridge, etc., in less time and still have my home with that well-kept look. I consider it the best product I have ever used.

Mrs. I. E. Liddy, Victoria. I felt I just had to write and thank you for such a wonderful new product as Mr. Sheen. I have just begun to use it and in future nothing will take its place in my home. I have found it is excellent on formica surfaces, glass and mirrors—in fact, everything. Once again many grateful thanks.

Mrs. M. Rothwell Banks, N.S.W. I just had to drop you a line to say how wonderful I found your new product, Mr. Sheen. I found it absolutely everything that was said about it on television. I live on a main road from which dust is lifting all the time and, needless to say, my furniture has to be dusted daily. I have Queen Anne furniture. My kitchen contains highly polished wood cupboards which smear from the steam of cooking. I tried Mr. Sheen and it has brought my furniture and cupboards up to a beautiful high polish. There has been no hard work involved in polishing with Mr. Sheen, and several friends have commented on the gloss of the cupboards. I sincerely hope everyone finds Mr. Sheen as wonderful as I do.



READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1963



Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said—isn't it a shame how people idolise youth? You know the type I mean—women who see a wrinkle and break out in tears. Men worried about their first grey hairs. Men wearing height-increasing shoes, dyeing their hair. And women—artificial eyelashes, artificial bosoms, girdles so tight they cannot breathe. And how about those new wigs? I believe in people looking neat and clean, but let's face it—you cannot stop the process of ageing. So why not face the facts and realise it's happening to all your friends, too. You are not the only one, you know.

Momma's moral: A good foundation garment and a smooth paint job will take 20 years off a woman's appearance, but she still can't fool a long flight of stairs . . .

DID YOU KNOW?

THE success of "McHale's Navy" has prompted the producers of the television series to expand the weekly half-hour about a PT-boat crew in the South Pacific into a feature-length film. The producers are currently seeking a suitable script.

SILENT-SCREEN star and Broadway actress Lillian Gish will be the first guest star on the "Mr. Novak" series about a young schoolmaster.

IN England's top-rating serial "Coronation Street," soon coming to TCN9, Sydney, a formidable female dragon named Ena Sharples has already become a national legend in Britain, and is even quoted in Parliament.

One new and really improbable honor just bestowed on her is to have, of all things, a rose named after her.

To be exact, the grower thought this would be unfair on the rose, too, so he called it after the actress who plays her, Violet Carson. Violet, who's really a kind person in private life, said gratefully, "I only hope the rose does for you what 'Coronation Street' did for me."

THE personal and professional life of Bette Davis will be the subject of a documentary to be filmed for the new N.B.C.-TV series "Hollywood and the Stars."

GALE GORDON, winding up his stint with "Dennis the Menace," moves over to "The Lucy Show" next season.

THE all-male cast of "My Three Sons" admits one woman next season. Meredith MacRae, 18-year-old daughter of Gordon and Sheila MacRae, will join the regular cast to play the part of Sally, fiancée of Fred MacMurray's oldest television son, Mike. Mike is played by Tim Considine.

Television

CAROL LAWRENCE is filming a "Wagon Train" episode in which she plays the role of a Chinese princess who "ages" 53 years in the course of the story. Suzanne Pleshette reportedly turned down the role because she couldn't stand all that make-up.

A SERIES of hour-long dramas to be drawn from the Bible is being prepared by M.G.M.-TV in Hollywood, with Henry Denker as executive producer. Denker was for ten years producer-director of the radio series "The Greatest Story Ever Told."

INSIDERS who have seen clips of next season's "77 Sunset Strip," with Erem Zimbalist the only detective left in the script, report the series now resembles the old "Dragnet." Jack Webb, the Sgt. Friday of "Dragnet," recently becomes production director for Warner Brothers, the company that makes "Sunset Strip."

PROPHETS—and mountaineers—have no honor in their own land! James Whittaker, first American to reach the top of Mount Everest, will be featured in a "Focus on America" programme. But the filmed story, instead of picturing the Himalayas, will be centred on Mt. Rainier, America's highest peak, which Whittaker climbed years ago, unremarked at the time by U.S. television.

The star... is you!



SUZY PARKER
starring in
the Columbia picture
"INTERNS".



Your beauty care . . . the beauty care of 9 out of 10
film stars . . . the mild beauty soap that
keeps your skin so soft, so smooth—so beautifully clear!

Lux Toilet Soap

the purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all!

No film star ever faced such extreme close-ups as you face every day . . . nobody was ever on stage so long! Will the face you turn to your fans be flawless? Yes—if you use gentle, mild, creamy-smooth Lux Toilet Soap. This is the soap of the film stars, the soap with the rich lather that beautifies and purifies—leaving your skin so lovely to look at . . . so lovely to touch. No other soap can match the purity of Lux—no wonder it's the choice of 9 out of 10 glamorous stars. And you . . .



In four pastel shades and white

FOUR "RED" FACES

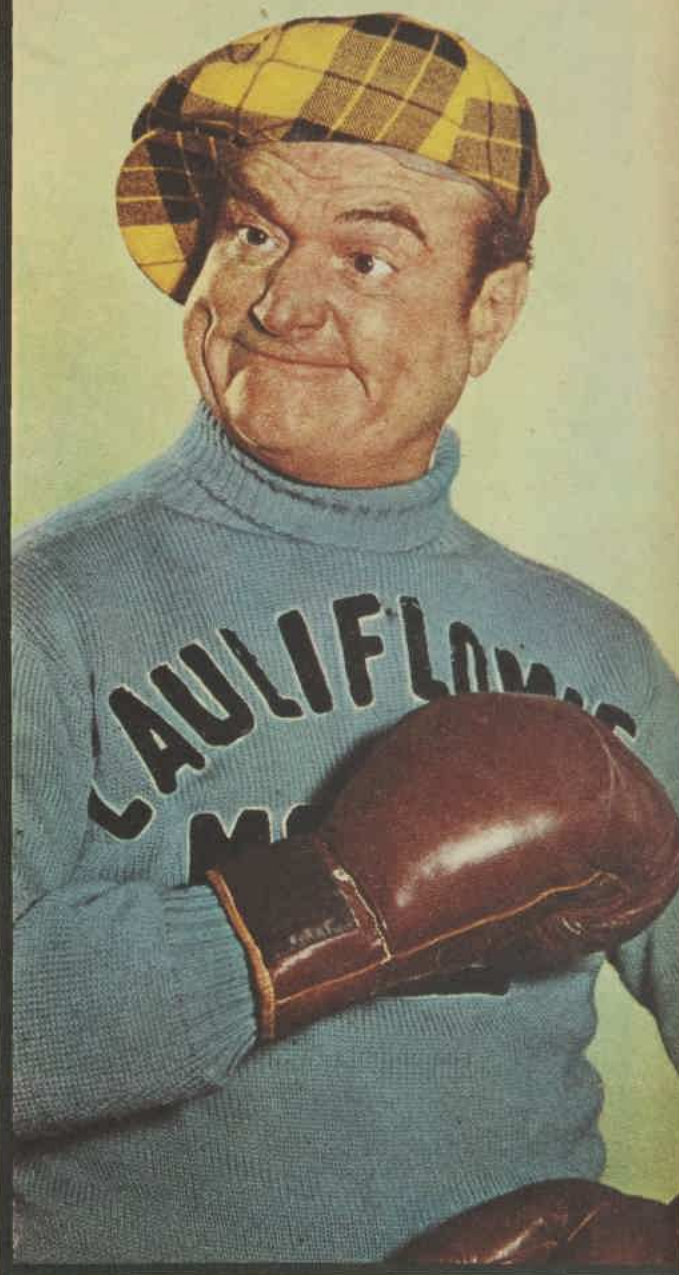
● Red Skelton is a man of many TV personalities. Each week his show, "The Red Skelton Hour," features one of them: Skelton's favorite Freddie the Freeloader, Clem Kadiddlehopper, Willie Lump Lump, San Fernando Red, the Mean Widdle Kid — or one of the "Red faces" here.



ABOVE: Bolivar Shagnasty is Skelton's man-in-the-street character. Skelton usually works on his own opening monologues. He tape-records this material as he drives, in a Rolls-Royce, between his home and the CBS-TV studio.

Television

RIGHT: As Cauliflower McPugg, Skelton is a not-very-bright ex-boxer. Skelton began his career at 10, when he danced for pennies in the streets of his home town, Vincennes, Indiana. At 12, he joined a travelling medicine show, then went on to become a clown in a circus and a comedian in burlesque. Red Skelton has brought laughter to vaudeville theatres and to Broadway, to films and radio, and now for 12 years to America—to TV.



RIGHT: George Appleby is the henpecked husband type. Like George, Skelton himself is often seen with a cigar — but he never smokes it. A man of paradoxes, he loves talking into a microphone — but he won't answer a telephone.



RIGHT: "Deadeye" Skelton comes from the West, pardner. And Red Skelton likes to relax "out West" at his Palm Springs holiday ranch with his wife of 18 years, Georgia. Their daughter Valentina is 17; son Richard died of leukemia in 1958, aged nine.

● "The Red Skelton Hour" is screened in the following cities:

SYDNEY—TCN9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.;
BRISBANE—QTQ9, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.
MELBOURNE'S GTV9 will premiere the show on Wednesday, August 21, at 7.30 p.m.
ADELAIDE, NWS9, Mondays, 7 p.m.



**No
broken
sleep...**



Medic relieves congestion simply and surely

Medic medicated vapour brings relief from the discomfort of congestion and coughs of colds . . . You can spray Medic at night without disturbing or waking your children. Medic will bring them relief while they sleep. Medic eliminates the fuss of nose drops and chest rubs . . . Spray Medic in rooms for soothing relief from the coughing and discomfort of colds. Medic contains special ingredients that help kill airborne germs . . . help protect against the spread of infection.

Available only from your family chemist — Only 9/6

There was an aura of
mystery about Primrose
which fascinated this
celebrated pianist . . .
a romantic short story

With music

By **PATRICIA SIBLEY**

BREAKERS of pale mist billowed down off the autumn moor and broke without sound over the lone cottage in the valley. Inside, Harrison St. David, possibly England's greatest pianist, rolled out of bed. It was twelve noon precisely.

First, the mirror. Yes, even in pyjamas the dignity was there. He threw back the fair head, narrowed his eyes and nodded once, slowly. That was all the bow his public ever expected. Stern, proud, utterly dedicated, They said, and They must never learn the truth.

The day's holiday routine unrolled before his mind like a reliable map, until he remembered that, after all, it would be upset. Old Fred, who had done the big rambling garden for years, and played ludo with him every Friday evening, had foolishly broken a leg. "Apply on Wednesday between six and seven," read his advertisement for a gardener, in the local paper.

When the winter concert season was over, it was Harrison's custom to leave his Knightsbridge flat, order immense quantities of the foods he liked best, and retreat out of the world into the cottage, surrounded by every labor-saving device and his collection of china dogs.

The day moved inexorably toward six o'clock, when he would have to face strangers. Lunch was, as always, tomato soup, salami sandwiches, and ice-cream. Afterwards he wrote letters, including the usual No to Elgin, his agent. He emphatically did not want to appear on television programmes.

Elgin was publicity-mad, but to be just he did owe him his high place in the public esteem. Harrison St. David, who despised such trivia as children, noise, and the lower orders, Harrison St. David, gourmet and prince of intellectuals, was entirely Elgin's creation.

At six o'clock he tidied up, threw back his head in the well-known gesture, and looked out of the window. No one was in sight. The mist had thinned away so that he could see a line of tors, the Grey Watchers, above the ale-bright river. Well, there was an hour left yet. He sat down at the piano, doodled some Beethoven, then dropped as usual into the Schumann concerto. Tum, tum, tum-ti tum tum—he sang the orchestra part. At the end of the second movement he looked out again. Confounded nuisance if no one came.

Finally he went back and finished the whole concerto, singing louder and louder, tum-ti tum tum. Glorious! As he sat back at last, happy, there was a sound of applause from outside the back door.

Whipping it open, he discovered a young woman sitting on the step, clapping. However, at the sight of him she stood up and said gravely, "Good evening. I have come about the advertisement."

"And how long have you been there?" he demanded.

"Since the third bar of the second movement."

"I didn't see anyone come."

"No, I live over in the next valley, you see. I came down Fox-lang and over the wall."

"Oh. Well, come in," he said rather belatedly. She was like a mountain ash tree he thought, in her green trousers and scarlet sweater. And calm, like a tree reflected in water. Only when she was seated by the fire did he realise that the whole thing was a mistake.

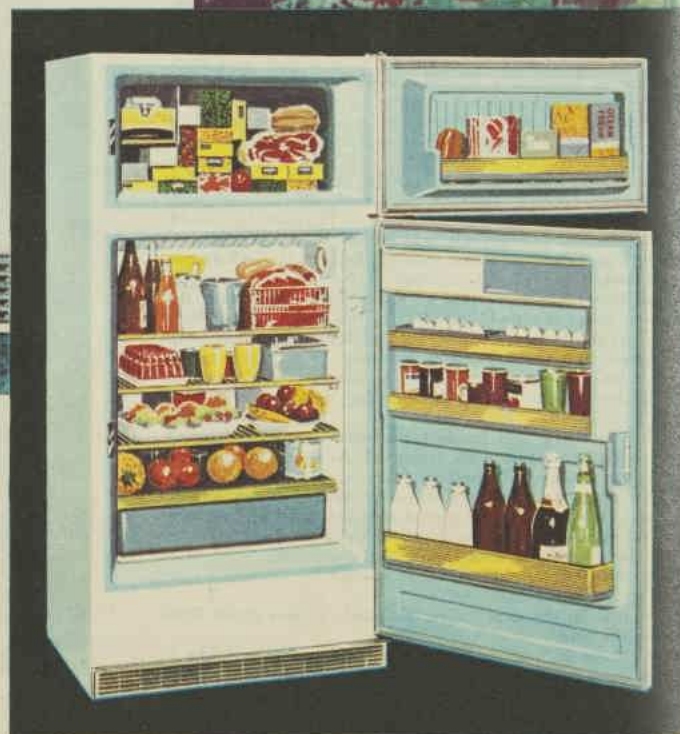
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You can afford this refrigerator

... lucky you and obviously a very forward-thinking you ... living with the most advanced refrigerator Australia's seen. It's all new, this Westinghouse Supreme Automatic 143 ... a big beautiful show-off that changes the whole concept of home refrigeration; pampers that luxury taste of yours with a true home-freezer for a full 100 lbs. of food ... and a frost-free refrigerator, the most spacious there is. With TWO DOORS, it boasts quite blatantly of the luxury its two worlds of cold bring you. And it parades next summer's features without a blush. All this and *Fresh-Cold*, too (that's the unique Westinghouse system that keeps the cold air moving and moist to keep your good food fresh, longer). Think of the lift all *this* gives your kitchen. 289 guineas is the price. With 5 other models starting way down at 149 guineas. There's superb after-sales service, too (though you'll probably never need it). And your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own! *Prices slightly higher in some areas.*



YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S



Westinghouse
2 DOOR SUPREME AUTOMATIC 143

"But look, I advertised for a gardener—I mean, a man. No one came, though."

Then she stated rather than asked, "I can do one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon."

"I don't mind when you come, out digging . . . and lifting . . ."

He looked at her small hands. "Mr. St. David, a man in your position is sure to have every mechanical aid for the garden."

"Well, um-no. I'm afraid Old Fred didn't hold with gadgets."

"You could get some," she suggested gently. Harrison supposed that he could get gadgets.

"Is there a decent mower?" she asked.

Suddenly he felt in need of a drink. They would have a glass of that nice tawny port of which there was a case in the kitchen. As he poured it out he was conscious of her moving about the room behind him, pausing by the china dogs. When he took her the glass, she was stroking a cheerful, bearded terrier in white china with blue spots.

"I like him."

"That's Bach," he said without thinking, then realised with horror that he had let out a life's secret. For the first time she smiled, but she did not laugh.

"Bach to the life! I can see it now. And this one, is it—could it be Schubert?"

How could she know? By the end of the second glass he had been through all the names in the menagerie that no one, except Old Fred, had ever seen before. Only then did he realise something else.

"All these names, but you haven't told me yours."

"Smith—Primrose."

She looked up at him, solemn again now as if there were more to say. Only the river's distant thunder invaded that moment's quiet. He glanced at her left hand and there were no rings.

"See you in the morning, then," she said and was gone.

NEXT day, when Primrose Smith knocked, he was already up and gloomily dusting Handel. At he opened the door the day seemed to brighten.

"Orders for the day, Mr. St. David?" she asked.

"Oh, good morning, Miss um—Smith. Well, let's go down and have a look round."

On one side the house was sheltered by trees and shrubbery, on the other lay a big lawn, flanked on two sides by a wide border beneath a dry stone wall. Below ran the river.

"Gorgeous day, the moors are looking really splendid."

"Oh, I love the place," she said quickly, and then, "sometimes I wish I didn't, then I could get away from it."

Why? he wondered, but said abruptly, "You could start by cleaning out the border. The dahlias are over."

"Yes. Then how will you want it planted?"

"Oh, tulips, you know, and wall-flowers, then geraniums."

"And lobelia?"

"Yes, that's right."

Only then did he become aware that she had pronounced it like some fearful disease and moreover was looking at him as if he had it.

"Nothing wrong with that, is there," he said stiffly, and then with craft, "what would you suggest?"

"I think you should do away with this flat border altogether," she said eagerly. "You could have a lovely rock garden sloping right up to the wall with all sorts of exciting bulbs and things for spring, oxalis, fritillaries, scillas, sparaxis for later—and, of course, that wall cries out for roses. Just imagine red and white roses alternately," her hand sketched arabesques.

The strange thing was, he could imagine them frothing over the grey stones with wild, warm gaiety. "Then down by the river," he said, catching her enthusiasm, "we could have a water garden, perhaps fountain."

"Some of those new pink brathers . . ."

"With a cascade down the centre and clumps of iris," he interrupted, "and little pools with lilies."

"We could start now," said Primrose.

Soon the lawn was littered with discarded plants, spades, a wheelbarrow. At twelve the girl said abruptly, "I must go."

When she returned at three, Harrison St. David was deep in a pit of his own delving, surrounded by rocks. When the last was in place he found it necessary to sink down upon it and realised, for the first time in his life, that he was weak with hunger, having missed lunch. Now it seemed mean to sneak away and eat by himself. In the end he cut two enormous hunks of chocolate cake, slapped salami on two doorsteps of bread, filled two soup plates with ice-cream and called her in.

To his surprise she smiled and set to without a word until two of the courses had vanished. The silence seemed companionable.

Continued from page 23

"Is it your cook's day off?" she asked presently.

"No, I do all the cooking myself," he said proudly.

"What do you cook?"

"Bacon, mushrooms, and tomato soup."

"Oh, I believe you're like me," she exclaimed. "You just eat your favorite things all the time."

"I say, do you do it, too?"

"Mm, pork pie, spaghetti, pickled cabbage, and ginger beer." They looked at one another with approval.

"But are you never lonely here?" she asked in her gentle way, licking the last of the ice-cream from her spoon.

"Only on Fridays." What was

WITH MUSIC

it about this girl that made him blurt out things like a schoolboy?

"Why Fridays?"

"Oh, nothing, have some more."

"But why Fridays? Do tell me."

"Ludo," he muttered, feeling hot about the ears. Must be all that fresh air.

"Ludo?"

"Yes. Fred and I, we always had a match, Friday evenings, seven o'clock."

"Would you like — oh, that's not really the time, is it?" she cried out, catching sight of the wall clock. A spasm of real fear seemed to trouble her habitual calm, then she was gone, a scarlet arrow across the garden.

Her going seemed to leave too

much space. He felt it difficult to settle down.

On Friday he worked on among the rocks under a mellow autumn sun that gilded his lone dreams all morning, for she did not come. Doggedly he worked on through the afternoon with only the Grey Watchers for company, for still she did not come. Harrison thought he knew why.

After tea he set out board and counters, put coffee and cake ready, shook up the cushions and practised throwing a few sixes. By eight she had not come. At nine he put the Ludo board away.

Confound the girl, why had he ever thought she would come? Nothing had really been said, only he had fancied that some unspoken communication passed between them.

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Husband's Choice

Father knows best (mechanically speaking) and, with the little woman in mind, will choose a washer that knows what it's doing! An automatic washer without problems. Something you can rely on. Of course you'll love the way it takes work off your mind, too! The Westinghouse automatically guards all kinds of clothes with a mother's kind of care (gentle yet thorough). Tumbling action lifts clothes clear of the water; sends suds surging through them as they tumble back; sieves out the freed

dirt through special escape-holes (only this total rinse can give a totally clean wash!). It's a lot of washer, this Westinghouse Fully Automatic. A big functional washer; simple to use; good-looking and free of gadgetry. There are two Westinghouse Automatics: the Heater model for 219 gns. and the Non-Heat for 209 gns. Your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer can make either one easy to own. Superb after-sales service too (though you'll probably never need it).

Illustrated is the Westinghouse non-heat model fully automatic washer.

And washer prices start way down low (below 150 gns.)

Semi-Automatics	
Non-heat model	149 gns.
Heater model	159 gns.
Fully Automatics	
Non-heat model	209 gns.
Heater model	219 gns.

Prices slightly higher in some areas.



YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S

Westinghouse



Country Club



SWISS SUMMER

FABRIC FESTIVAL



Superbly tailored sports shirts, dress pyjamas and dress robes

From Switzerland . . . from the world's master weavers . . . the most exciting and colourful fabric collection ever assembled. New weaves. New cool-toned shades. A whole new range of lighter-than-light, cooling-to-wear cottons with a finish so fine they have the sheen of silk. **SPORTS SHIRTS:** still from only 59/9. Long sleeves or new tapered short sleeves with special fashion accent. Sports shirts for boys, too. **DRESS ROBES AND PYJAMAS:** luxurious fabrics. Detail tailored with extra features. This will be a **Swiss fabric summer. A Country Club summer.**

COUNTRY CLUB — MAKERS OF FINE SPORTS SHIRTS FOR MEN AND BOYS, DRESS PYJAMAS AND ROBES



A SECRET PLACE

First dramatic instalment of our
new exciting suspense serial . . .

By **EDWIN LANHAM**

FOR more than thirty years Mr. Hyman had sold newspapers in his stationery and candy store on the corner of Sixth Avenue. The clamor and the violence of a soaring city had passed daily through his hands in exchange for the price of a newspaper, but until this weekend in June when tragedy struck around the corner at No. 62, no news story had ever before hit him where he lived—among the kids of the neighborhood.

Mr. Hyman knew kids and loved them. These two who had just come into the store were new to the neighborhood. It was maybe five months since they had moved in, Mr. Hyman reflected, a gentle little girl about ten years old and a brother, maybe six, who never said much. The boy's name was Benjy, the little girl was Sheilah—shortened by her brother to "Shee." She took care of him like a little mother.

"What can I do for you today?" Mr. Hyman asked. "Some change to telephone, please," Sheilah said and put a two-dollar bill on the counter. Seeing how his hand hesitated, she added, "That's good luck, you know."

"So it's good luck? A two-dollar bill good luck?" "It is for me," She smiled, and her face came alive and her nose wrinkled where there was a little band of freckles across it. "When I was going on eight I found a two-dollar bill on the street, and I wouldn't spend it, and when my daddy asked me what I wanted for my birthday I said a two-dollar bill so he gave me eight—one for each year. The next year I got nine and last birthday it was ten, so I've got 28 two-dollar bills, counting the one I found. Now isn't that good luck?"

"I wouldn't want to break your luck," Mr. Hyman said. "Keep the bill, and I'll lend you a dime for the telephone."

"It's for out of town, though," Sheilah said doubtfully. "It will take a quarter."

"O.K.," said Mr. Hyman. "I trust you."

These were good kids, he thought as she took the little boy by the hand and led him into the telephone booth at the back of the store, but there was something sad about them, and he saw it in their mother, too.

She came into the store fairly often to pick up a newspaper or a packet of cigarettes, a good-looking blonde who was some kind of artist. She was divorced from her husband, the doorman at No. 62 had told Mr. Hyman, and spent some time in Belardo's down the street, but she was always a lady. Just bored, probably, and lonely. Very nice people went to Belardo's; it wasn't one of those Village joints.

"Daddy, is that you?" Sheilah called eagerly into the telephone. Because it was Saturday she had put the call through, not to his office just off Madison Avenue, but to the white house in the woods where they had all lived, up across the Hudson River in Rockland County. "I'm in a telephone booth with Benjy and he wants to say hello."

The little boy stood on tiptoe. "Hello, daddy."

"Hi there, Benjy. How is everything?" "Everything is fine," Benjy said. "Except I don't have a puppy dog yet."

Sheilah took the receiver away. In the gloom of the booth her face had a pale, new-moon shine, and her voice was excited as she said: "Vera is going away for the weekend, daddy."

"Vera? What's this Vera business?"

To page 63

Vera fondly said good-bye to Benjy and Sheilah before leaving the flat.



DO YOU?...



PAINT YOUR NAILS



PUT ON A FACE



HAVE A COLD



FEEL SAD AT TIMES



LOVE FRUIT



EAT HAMBURGERS



GO TO THE BEACH



USE LIPSTICK

then you need **SCOTTIES FACIAL TISSUES**



Achoo—bless
you, and bless
Scotties
tissues, too!



New! * Magic Oval *
Scotties. Now you can
take one Scottie, and another floats up.
Or take a handful, already
neatly folded for you,
in pink, lilac, yellow and white.

another fine product by **Bowater-Scott**

MORE 3.95C

A Life to Share

Simple Simon, they called him, but what right had they to judge? . . . a story

By **STUART CLOETE**



GROOT MOND fifteen years ago had been a cluster of fishermen's cottages. Now it was a thriving resort with three hotels, four boarding-houses, and only the real-estate agents know how many villas and summer homes. A hundred miles from Cape Town with a good road, good fishing, and a good golf course, it left nothing to be desired except perhaps that the bathing was dangerous away from the estuary—the mond, or mouth, of the river.

It had everything, including a village idiot. Simon van Breda, or "Simple Simon," as everyone called him, even to his face sometimes, was a local character. Sometimes he acted as a gillie for rich people who wanted to fish; sometimes you didn't see him for weeks, when he just stayed on the farm where he lived with his mother by the sea three miles away.

Simon was a big hulk of a boy—a man almost, but because he was simple, people still thought of him as a boy. He had a boy's innocence, a boy's wide-eyed stare, a boy's mouth—sort of droopy and tender, as if he did not know what it was all about.

He was a fine fisherman and caught fish with his old bamboo rod and linen line when others with the latest equipment never got a bite. He lived on his fish. He ate it. He sold it. He was almost part fish, like a seal in the water. You might think he knew what the fish were thinking.

He certainly didn't know what people were thinking—at least, they didn't think he did. But, then, we don't know what a dog thinks, which may be just as well, but it thinks all right.

Simon was a bit like a dog, too, in his way. Like a dog ashore and a fish in the water. A sort of mermaid or merman, only the man part was dog—a dog that smiled up at everyone and wagged its tail. But he was certainly queer.

For instance, all summer long he'd pick up the driftwood that the winter storms threw up on to the high rocks and throw it back into the sea. Like a dog throwing sticks for himself, only he didn't retrieve them. Not that he could have, good swimmer though he was, in the boiling seas that broke round the pulpit rock. And that's where he always threw them from.

The white water was a good place for galgou—a nice-eating fish when you got used to the flavor and didn't mind the black veins in its white flesh.

But it was funny, on a hot day, to watch him carrying great barks of timber, broken bulkheads, logs, trees even, that had been washed down some river in the north and after their journey through the seas had ended up here—to watch him sweating, his eyes popping out, struggle with them up to the high rock, then throw them in, and then smile as if he'd accomplished something.

The people in the town amused Simon. They were so serious. They worked so hard at their games—tennis, golf, even their swimming they took hard. He knew they thought him simple. He had a vague idea of how upset they would be if they knew he thought the same of them. Not simple perhaps, but strange and imperceptive.

Perhaps he looked at people rather the way a dog does, wondering why they do not enjoy all the beautiful smells all around them, why they do not chase the birds, roll in the grass, or lie in a corner out of the wind to enjoy the sunshine.

Perhaps he regarded people as a dog does or as a child does, with some wonder at their difference. As a new, strange species, co-habitants in the same world, but at different levels. Sometimes he thought of them as fish, as if he were a surface-feeding fish and they were bottom grubbers—soles or plaice or skates.

Or again as if he were a bird and they land animals of the duller sort, like cows. Not that he had anything against cows. His own two cows he loved. They were very intelligent, but ordinary; cows to which no one ever spoke. Cows that were just fed and milked and driven into the fields to graze.

To page 30

"You're mad to try and swim in that sea," the man said as Simon prepared to rescue the girl.



When Fiona invited Ian to dinner she hoped that she had found the way to a man's heart . . .

THE DINNER DATE

By HERBERT HARRIS

PAMELA was frowning. "Uncle, you know Ian, don't you? I brought him to your party last Christmas," she said, and I remembered him well. He hadn't moved away from the ham croquettes the whole evening. If ever a young man enjoyed his food it was Ian. As a matter of fact, I couldn't help thinking as I watched him consuming quantities of savories that the girl he married would need to be a good cook.

"Of course," I said. "He's the big, beefy fellow you're going out with."

"Was going out with. It's all over now," she said dolefully.

Pamela's father had died when she was quite young, and her mother was not a very understanding woman. She was fond of her daughter, but somehow Pamela did not find it easy to confide in her.

So in the past few years she had been coming to my wife and me with most of her problems. We always liked to see Pamela. She was an attractive young girl and we were both quite willing to give her a word of advice whenever she appealed to us for help.

"Did Ian strike you as a flirt?" she asked. She was being serious.

"A flirt?" I said. "He seemed more interested in food than girls. With your cookery diploma, I'd have thought you'd be a winner with the lad."

"That's just it, Uncle. She's told Ian she has a cooking diploma, too."

"Who has?"

"Fiona. She's out to get Ian. Just because he's in a good job, I suppose, the money-grabbing little beast. I know she's a very pretty girl, but I don't think that's any reason she should try to take my boy-friend away from me."

I let her seethe for a moment.

"He's going to her place tomorrow—for dinner," she added.

For what other purpose but eating would Ian go anywhere? I thought.

"And I know she was lying about that cookery diploma. I know she can't cook at all!" said Pamela.

I said: "If that's the case, everything will be absolutely wonderful, won't it? I mean, Fiona will reveal herself to Ian in her true colors—cook her goose, so to speak. I'm sure Ian will be completely disillusioned in the beautiful Fiona and will come running back to you."

"Maybe," Pamela said thoughtfully. "I hadn't thought of it. I'd only thought of Ian settling down on the settee with her after the sweets course. In a way, I'm sorry for him, falling into the trap of that designing she-wolf. But in spite of that I can't help admitting I'm terribly jealous of Fiona and simply furious that Ian has accepted her invitation for dinner."

The next Saturday I saw Ian in a pub we both use. I often see him there in the evening, enjoying a quiet communion with the snacks at the bar.

And I usually dodge him. He's a terrible bore, talks endlessly about food. But on this particular Saturday I could see he wasn't in his usual cheerful mood. At a distance he looked pale. At close quarters he looked decidedly unwell. Out of curiosity I moved alongside him.

"Do you mind, old boy?" he said, grimacing as I took a bite from a sausage. "The sight of you munching that thing . . ."

He turned away. "Oh? Anything wrong?" I asked. "The old tum a bit delicate?"

"My entire digestive network is in revolt," said Ian, a pained expression on his normally bland features. I just raised my eyebrows and waited. Whatever explanation he had to offer, I was hoping it would be something that would make Pamela happy. I was eagerly anticipating his answer to my question.

"People who cook like that perishing redhead, Fiona, should be locked up. They're a menace."

"I've never had the pleasure of dining at her flat," I said.

"Pleasure? Do you know what? She led me to believe she could cook a Chinese dinner. I was delighted when I knew she was giving me a Chinese meal, as I am particularly keen about this type of food."

"Oh, really? And could she?" I asked.

The lad scowled. "She could not. I won't go into details, because last night's experience is too painful to look back on."

I asked him to excuse me while I made a phone call. The booth was out of his carshot and I rang Pamela. After a short time she came to the phone.

"Is that . . . ?" Her voice sounded hopeful.

"Don't get excited, dear," I said. "It's just Uncle Herbert bringing glad tidings."

"Uh-huh?"

"Listen, Pamela. Ian's all yours. Fiona let him down badly. Just wave that cookery diploma at him and you'll never look back."

"Uh-huh?"

"Last night, Fiona served up a four-course fiasco."

"Sorry, Uncle, but it's not news. After I left you last week I rang Fiona's flat and said I was Ian's sister. It was quite amusing disguising my voice and she seemed so interested in what I had to say."

"But you said his sister was in America!"

"Did I? Well, I said I was Ian's sister, and I asked her if she would like the recipe for Ian's favorite dish. She was delighted."

"I bet she was," I said.

Pamela chuckled at the memory, then went on: "And, brother! Did I have a good time dreaming up that recipe?"

(Copyright)

A LIFE TO SHARE

Continued from page 29

Of course he talked to all animals, and of course that was another reason that people thought him crazy. "He talks to animals," they'd say. "He's mad." But then, what they didn't know was that the animals talked back to him. In their animal way — doggy talk, horse talk, cow talk, bird talk, cat talk. Not in words, though most animals made sounds he could interpret, but in other ways — with their eyes, their ears, their tails.

The trees talked to him, too, whispering of the storms they had survived and how they wished it would rain or that now at last it was going to rain. They said these things with their leaves and their rustling branches. It was all so simple that it was impossible to explain.

What would people have said if he told them that if you sat down by a goose you could see the sky through its nostrils — that they were exactly opposite each other? He often looked through their noses when they sat in the grass beside him.

Simon met Vi Mitchell first when she was about eight years old. He found her standing beside him while he fished.

He said, "Hello, little girl."

She said, "I'm Vi Mitchell."

He said, "You are, are you?" — though, of course, he knew her perfectly well.

SANDY MITCHELL

CHETT, her father, was the chemist. He'd come years ago when grass still grew in the streets. He'd come because he didn't want to work so hard and liked to play golf, though the course hadn't been much good then. Now the course was splendid and he had no time to play because business was so good, and he was working too hard.

But life was like that, or at least that was what he said. Simon had heard him say so a hundred times. Vi was an ugly little girl then. Snub-nosed, big-mouthed, with long black hair, big dark eyes the color of sherry, and a thin, straight little body. Her skin was olive, and darker where it was exposed to the sun.

Simon said, "Do you believe in fairies, Vi?"

She said, "Of course I do, don't you?"

He said, "Of course I do. Would you like me to show you a fairy ring, where they dance?"

"Where?" she said.

"On the golf course."

"When?" she asked.

"Now," he said. And she slipped her hand into his. He put his rod against the rocks, wedging it in a crevice, and they went off together. He led her up to the course and they crept through the barbed-wire fence on their hands and knees and crossed over the rough. He pointed to the fairway. "There," he said. "Do you see it? That yellow ring?"

"I see it," she said, her finger in her mouth.

"Shall we dance like they do?" he said. "Only, of course, now it's daytime, so they are not there, but in the full of the moon they dance," he said.

"With a band, Simon?"

"With a band," he said. "Some of them beat on mushroom drums and some bang on the harebells and some blow horns that they make from the heather cups. Then they dance, holding hands, round and round. They dance till they become quite dizzy. Then they lie down and rest and start again. We'll go round twelve times," he said. "How'll we know?"

"We'll pick twelve yellow daisies," he said, "and throw one in the middle of the ring each time, so they'll know we've been here."

He picked the flowers that grew on the edge of fine-mowed grass.

"Come," he said, "come." And she followed him across the fairway on to the yellow circle. "Now," he said, "be careful to keep on the ring, putting one foot very exactly behind the other."

She danced after him.

That story got around. McDermot, the pro, was out looking at the condition of the course and seeing if he could find some of the golf balls that his pupils kept pulling and slicing into the rough. He had seen them as he stood hidden behind a clump of small pines.

Simon was happy. If there was gossip, it passed over his head. He had a friend now. He had someone to talk to besides his mother and the animals among which he lived. He taught Vi to swim and to fish. He taught her about the flowers and the wild animals. About birds and snakes and the lizards in the rocks.

He taught her to fish with a rod that he made himself and an old reel. When she caught her first fish, he said, "Now take that home to your dad and ask him to give you a nice light glass rod, a reel, and some nylon line."

She said, "I couldn't do that, Simon. Not ask."

"No," he said. "Don't ask. Just say, 'Suppose I had a proper rod and line, dad, do you think I'd catch more fish?'"

"And he'll say yes?"

"He'll say yes," said Simon.

And he did. And Simon was more wonderful than ever to her.

Then there was Belle. One day he saw Vi coming toward him on the cliff carrying something in her arms. A ball of white-and-yellow fluff. A puppy.

"A present," she said. "For me?"

"Yes, for you. You see, my mother found it. It was lost and she said we couldn't keep it because it's a girl and it doesn't know outside from in."

"Is that bad?" he asked.

"It's very bad," she said.

"It's the carpets. You'll take her, won't you? And then we can play with her together."

But it certainly made talk. That Vi Mitchell never played with other children. She'd sooner be by herself if she couldn't be with Simple Simon. It was not right or natural.

There was talk, but people liked him. He was so soft-spoken and polite. And he had fish to sell when there were no fish. He said, "What's the good of catching fish when everybody has fish?" So he didn't. But when the fish weren't biting he took them — galgoen and mussel crackers and red Romans. He took all the fish that there were to be caught. Why, you'd think sometimes he had eyes that could see under the water and knew where and how they lived.

Then, too, he'd give any one bait. A chunk of sea cat, as they called octopus, or white mussels or black. Whatever he had was theirs. And if they tangled their lines in the rocks, he'd get them free, and he lost fewer leads than anyone. So the fishermen tourists liked him. And the women liked him because he was good looking and polite. They liked the childishness of him. A man who was like a child.

And little did they know.

To page 52

◆ You can generally tell at a glance whether a person has a light, average, or a big frame. But there is room for doubt with overweight people padded out with fat. There are seven parts of the body which vary noticeably in skeletons—shoulders, chest, pelvis, hips, wrists, knees, and ankles. If you are large in the majority of them you fit into the large-frame group. Wrists that measure 6 1/2" or under show you are in the light-frame classification.



Light Build



Average
Build



Heavy
Build

Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 4 pounds.
L — Light frame. A — Average frame. B — Big frame.

AGE GROUPS															
HEIGHT	21-24			25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	99	108	121	101	110	123	103	112	125	103	112	125	103	111	124
4' 10"	101	110	123	103	112	125	105	114	127	105	114	127	105	113	126
4' 11"	103	112	125	105	114	127	107	116	129	107	116	129	107	115	128
5' 0"	105	114	127	107	116	129	109	118	131	109	118	131	109	117	130
5' 1"	107	116	128	109	118	130	111	120	132	111	120	132	111	119	131
5' 2"	110	119	133	112	121	135	114	123	137	114	123	137	114	122	136
5' 3"	112	123	134	114	125	136	116	127	138	116	127	138	116	126	137
5' 4"	116	126	141	118	128	143	120	130	145	120	130	145	120	129	144
5' 5"	119	130	142	121	132	144	123	134	146	123	134	146	123	133	145
5' 6"	123	134	150	125	136	152	127	138	154	127	138	154	127	137	153
5' 7"	127	138	152	129	140	154	131	142	156	131	142	156	131	141	155
5' 8"	131	142	158	133	144	160	135	146	162	135	146	162	135	145	161
5' 9"	134	146	161	136	148	163	138	150	165	138	150	165	138	149	164

AGE GROUPS															
HEIGHT	45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			65-70		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	103	110	123	102	109	122	101	108	121	98	105	117	95	102	114
4' 10"	105	112	125	104	111	124	103	110	123	100	107	119	97	104	116
4' 11"	107	114	127	106	113	126	105	112	125	102	109	121	99	106	118
5' 0"	109	116	129	108	115	128	107	114	127	104	111	123	101	108	120
5' 1"	111	118	130	110	117	129	109	116	128	106	113	124	103	110	121
5' 2"	114	121	135	113	120	134	112	119	133	109	116	129	106	113	126
5' 3"	116	125	136	115	124	135	114	123	134	111	120	130	108	117	127
5' 4"	120	128	143	119	127	142	118	126	141	115	123	137	112	120	134
5' 5"	123	132	144	122	131	143	121	130	142	118	127	138	115	124	135
5' 6"	127	136	152	126	135	151	125	134	150	122	131	146	119	128	143
5' 7"	131	140	154	130	139	153	129	138	152	126	135	148	123	132	145
5' 8"	135	144	160	134	143	159	133	142	158	130	139	154	127	136	151
5' 9"	138	148	163	137	147	162	136	146	161	133	143	157	130	140	155

the Australian Women's Weekly — August 2, 1963.

Cut out and keep this counter. It is a complete blueprint for dieters. It has been designed in sections here and overleaf so that, when the page is folded according to directions, it can be kept in a handbag or drawer.

FOLD BACK ALONG THIS HORIZONTAL DOTTED LINE. THEN ALONG VERTICAL LINE. THEN SLIT PAGE ALONG THIS HORIZONTAL LINE.

Apple, medium size	80
Apricot, medium size	20
Avocado, Pear, half, medium size	250
Banana, medium size	100
Blackberries, doz. cup	85
Cherries, doz. cup	75
Cocoanuts, doz. cup	200
Grapes, muscatel, doz. cup	100
Grapefruit, half, medium size	50
Lemon, medium size	25
Loganberries, doz. cup	136
Mandarin, medium size	35
Rockmelon, medium size	100
Watermelon, medium size	200
Honeydew Melon, medium size	100
Cantaloupe, medium size	100
Devon Sausage, doz.	65
Chuck Steak, doz.	160
Beef Stew, Roast, cup	250
Bladestone Steak, doz.	275
Beef, Roast, lean, 1 slice, tin, x 4 in. x 3 in.	100
Beef, Roast, lean, 1 slice, tin, x 4 in. x 3 in.	100
Bacon, 5 half rashes, grilled	100
MEAT	
(Dried fruit juices have no extra sugar added and are equal to fresh fruit juice.)	
Lamona, doz. glass	25
Pineapple, doz. glass	100
Orange, doz. glass	75
Grapefruit, doz. glass	60
Grape, doz. glass	60
Carrot, doz. glass	25
Artichoke, doz. glass	75
Apples, doz. glass	100
Sheep Brains, doz.	100
Sirloin Steak, doz.	250
T-bone Steak, doz.	250
Tri-tip, doz.	125
Veal, breaded cutlet, doz.	185
Veal, roast, doz.	190
Veal stew, cup	240
Wiener Schnitzel, doz.	207

...The Australian Women's Weekly — August 7, 1964

(No sugar has been added during cooking)

[illegible]

PARTY FOODS
Most party foods, which many
dictate dismiss as "not counting,"
are diet-breakers. For instance,
1 oz. cashew nuts is 162 calories; 1
imp brandy, with water or soda,
is 100; and 1 8oz. glass of
bringer ale; 1 8oz. glass of
100-230; 1 cream-filled chocolate
celair, 300.

WEIGHT CHECK

Weigh regularly on the same scales. Do not be depressed if you sometimes fail to show a loss. A person's weight may vary up to about 2 lb. at different times within the same 24 hours. Some dieters weigh themselves every day, at the same time.

BEVERAGES

Apple Cider, 8oz. glass	100
Cocoa (all milk), breakfast cup, 8oz.	300
Cocoa (half milk, half water), breakfast cup, 8oz.	200
Coffee	0
(Add 25 calories for each dessertspoon milk used; add 25 calories for each teaspoon sugar used.)	
Lemonade, Ginger Ale, 8oz. glass	175
Malted Milk, plain (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	250
Malted Milk, chocolate (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	400
Malted Milk with chocolate and ice-cream, 8oz. glass	600
Milk, 8oz. glass	200
Ovaltine, 8oz. cup	300
Orangeade, 8oz. glass	175
Soda Water	0
Tea	0
Water	0
Tonic Water, 8oz. glass	175
(Add calories for milk and sugar as in coffee.)	

BATTER FOODS

(Calorie count does not include the number in butter, jam, sugar, or syrup served with batter foods.)

1 Pancake, 6in. diameter	125
1 Pikelet, 3in. diameter	65
1 Waffle, 5in. diameter	200
1 Crumpet, 3in. diameter	175

BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS

1 slice Bread, 3in. x 4in. x 1/2in.	80
1 small Bread Roll, restaurant size	100
1 slice Bun Loaf with raisins or sultanas	75
1 slice Melba or Fairy Toast, 3in. x 4in. x 1/2in.	25
1 Yeast Bun, 2 1/2in. diameter	140
1 Wheatmeal Biscuit	42

1 plain dry biscuit	25 to 40
1 Sweet Biscuit, plain	50
1 Diabetic Roll	70

CONDIMENTS AND SAUCES

Apple Sauce, 4oz.	100
Chilli Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Chocolate Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Chutney, 4 dessertspoonfuls	45
Cream Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	35
French Dressing, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Gravy (thick), 8 dessertspoonfuls	80
Hard Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Hollandaise Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Horseradish Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
Mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Mustard, 1 teaspoonful	10
Mustard pickles, 4 dessertspoonfuls	45
Tartare Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Thousand Island, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Melted Butter Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Tomato Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
Vinegar	0
White sauce, medium-thick, 8 dessertspoonfuls	100
Worcestershire Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	10

CAKES

Coffee Cake (not spread with butter), 3in. x 2in. x 1in.	200
Shortbread, 2in. x 2in. x 1in.	100
Caramel Butter Cake, 3in. x 2in. x 1in.	275
Chocolate Butter Cake, 3in. x 2in. x 1in.	300
Gingerbread, 3in. x 2in. x 1in.	200
Jam Roll, 3in. diameter	200
Madeira Cake, 3in. x 2in. x 1in.	150
Pound or Christmas Cake, 3oz.	300

The Australian Women's Weekly - August 7, 1963

Your daily calories: Here is an easy method of calculating your necessary daily calorie intake.

Determine the average weight for your height (see tables below). Multiply the number of pounds by 16 if your work is sedentary, 18 if it is fairly active, 20 if very active, and 25 to 34 if you do heavy work. The result is the number of calories needed to maintain your ideal weight. Cutting that number by only 500 a day—3500 a week—will reduce you by a pound a week, a safe rate of reducing for a healthy adult.

(There are 14 pounds in a stone. Seven stone is 98lb., eight stone is 112lb., nine stone is 126lb., 10 stone is 140lb., 11 stone is 154lb., 12 stone is 168lb., 13 stone is 182lb., 14 stone is 196lb., 15 stone is 210lb.)

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR MEN

Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 8 pounds.

L — Light frame. A — Average frame. B — Big frame.

HEIGHT	AGE GROUPS											
	25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 11"	110	116	138	112	118	140	112	118	140	112	117	139
5' 0"	112	118	140	114	120	142	114	120	142	114	119	141
5' 1"	114	120	142	116	122	144	116	122	144	116	121	143
5' 2"	115	123	143	117	125	145	117	125	145	117	124	144
5' 3"	118	126	146	120	128	148	120	128	148	120	127	147
5' 4"	122	130	150	124	132	152	124	132	152	124	131	151
5' 5"	125	134	154	127	136	156	127	136	156	127	135	155
5' 6"	130	138	159	132	140	161	132	140	161	132	139	160
5' 7"	133	142	163	135	144	165	135	144	165	135	143	164
5' 8"	136	146	167	138	148	169	138	148	169	138	147	168
5' 9"	140	150	173	143	153	176	143	153	176	143	152	175
5' 10"	143	155	178	146	158	181	146	158	181	146	157	180
5' 11"	149	161	185	152	164	188	152	164	188	152	163	187
6' 0"	154	167	190	157	170	193	157	170	193	157	169	192
6' 1"	159	173	193	162	176	196	162	176	196	162	175	195
6' 2"	164	178	195	168	182	203	168	182	203	168	181	202
45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			
4' 11"	112	116	138	111	115	137	111	114	136	107	111	132
5' 0"	114	118	140	113	117	139	112	116	138	109	113	134
5' 1"	116	120	142	115	119	141	114	118	140	111	115	136
5' 2"	117	123	143	116	122	142	115	121	141	112	118	137
5' 3"	120	126	146	119	125	145	118	124	144	115	121	140
5' 4"	124	130	150	123	129	149	122	128	148	119	125	144
5' 5"	127	134	154	126	133	153	125	132	152	122	129	148
5' 6"	132	138	159	131	137	158	130	136	157	127	133	153
5' 7"	135	142	163	134	141	162	133	140	161	130	137	157
5' 8"	138	146	167	137	145	166	136	144	165	133	141	161
5' 9"	143	151	174	142	150	173	141	149	172	138	146	168
5' 10"	146	156	179	145	155	178	144	154	177	141	151	173
5' 11"	152	162	186	151	161	185	150	160	184	147	157	180
6' 0"	157	168	191	156	167	190	155	166	189	152	163	185
6' 1"	162	174	194	161	173	193	160	172	192	157	169	188
6' 2"	168	180	201	167	179	200	166	178	199	163	175	195

Port, 2oz. glass	100
Sherry (sweet or dry), 2oz. glass	85
Red or white (still), 3.2oz. glass	75
Red or white (sparkling), 3.2oz. glass	90
WINES	
Stout, 8oz. glass	175
Beer (draught), 8oz. glass	150
Beer (bottled), 8oz. glass	125
MALT DRINKS	
Whisky (Bourbon), 1 nip or finger	100
Whisky (Australian), 1 nip or finger	85
Whisky (Scotch), 1 nip or finger	85
Rum, 1 nip or finger	100
Gin, 1 nip or finger	75
Brandy, 1 nip or finger	100
SPIRITS	
Apple Cider, 4oz.	150
Rice Cider, 4oz.	150
Plum Pudding (no sauce), 4oz.	150
Junket, 4oz.	75
Jelly, 4oz.	75
Ice-cream, 1oz. bucket	60
Fruit Gelatine shape, 4oz.	85
Custard, 4oz.	135
Bread Pudding, 4oz.	150
Blancmange, 4oz.	235
Banana Custard, 4oz.	125
Apple Dumpling, 1 medium size	200
PUDDINGS	
Rhubarb, 1 slice	450
Peach, 1 slice	350
Apple (fruit), 1 slice	375
Lemon Meringue, 1 slice	325
Butterscotch, 1 slice	350
Banana Custard, 1 slice	350
Apricot, 1 slice	350
Apple, 1 slice	300
PIES	
(Pie slices are one-sixth of a 9in. diameter pie thick.)	

Yoghurt, 1oz.	25
Milk (sterilized), 8oz. glass	72
Milk, 8oz. glass	200
Cream, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Butter, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Processed (packed) Cheese, 1oz.	104
Gorgonzola, 1oz.	60
Swiss (Gruyere), 1oz.	125
Edam, 1oz.	120
Loz. Cream Cheese	110
Loz. Cottage Cheese (made with skim milk)	32
Loz. Cheddar, 1oz.	110
DAIRY PRODUCTS	
Mustard, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, horseradish sauce, palatable include: tomato sauce, meats which make diet food more	4
lettuce, marrow, low calorie condiments, celery, green peppers, cabbage, endive, lettuce, radishes, These have few calories: asparagus, water, vegetable and meat extracts, and tea (if no milk or sugar), soda	10
DIETETIC FRIENDS	
Porridge, cooked, 8oz. cup	200
Breakfast cereals, 1oz. approx.	100
CEREALS	
1 Lady's Finger	35
1 Tart, afternoon-tea size, with fruit filling	200
1 Tart, afternoon-tea size	100
1 piece French Pastry, small filling	200
1 Chocolate Eclair with cream filling	300
2in. x 1in. x 1in. cream filling and icing, 3in. x 1in. x 1in.	330
Sponge Cake with jam and fresh filling, 3in. x 2in. x 1in., no icing	150
Sponge Cake, plain, 2 1/2in. diameter	200
Patty Cake, iced, 2 1/2in. diameter	200

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Turnips, 8oz. cup	40
Tomato, medium size	30
Squash, 8oz. cup	35
Spinach, 8oz. cup	45
Radishes (6)	10
Pumpkin, 1oz.	40
3in. x 1in. x 1in. pieces	160
Potatoes, french fried, 8 pieces	2in.
Potatoes, mashed, 4oz.	120
Potatoes, boiled, 4oz.	90
Potatoes, baked, 4oz.	250
Peppers, green (capsicum), 1oz.	9
Peas, 8oz. cup	110
Parsnips, 8oz. cup	95
Onions, fried, 8oz. cup	300
Onions, boiled, 8oz. cup	80
Mushrooms, 8oz. cup	25
Marrow, 4oz.	4
Lettuce, medium heart	20
Leek (1)	5
Kohlrabi, 8oz. cup	45
Endive, half head	10
Eggplant, medium size	30
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Choko, 4oz.	35
Celery, 6 stalks	15
Carrots, 8oz. cup	25
Cabbage, 8oz. cup	50
Brussels Sprouts, 4oz.	15
Broccoli, 8oz. cup	45
Beans, French, 8oz. cup	25
Butter Beans, 8oz. cup	25
Broad Beans, 8oz. cup	200
Asparagus, spears, 5 large	15
VEGETABLES	
Vegetable and Beef or Lamb Stock, 8oz. cup	175
Vegetable, 8oz. cup	150
Tomato Bouillon, 8oz. cup	30
Tomato Soup, 8oz. cup	75
Potato, 8oz. cup	200
NUTS	
Walnuts	80
Peanuts, roasted	112
Cocunut, desiccated	187
Cashew nuts	162
Brazil nuts	78
Almonds	58
POULTRY	
One ounce of poultry is about 1 slice, 4in. x 2in. x 1in. thick. Allow 70 calories per oz. of chicken, duck, or turkey. 3oz. is a medium-size helping.	
SPREADS FOR BREAD	
Fish and meat pastes, 1oz.	54
Honey, level dessertspoonful	62
Jam, level dessertspoonful	55
Peanut Butter, level dessertspoonful	100
Vegetable and meat extracts	0
SOUP	
Asparagus, creamed, 8oz. cup	200
Beef Broth, 8oz. cup	100
Barley Broth, 8oz. cup	120
Bouillon, clear, 8oz. cup	10
Bouillon, cubes, 1 cube	2
Chicken Broth, 8oz. cup	50
Chicken Noodle, 8oz. cup	100
Consomme, clear, 8oz. cup	35
Lentil Soup, 8oz. cup	250
Onion, creamed, 8oz. cup	200
Union, French, 8oz. cup	125
Pea Soup, 8oz. cup	145



tea break

the best 10 minutes
of the day



Comes the middle of the morning and aren't you *dying* for a cup of tea?

It's not surprising—tea gives you *more* than just refreshment—although it refreshes you superbly. It revives you, too—with a clean, lively taste that's a wonderful reward for the work you've done, a fine preparation for what's still to do.

So make the most of your morning tea break. Make

the tea right—a good big spoonful for everybody **and one for the pot**. Make enough for more than one cup. That good lively taste of tea will really keep you going.

TEA LOVES THE TASTE OF LEMON. For a change try lemon tea. Made in the same way, just put in a slice of lemon instead of milk.

TRY TEA ON THE ROCKS. Think iced tea's difficult? Not when you make it this way. Just pour normal tea into a glass full of ice cubes. Add a slice of lemon. Cool, man!

ENJOY
THE LIVELY
TASTE OF



Tea Council of Australia

Look what's new in forever gleaming stainless steel !!!!!!!!



NOW COMPLETE TABLE SETTINGS IN STAINLESS STEEL COMBINING THE UTMOST IN BEAUTY AND UTILITY

No other metal graces the tables of young, and not-so-young, moderns so well as Australian Stainless Steel. Stainless Steel in any of the many finishes, from jewel-bright to soft-satin, gives your table beauty that gleams forever. Because, only Stainless Steel resists household wear and hazards so well. Because, Stainless Steel is solid right through — no plating to wear out. Designs? Those here are only some of the many new designs in Australian Stainless Steel tableware. More and more products are being made in Australian Stainless Steel, so always ask first whether what you want is available in Australian Stainless Steel — the metal that never dulls.

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CS3 12/7/66

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for
all letters published. Let-
ters must be original, not
previously published.
Preference is given to
letters with signatures.

The best years

DISCUSSING the "best years of a girl's life" at the office, the youngest member of the staff said, "I'm having mine now. I am 16 and allowed to go out with a boy occasionally. I've got my own pay packet and have a wonderful feeling of independence knowing I am keeping myself. I think 16 to 20 are the best years." Most of us disagreed with her. We felt the years between 20 and 25 were the best. What do others think?

£1/1/- to Miss R. Lynne, South Perth, W.A.

All those eggs—and no omelet

EACH of the five members of our family has eggs for breakfast. I poach them for my husband, fry them for the eldest child, scramble them for the second, and boil them for the youngest. Then I make an egg flip for myself. An expert with eggs you may think? When a friend, calling unexpectedly, saw my stack of eggs and suggested a quick omelet for our lunch I had to confess that in 20 years of cooking I had never been called on to make an omelet and, in fact, did not know how.

£1/1/- to "Whisked" (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

The origin of "coo-ee"

WHERE did the Australian "coo-ee" originate? I recently read in a book that the satin bowerbird gives a very good imitation of a human coo-ee, and that it may have been handed down through generations of these birds from the time when aborigines made the call as a signal. Has anyone an alternative idea?

£1/1/- to D.B.M. (name supplied), Roseville, N.S.W.

She's a furniture-switcher

WHEN in the mood my 12-year-old daughter can turn out a room as well as any, but the trouble is that she will rearrange the furniture, causing great inconvenience. She says this is the "price" for her services, as she dearly loves moving the furniture around. Should I allow her to go on in this way or put my foot down about not moving the furniture? I do not want to appear to her as a "this is my house" type.

£1/1/- to "Puzzled Mum" (name supplied), Moorabbin, Vic.

At ten, still a bed-rocker

SINCE babyhood my son has rocked to and fro in bed. I was told he would grow out of the habit, but as he is now 10 years old I am beginning to despair. When asked why he does it he replies, "Because I like it."

£1/1/- to "Bed Rocker" (name supplied), West Kempsey, N.S.W.

Stifled love

REPLYING to "Desert Island" (Qld.), who is concerned about not being able to express her feelings because her English parents believed it "was not done" to show emotion, I suggest she should not try. Her husband must be satisfied with the way she is to have married her, and children want loving care and an interest in their activities rather than too much show of affection. I was an only child and my mother showered me with such affection that I had to avoid her at times to get a little privacy. "Desert Island" should try music as an emotional outlet. If unable to play, she should dance to recordings or sing. Sometimes I get under the shower and pretend I am Joan Sutherland, putting everything I've got into it! Strangely enough the children gather round like flies, apparently to share my joy, as I am NO singer. "Desert Island's" children would enjoy her expression of emotion this way and try to copy her.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M.C. (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

AS she can express herself so well in writing, "Desert Island" should write a love letter to her husband, pinning to it a cutting of the letter she had published in Letter Box by way of explanation. It should be given to him as he is leaving for work in the morning to give her time to get used to the idea she has broken down the barrier before meeting him again. Later she can write letters to her children, too. There is no one who is not happier, stronger, and uplifted when told, "I love you and I am so proud of you I can't keep it a secret any longer."

£1/1/- to "Inky" (name supplied), Childers, Qld.

WHAT a relief it was to read the letter from "Desert Island." Ever since my marriage I have been horrified by my inability to express my feelings. This has caused much unhappiness between my husband and myself and our children, and I have harbored the fear there was something terribly wrong with me. Knowing now that there are others who feel as I do has given me encouragement to fight this lack of emotionalism.

£1/1/- to "Hoping" (name supplied), Albion Park, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

IS it unmanly to use a hot- water bottle?

Many people think so. It is hard to picture dashing, virile men, like Lord Nelson or Gregory Peck, clutching hot-water bottles as they go to bed.

Gregory Peck wouldn't need one, anyway. Being an American he has central heating.

Englishmen have their own practical attitude to the question. It was one of them who defined a wife as "a hot-water bottle five feet long."

I used to take the common view that hot-water bottles were effeminate until a couple of winters ago. Then I got tired of having cold feet. I found an old bottle and started to use it.

There is no doubt they feel good when they are hot. But I did not like having a cold hot-water bottle in bed in the early morning. I kicked it out and it landed on the floor with a dismal flop.

The hot-water bottle had another fault, I noticed. It would topple over the end of the bed and hang in the sheet like a dead cat, pulling the bedclothes down.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

One cold night my bottle burst and I woke up with the bed full of water. It was a traumatic experience, as psychologists say. It shook me so much that I have not used a hot-water bottle since.

Three female members of the family have personalised ones, however.



They fuss over them a lot. There was trouble the other night when Baby Pip was put to bed.

She had been read her favorite story, "Fwisky without the snake"—that is, Frisky the Rabbit, but

not the part where a snake nearly bites him.

She was given a drink of water, and blanket, which is an old piece of blanket she likes to hold. But that was not enough.

"Can I have a hot-water bottle?" she said.

Pip had never had one before. But if older people have hot-water bottles, younger ones want them, too. This is called the law of increasing hotties.

For the sake of peace her mother put one of Pip's sisters' bottles in her bed and she went to sleep.

Then the owner of the bottle came in. "Someone's taken my hottie!" she said in horror.

My wife removed the bottle slowly and carefully from Pip's bed and handed it over.

Having given up hot-water bottles I am fortunately not involved in the strife over them.

On very cold nights I wear a pair of socks in bed.

But perhaps this is not manly, either. Did Napoleon or Wyatt Earp wear bedsocks? I must ask Barry Jones.

OUR NEW SERVICE

BUTTERICK and VOGUE PATTERNS

● In this section are 18 patterns to launch our new service from the world's two leading suppliers, Vogue and Butterick.

One of our service's many advantages is that most of the patterns provide several variations of the one basic design. Note, for instance, in this section, the complete wardrobe to be made from one 5/6 pattern.

Our service is linked with department stores. Butterick and Vogue patterns are available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

HOW TO ORDER

Send to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Please state pattern number and size.



5854.—Gliding into the summer scene is a back-wrapped dress and matching stole (above and right). The dress is in two lengths, short and long. Sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Full-length dress and stole, 7 to 7½ yds. 36in. material; short dress (minus stole), 3½ to 4½ yds. 36in., plus 1½ yds. 45in. lining. Vogue pattern No. 5854. Price 7/-. Postage 6d. extra.



5751.—Sleeveless sheath dress, worn belted or unbelted, and straight-cut, lightly fitted cardigan-type coat. The collarless coat has a single-breasted fastening. The pattern also includes an easy-fit jacket. Sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Coat and dress, 3½ to 3¾ yds. 36in. material; dress, 2½ to 2¾ yds. 36in. material. Vogue pattern No. 5751. Price 7/-. Postage 6d. extra.





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In minutes you're set to go with *Lady Sunbeam* Hair Dryer...

The Lady Sunbeam Hair Dryer in its own glamorous travelling case. Packs away to hand-bag size with a handy carrying strap. Easy to take around to friends.

Four Heat settings — choose the right temperature for your hair. Select a low heat for greatest comfort, high for quick drying. Gentle heat is right for light silky hair, a stronger heat

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Dries evenly — no part of your set can get overdried while the rest stays damp. With Lady Sunbeam even heat is guaranteed because 51 tiny heat ducts speed warm air through Sunbeam's exclusive double plastic hood onto all parts of your head. £14.19.6.





2623.—Here is a paper pattern that includes a smart shift and two-piece jumper suit (see left and right). Both garments can be belted or unbelted and can be made with or without a collar. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Shift 3 to 3½yds. 36in. material; jumper suit 3½ to 3¾yds. 36in. material. Butterick pattern No. 2623. Price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.



OUR NEW PATTERN SERVICE

● These four spring-into-summer fashions all have the newest spring shapes. The designs are chosen for quick and easy home sewing. See order panel on page 43



2627. — Spring-into-summer shift (left and below). The dress is sleeveless and has a soft cowl neckline. The pattern also includes a hip-length tunic. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Shift, 2½ to 2¾yds. 36in. material; overblouse, 1½ to 1¾yds. 36in. material. Butterick pattern No. 2627. Price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.



2320. — One-piece designed to flatter the not-so-slim figure (right and below) has a draped or straight skirt. Sizes 12½, 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, and 24½ for 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, and 45in. bust. Requires: Dress with draped skirt 4 to 4½yds. 36in. material; dress with straight skirt 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material. Butterick pattern No. 2320. Price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.



9973. — Lace dress (above and below) is fully lined. Pattern includes dress with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Lace dress 4½ to 4¾yds. 36in. (same for lining), 2½yds. lin. grosgrain ribbon. Butterick pattern No. 9973. Price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.



[Advertisement]

NEW FOOD IDEAS

from Betty King

A MONTHLY COLUMN OF
NEW RECIPES, NEW FOODS
AND NEW COOKING IDEAS



Shrimp Soup

1 pkt. Deb Instant Mashed Potato; 1½ cups (12 oz.) water; 1 level dessertspoon margarine; ½ level teaspoon salt; ½ cup (4 oz.) cold water; 1 pint cold milk; 1 lb. shelled shrimps or prawns; salt and pepper.

Method: Make up Deb I.M.P. according to directions on pack using cold water instead of cold milk. Place milk in saucepan, bring to the boil. Pour into prepared potato. Mix well to combine. Add shrimps or prawns. Bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes. Season to taste. Serves 4-6 portions.



Peach Delights

1 pkt. Puffin Sponge Mix; 1 small can peach halves; 2 eggs; 2 oz. (½ cup) sugar; 2 table-spoons sweet cherry.

Method: Make up sponge according to directions on pack. Place in a greased 13" x 9" x 1½" tin. Bake in a barely moderate oven (325°F. gas, 375°F. electric) for 20-23 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. With a plain 3" biscuit cutter cut into rounds. Place a peach half on each round. Beat eggs, sugar and sherry in a basin over hot water, until thick and holds a peak. Coat the sponge rounds. Serve. Serves 4-6 portions.



Singin' Hinn

12 oz. (3 cups) self-raising flour; 2 level teaspoons salt; 2 oz. (½ cup) sugar; 2 oz. Copha shortening; 2 oz. seeded raisins, chopped; ½ pint of milk.

Method: Sift flour and salt into a basin. Add the sugar and raisins. Melt the Copha over a gentle heat, it should only be lukewarm. Add milk to Copha, then pour onto ingredients in the basin and mix to a soft dough. Turn onto a floured board, knead lightly and divide into four. Roll each piece out to a round 1½" thick. Prick all over with a fork. Bake on a fairly hot greased griddle, electric hotplate or in an electric frypan, until golden brown, turn and cook other side. Serve them split and buttered and eaten hot.

WB1/06W141



These are the Flavor-Buds in Bushells Instant Coffee. There are thousands in every spoonful.



See how they change to drops of perfectly-brewed coffee the moment you add hot water.

You add hot water and it happens... right in your cup. Each Bushells Flavor-Bud bursts into life and becomes a drop of perfectly-brewed coffee.

The rich, hearty flavor of roaster-fresh coffee fills your cup. You know you're drinking coffee when it's Bushells - the Instant that IS coffee!



Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**

● This week the most popular request in my fashion mail was for a suitable design to wear to a late-afternoon wedding in spring.

I HAVE chosen the dress at right because the design has elegant classic lines which will suit both the slim and the not-so-slim. Note how the slender, easy-fit skirt joins the bodice with a shaped waistline seam. The dress can be made from Vogue Pattern No. 5809.

The pattern also includes the same design with long sleeves. As an alternative, the pattern can be made minus the cascade bodice drape and finished with above-elbow-length sleeves. Beside the illustration are further pattern details and how to order.

"Should a pantee girdle be worn under slacks and shorts?" I say yes. However, it is

to some extent a matter of personal preference and your figure proportions. I must add I do think long pants need a girdle for better fit.

"Do you think it is dowdy to wear flat-heeled shoes? I am going to New Zealand, where I hope to do some sightseeing. I want my wardrobe to be serviceable as well as attractive. What color shoes do you advise?"

A shoe with a low, boxy heel can look extremely smart, particularly worn with casual clothes. For the color, I suggest caramel, dark red, or black. Choose the shade to go with the clothes you plan to take. A further suggestion: if the budget can stand it, take two pairs, one pair slightly less sturdy than those you wear on tough walks.

"Is it correct to say that spring fashions are feminine and that skirts are full? I would also like to know if skirts are still short?"

The spring silhouette, with few exceptions, is slim; a full skirt has almost disappeared. Even the shift dress is considerably closer to the body than last season's version. There is a tendency to a feminine look, achieved by materials like crepe and chiffon. The skirt-line remains short; many are knee-length.

"As I have mid-brown hair and a rather florid complexion, what shades do you consider the most flattering for me?"

Greys, beige, blues (not electric), olive-green, and black. Avoid bright pinks, red, purple, and all wine shades.

"I would like to have my new evening frock made with one of the new low-plunging necklines. Do you think the low line is correct for a teenager?"

It is not correct for any age group to wear a garment that leaves the wearer open to criticism and unkind comments. No neckline should be so low as to cause offence.

5809.—One-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, and 40 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 in. bust. Requires: sleeveless (illustrated) 2½ to 3½ yds. 36 in. material; long sleeves. 2½ to 2½ yds. 54 in. Vogue pattern No. 5809. Price 7/- Postage 6d. extra. Pattern available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.



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AT
NO EXTRA
COST



Illustrated—A beautiful group comprising 5 x 2 table, 7 buffet, and No. 5 chair.



**wash 'n wear
FURNITURE**
in the new flexible
range to suit
every modern home

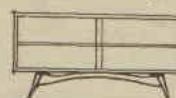
Here is furniture that graces your home with the latest in furniture design, stands the hard knocks of family life, yet does not cost a fortune to buy!

Elite Furniture comes in matched individual units, enabling you to select the grouping with dimensions best suited to your home, whether small flat or large bungalow.

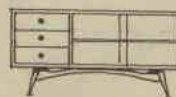
No. 2 Dining Chair features Elite's famous "U" frame. "Vynex" covered foam upholstered seat and back.



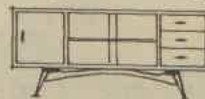
Other Units matching our Scandinavian Style Range . . .



5 ft. Contemporary Buffet/China Cabinet (China section has gay-coloured interior, mirror back).



5 ft. Scandinavian Style Buffet for the large family home. (China section has mirror back and coloured interior.)



6 ft. or 5 ft. Slenderline Buffet (China section features Elite's exclusive mirror back and mirror base.)

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200 BOTANY RD., ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.

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ADDRESS



IXL is jam-packed with real fruit!



Did you ever realise there's the goodness of protein, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins, in fact a complete balanced meal in bread 'n butter 'n IXL Jam!

**Bread 'n butter
'n IXL jam!**

IXL quality Jams are made with only the very best selected fruits, prepared with the purest ingredients. And what a difference the real fruit flavour of IXL Jam makes to everything — sponge cakes, scones, tarts, desserts, bread and butter . . . Mmmm! *There's* something — a slice of bread, spread with butter, topped off with a helping of real good IXL Jam. That's the quickest square meal there is (and one of the best). It's the best finish to breakfast, the best send-off to school or work. It's a quick energy appetiser when the hungry family's home! Make sure you've included IXL Jam on your shopping list and always have some on your table. — your palate can tell when it's IXL!



Available in Apricot, Blackberry, Blackcurrant, Fig, Gooseberry, Grape, Grapefruit, Loganberry, Marmalade, Melon, Peach, Plum, Pineapple, Quince, Raspberry, Redcurrant, Strawberry, and so many other varieties.

Other famous IXL products include — Canned Fruits, Tomato Sauce, Baked Beans, Spaghetti, Golden Corn, Canned Sliced Mushrooms (in butter sauce), Asparagus, Peeled Tomatoes, Tomato Puree, Green Peas, Beetroot, Solid-Pack-Pie-Apples, Pickles, Soups, Pineapple Juice, Tomato Juice, Apple Juice, Blackcurrant Syrup, etc.

OUR NEW PATTERN SERVICE



● These three patterns, all in tune with current daytime fashions, are chosen for quick and easy home sewing.



2624. — Versatile spring-summer pattern (above and left) includes six separate garments co-ordinated to build a daytime wardrobe. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: dress 2½ to 2½yds., overblouse 1½ to 1½yds., skirt 1½ to 1½yds., coat 2½ to 3½yds., jacket 1½ to 2yds., sleeveless jacket 1½ to 1½yds. All yardages given here are for 36in. material. Butterick pattern No. 2624, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.



2607. — Specially styled separates (above and left) to suit three figure types, tall (5ft. 9in. and over), medium (5ft. 4in. to 5ft. 8in.), and short (5ft. 3in. and under). Sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires (medium size): jacket 1½ to 2yds., skirt 1½yds., blouse 1½ to 1½yds., all 36in. material. Butterick pattern No. 2607, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

2308. — Smart dress-and-jacket ensemble (above and right). The dress is sleeveless and self-belted at the natural waistline; the easy-fit jacket is finished with raglan sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: dress 2½ to 3yds. 36in. material, jacket 2½ to 2½yds. 36in. material. Butterick pattern No. 2308, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.



TIP THE SCALES IN THEIR FAVOUR

Give them PALADAC Vitamin Syrup

There's really no need for the scales... they're bursting with health and exuberant energy! PALADAC helped put the sparkle in their eyes—glowing good health in their young bodies. With its 9 essential vitamins, PALADAC will help keep your children well-nourished and able to withstand the ailments of childhood. No underweight problems here. Youngsters who take PALADAC enjoy every morsel of their meals... and the scales tell the tale in reassuring pounds and ounces.

Tip the balance in your youngsters' favour, give them PALADAC just once every day... the orange-flavoured vitamin supplement children need and enjoy. Ask your Family Chemist about Paladac.



PALADAC

A PARKE-DAVIS
PRODUCT

FOR A HEALTHY, HAPPY CHILDHOOD—COSTS LESS THAN 5d. A DAY.

BANISH GREY HAIR

WITHOUT TINTS OR DYES

Yes—you can actually banish grey hair without tints or dyes and look years younger—quickly—easily!

AMAZING HOME METHOD ACTUALLY WORKS "Ban-grey" is a completely new home treatment. Tell-tale grey hair is banished in a way that defies detection. "Ban-grey" restores your youthful appearance without messy dyes or tints... no greasy creams or stains... not a liquid or a lotion... completely harmless, yet always effective.

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Write today enclosing a 5d. stamp for full details of "Ban-grey."



LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



OUR NEW PATTERN SERVICE

COMPLETE WARDROBE



JACKET requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yds., skirt $1\frac{3}{4}$ yds., and overblouse $1\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$ yds., all 36in.



TAILORED pants require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. material. Overblouse here is in plain contrast.



ANKLE-LENGTH skirt requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in., is worn with print overblouse.

FROM ONE PATTERN, 5/6



SUMMER coat with easy, straight-cut lines requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36in. material.



SLEEVELESS shift, requiring $2\frac{1}{4}$ yds. 36in., has a wide neckline and slits at sides.



JAMAICA shorts require $1\frac{1}{8}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yds. 36in., teamed with print top and jacket.

THESE versatile separates, made from only one pattern, combine to form a superb wardrobe of designs for night and day.

Well-planned separates are an important wardrobe-builder, and they give more for the money than almost any fashion.

From this single pattern you can make jacket, short and long skirts, overblouse, slacks, Jamaica shorts, coat, and shift dress.

Mix-and-match them by combining plain colors with a vivid print, as shown in these six pictures.

The smart, simple lines of the overblouse make it a perfect choice for any mood, to wear at any time of day or night. It goes happily over shorts or slacks, under a suit for city wear or travelling,

and tops an ankle-length skirt for evening occasions.

The clothes are all in the new colors of spring, and have spring's trim, spare shape.

The pattern—it includes every garment illustrated—is quick and easy to make. Materials required are given in a 36in. width; the yardage is for sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

The exact amount of material required for your size can be checked on the pattern envelope, Butterick pattern No. 2704. Price is 5/6, postage 6d. extra. Under the illustrations are further details.

Continued overleaf
More patterns page 83

HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Butterick and Vogue patterns are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.



HAND CARE IN WINTER



Win is well-developed for her age

Win is going to have a handsome figure for life. In particular she'll have a strong chest, that will throw off coughs and colds while others go under. Win's mother adds an extra food to her winter meals—one spoonful of Lane's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Lane's gives her the real body-building oil, the oil you just can't get in a pill or a tablet. It gives her extra Vitamins, Hypophosphites and the goodness of fresh eggs, too. Now's the time to protect your family's chests, with Lane's. Plain (with crocote, for bad coughs) or orange-flavoured (for choosy children).

● How you treat your hands every day is the factor that decides whether they'll look as you want them to — infinitely cared-for and soft to touch. In other words, if you want nice, smooth hands like the ones pictured above, take proper care of them — there's more future in it.

HANDS that are busy with household chores, garden growing, or office work need continual massage with hand lotion to keep them smooth and pretty.

They need extra-special care now to combat the effects of winter, which saps natural oils and moisture, resulting in dried or perhaps cracked surfaces.

After washing, and always at bedtime, massage in a good hand lotion as carefully as you would ease on a pair of long silk gloves,

finger by finger, drawing the preparation well down past the wrists.

This movement will not only help the shape of any hands, it will achieve their most basic need — healthy blood circulation, which keeps the fingers supple and fingernails strong.

Speedy typists have a ready-made exercise literally at their fingertips all day; but, if your job leaves your hands inactive, then you should play scales on an invisible piano — a wonderful way to stimulate circulation and give your hands a light touch.

One of the simplest ways to keep hands nice while doing housework — perhaps the most damaging job in this respect — is to wear gloves.

You may be excused for bridleing a bit at the idea of wearing cotton gloves for polishing, rubber gloves for washing, and strong gardening gloves, but the chances are that you will positively enjoy the whole thing if you keep these, each in a bright color, hanging in a conspicuous row in your kitchen.

I really do know a girl who does this and who naturally has "party" hands (rather like those pictured

above right) all the year round.

When fingers are not nimble enough for gloves, use instead "invisible gloves" of hand lotion, which does a good job in guarding hands from developing that cracked-leather surface.

Some hands may look exquisitely groomed and yet be disillusioning to the touch. Permanently moist hands, for instance, don't show, but they can be an embarrassing nuisance.

A useful tip: apply astringent lotion to the palms several times a day (with a dusting of talcum for luck).

Brown patches on the back of hands, too large to pass as freckles, can be faded out somewhat with bleaching-and-nourishing cream. Or try a skin-tone make-up stick for instant cover-up.

And for special occasions tinted foundation lotion will create a good illusion of creamy skin.

Try an old-fashioned but still-excellent remedy for nails that split, break or won't grow beyond the stubby stage. Before going to bed, and any other time you care to, massage hand lotion into the cuticle and base of nails. (It may take at least three months for noticeable improvement.)

Apart altogether from specific problems, you can take a bet on it that the owner of the most attractive pair of hands you know relies on a regular professional manicure.

For the good it does the nails, a salon manicure is definitely worth the price.

But for hard-working hands a home manicure is a once-a-week date never to be broken, and after a few practice sessions the essentials of weekly manicure need take you only 10 minutes.

—CAROLYN EARLE

When he came close the light in his eyes just faded.



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

TO STOP BAD BREATH AND FIGHT TOOTH DECAY BUY COLGATE... THE BEST-TASTING DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD

—ANOTHER REASON WHY MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM



FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH... MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!

Just one brushing with COLGATE STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY as no other toothpaste can— ANY COLOUR—ANY KIND

★ Get the big family size and save 3/-

There is a difference between Lawrence and ordinary dry cleaning



This teenager noticed the difference. Her bright, fashion-right clothes came back to her not only clean but restored to their original shape — the jumper light and fluffy, yet shoulders shaped and waist and sleeves fitting snugly. The skirt was pressed to perfection, yet the natural texture of the fabric kept alive. Not just cleaned — restored — that's the difference with Lawrence Dry Cleaners.



Young man, big ambition, small wardrobe, yet he always looks good. He buys smart clothes and Lawrence Dry Cleaners keep them smart. Pleatless fronts left pleatless, rolled lapels gently rolled, natural shoulders moulded again to their natural look. Not just cleaned — restored — that's the difference with Lawrence Dry Cleaners.



Here's a smart young woman, just married and building a home. She has to get the most out of her clothes and Lawrence Dry Cleaners are helping her to do it. Lawrence have a huge range of equipment to ensure every garment is individually and correctly treated. Not just cleaned — restored — that's the difference with Lawrence Dry Cleaners.

**Don't take risks—take
your clothes to
Lawrence Dry Cleaners**

AGENTS INQUIRIES

We are prepared to grant agencies to selected people in certain areas. Phone Mr. Allman at BA 4954, BM 1091.

FREE CONSULTANT SERVICE

During the month of August a FREE CLOTHING AND FURNISHING CONSULTATION SERVICE is available at Lawrence Dry Cleaners Wynyard branch. Our MR. DRANSFIELD will be available daily between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. to advise you on any problems.

LAWRENCE DRY CLEANERS PTY. LTD., 302A ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1963

YOUR "ONE-STOP" SHOP FOR CLOTHES CARE

LAWRENCE

DRY CLEANERS

LAUNDRY
SERVICE

SHIRT
SERVICE

ALTERATIONS
AND
REPAIRS

INVISIBLE
WEAVING

DYEING



CURIO-ROOM at the museum has contents ranging from 120-year-old christening robes to relics from North Coast shipwrecks. **RIGHT:** Chris Tracey, of Ryde, N.S.W., finds a telephone of the 1890s still in working order.



Museum holds relics of local history

● The Hastings District Historical Society Museum at Port Macquarie had 5000 visitors in 1958. Over the past year, 31,797 adults paid for admission.

BUT as children are admitted free, it is estimated that 50,000 people saw the exhibits.

That the numbers have grown so much is a tribute to the voluntary work put in by the Society's 200 members.

Holidaymakers who go to Port Macquarie to fish and casual tourists who go through by car, coach, and on foot are attracted to the austere white house surrounded by fir trees.

They pay their shilling entrance fee, take the children with them, and inside find a fine collection of relics of early Australian history ranging from convict chains to spinning-wheels, stuffed birds to music-boxes, pieces of wrecked ships to whipping-stools and cat-o'-nine-tails.

The Historical Society

was founded seven years ago at Wauchope. Soon another branch was formed at Port Macquarie and eventually the two groups amalgamated, setting up a room of curios in the local library until they moved into their present premises in June, 1959.

The block of land on which the building stands was sold in 1834 for £13/6/8.

When the Council bought the present building on behalf of the Historical Society the cost was £8500.

Forty members of the Society work on a voluntary roster — four shifts a day, seven days a week — to staff the museum.

They show visitors around — 1000 people in one day is the record — and spend hours in the Society's library on the second floor cataloguing exhibits and

searching through their 276 reference books for the history of each piece.

Mrs. Nina McKey showed me the photograph collection which she was captioning and mounting. The subjects range from pictures of the old bullock carts, which once were plentiful in the district, to the first plane to land on Port Macquarie golf links.

Another voluntary worker member, Mrs. Jeannie Baker, was cleaning shells with cotton-wool and baby oil.

"It can take a whole afternoon just to clean one small caseful," she told me "These shells get more attention than babies!"

"People from all over Australia are sending us things," said Mrs. Mary McLaren.

Known as the "rag merchant," she has charge of clothes and old costumes.

She showed me some of the pieces she specially prizes — a doll 106 years old in its original clothes, handmade christening robes 120 years old, an apron washed up from the wreck of the Dunbar in 1857.

The secretary, Mrs. Gwen Gabriel, told me that the members do all their own "charring" — dusting,

**By
WINIFRED
MUNDAY**

cleaning, and wiping off finger-marks left on glass cases by the visitors.

"Once a year we have a grand clean-up, and have great fun dismantling and cleaning the four-poster."

The bed, heavy with curtains and drapes, belonged to a former alderman of Port Macquarie, and is part of the furnishings of a period bedroom.



BUILT in 1835, the museum was formerly used as a store and as a house.

The Victorian parlor next door has 100-year-old pieces of tapestry, a 60-year-old music-box still in working order, a spinning-wheel, and old French vases.

Mrs. Gabriel composed the book on the history of the museum and exhibits.

Mrs. Gabriel's husband, Mr. Gordon Gabriel, is a retired mines inspector and is in charge of the minerals exhibits. Many of them are his own personal property, on loan to the museum.

President of the Society, Mr. Frank Manser, headmaster of Wauchope school, told me:

"Some retired members come down every day for duty because they love it. They like talking to the visitors and it gives them an interest in life."

To create interest for the local schoolchildren, specimen cases are sent to local schools during term and changed from time to time.

Local interest is growing all the time. When some paintings of Lionel Lindsay's were found after his death many of them were scenes of Port Macquarie.

They were bought with money raised by public subscription and are now prominently displayed.

Said Mr. Manser: "We know that by European standards much of the stuff in the museum hardly ranks as historic, but in future years it will be old and historic and it is up to us to start preserving these things now — for future generations to know how their ancestors lived."

Pictures from bark — a new art?

● Mrs. Dorothy Edmunds, of Hibbard, near Port Macquarie, N.S.W., believes she has devised a new art form with her bark pictures.



UNLIKE the aboriginal paintings on strips of bark, Mrs. Edmunds' creations are made from the bark itself glued to stiff cardboard to form pictures.

In the garage at her weatherboard house she has bench, easel, scissors, clear varnish, and gum. On the floor beside her are the strips of Australian tea-tree bark from which she creates scenes of Australian plants, animals, and aborigines.

BARK — COLLECTING
— Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds.

Her pictures bear titles like "Brolga's Shadow Dance," "Corroboree," "Kangaroo Hunt," and "Kookaburras."

Mrs. Edmunds and her oyster-farmer husband, Selby, wear gumboots and carry axes on their trips into the bush and swamps for tea-tree bark.

Mrs. Edmunds has made 42 bark pictures since her first experiments 14 months ago. She has sold several at prices ranging from four to 25 guineas.

"I start with a sheet of stiff cardboard," she said, "and roughly sketch with pencil the picture in mind.

"I improvise as I go along, according to the shape of the pieces of bark I peel off the large strips."

"Some of the strips look like trees, rocks, and waterfalls as I tear them off, but others have to be cut to shape with scissors."

"I stick them on with strong gum and when all the pieces are in place I varnish over the whole thing with clear varnish."

"As far as possible I use the natural bark colorings, but occasionally I have to use artificial coloring. For instance, I use liquid lip-stick to represent the flames of a fire, and paint or chalk

for blue lakes or waterfalls. "I use barks which have been through bushfire, so that I am sure they are free from fungus and termites."

"Sometimes I use a piece of burned grass or grass stalk to make things like aboriginal spears."

She likes working with bark because her pictures are three-dimensional.

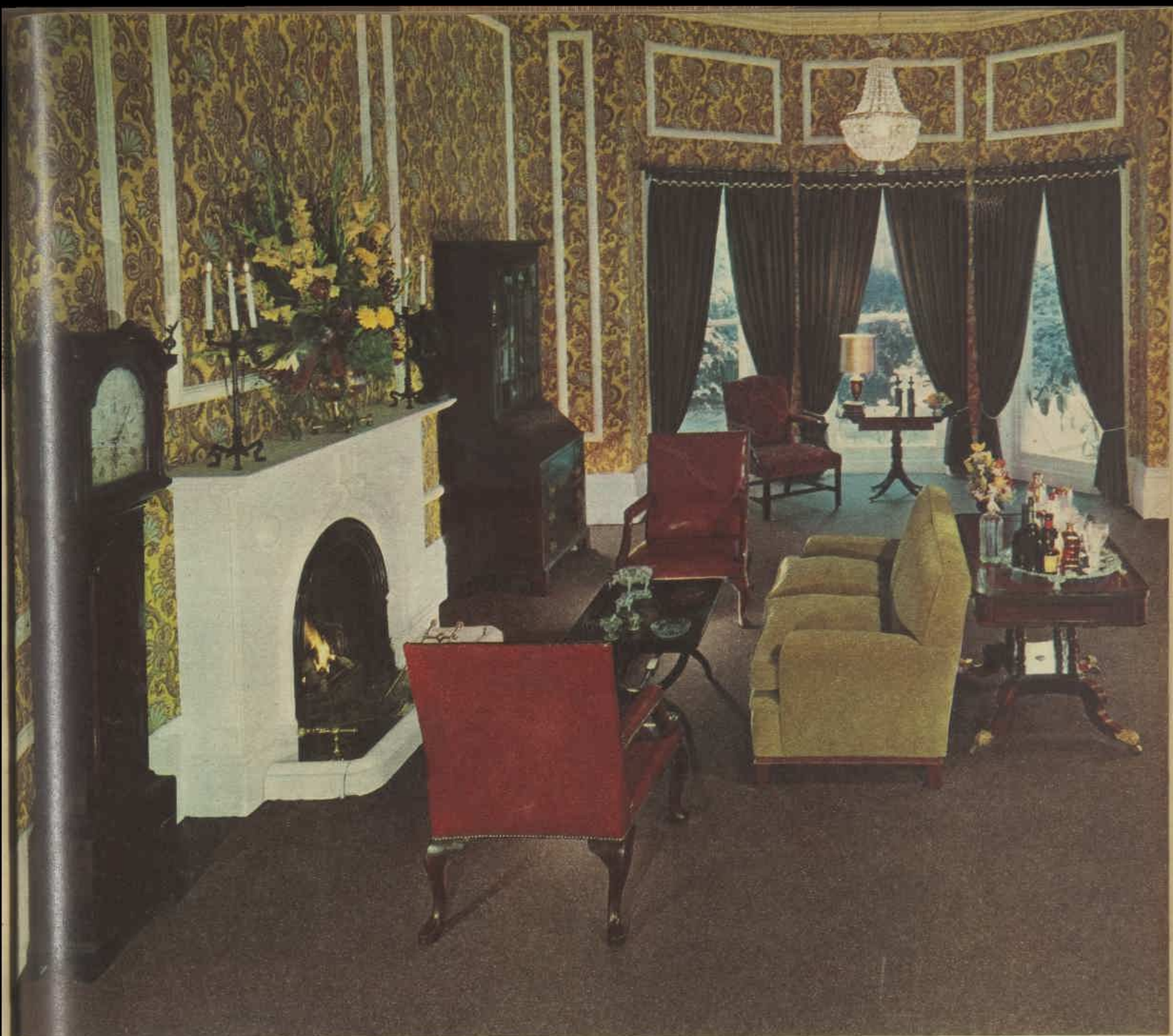
"They have a depth which I know I couldn't capture with paint or oils," she said.

Her completed pictures are backed with three-ply and mounted in frames.

She gets her ideas from illustrated books and magazines on Australia or from aboriginal folklore.

A local architect has suggested the bark pictures would make murals.

— Winifred Munday



9 out of 10 interior decorators agree antique furniture calls for the beautiful simplicity of Westminster Carpet

Where does the interior decorator start in designing a room as beautiful as that shown here? He starts with the carpet. A plain carpet.

In a recent survey, 9 out of 10 decorators chose the smart, plain texture of Westminster in preference to the more expensive floral and patterned carpets as a perfect base for almost every interior. Yes, 9 out of 10.

It is the beautiful simplicity of plain carpet, and only plain carpet, that

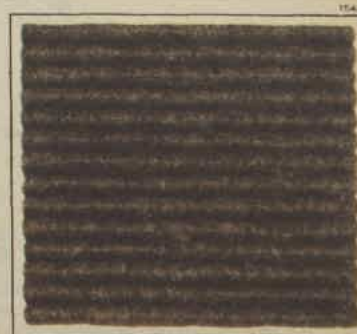
allows you the freedom of choosing furniture styles, wallpapers or wall colours, soft furnishings, and all the small incidental things that make a beautiful room.

This glorious Westminster antique room was designed by Mr. David Tilley, Interior Decorator. The Westminster carpet is "Berkley" brown. The two-seater velvet sofa is by Rojo, furniture from Windsor Antiques, the Paisley wallpaper from Arthur Bond.

What other carpet in the world can compare with Westminster? 40" wide. Saves pounds in every room ★ Beautifully made to last and last and last ★ Less seaming ★ Saves on laying costs ★ Completely mothproofed ★ Dust can't get through ★ Easier to clean and maintain ★ Resists stains ★ 22 decorator-chosen colours

If you are planning on new furnishings, may we suggest you start with

Westminster
GENUINE BRANDED CARPET



Yes . . .

you can afford
the world's best!



SINGER has the perfect machine for every budget

"SINGER STYLE-O-MATIC" (left), truly, incomparable value in a quality automatic zig-zag. With its versatile features, it sews buttons, buttonholes, blind-stitches, over-casts, mends, does 2-colour twin needle work, endless fancy stitches—automatically! Extra-light, super-strong. Only 65 gns., 12/- weekly. (Carry case optional extra.)

"SINGER SLANT-O-MATIC" (front) for those who demand the ultimate in quality. World's only fully automatic, zig-zag machine with Singer-patented slant needle—you see better, sew better! Incredibly easy—you just "flick the dial" for a limitless variety of stitches. A lifetime investment at 119 gns., 19/- weekly.

"185 DE LUXE" (right) brings you matchless Singer quality at incredibly low cost! Ideal for all family sewing, its many fine features include precision stitch control and drop-in bobbin with press-button release. Smart 2-tone green finish—with matching carry case. Hurry, limited quantity at only 39 gns., terms 7/- weekly.



SINGER
AUTOMATIC HOME KNITTER
Price: 39 gns.



SINGER
TRANSISTOR RADIOS
From: 17 gns.



SINGER
VACUUM CLEANER
Price: 40 gns.,
less at least £10 Trade-in



SINGER
VACUUM CLEANER
Price: 47 gns.,
less at least £10 Trade-in



SINGER
LAWN MOWER
Price: 49 gns.



SINGER
SHAMPOO POLISHER
Price: 28 gns.




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ELECTRIC FAN
Price: 18 gns.

All these appliances available on "Shillings Weekly" terms.

Generous trade-in allowances on all Singer products.

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500 Branches Throughout Australia . . . Principal Offices at: 388 George Street, Sydney; 96 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; 221 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 151 Rundle Street, Adelaide; 809 Hay Street, Perth; 66 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

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The Manager, SINGER SEWING CENTRE.
Please supply me with literature on: ☐ Vacuum Cleaner ☐
☐ Polisher ☐ Fan ☐ Transistor Radio ☐ Lawn Mower ☐ Home
Knitter.
Name _____
Address _____
WW 1258

£2250 prize contest:

Are you and your baby a happy pair?

● Are you and your baby an obviously happy pair with a healthy, well-adjusted mother and child relationship? If so, you should certainly enter our "Happy Mother and Baby" contest which offers prizes valued at £2250.

THE contest, which is open to all mothers in Australia with babies up to 18 months, is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd. The first prize of £1100 plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney with all expenses paid will be won by the mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia, but there are many other prizes which are listed on page 51.

Mothers entering this contest (for which the free entry form is provided below) must basically decide

which factors she thinks are most important in providing her child with a happy home.

Commenting on the 12 factors listed on the entry form, a prominent Australian child-care expert said:

"Every child lives in two worlds. One is the world surrounding him, and with the parents' help the child soon manages to see the sense of it and accepts it.

"Not so the other world, for this is a world within itself—a world of sudden, unpredictable emotions that often leave the child confused and unsure of himself.

"Children can in time learn to make themselves at

home in this world of their own, but the affectionate guidance of their parents will lighten their task considerably.

"Children are not born with specific fears and loves and hates. As they grow they have experiences that cause fear and more pleasant experiences that develop feelings of love.

"Most parents would do a great deal to keep their children from acquiring fears, but these same parents are sometimes unwilling to make the effort required to give up their own pet fears.

"Children are often frightened by what they hear adults talk about."

Continued overleaf

HEINZ-AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

£2250 "HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY" CONTEST

- WHAT TO DO.** On the official entry form indicate, in your opinion, in order of importance, the 12 characteristics of a Happy Mother and Baby relationship (use numbers 1 to 12 in order of importance). Next, complete in not more than 10 words the sentence "My child and I are happy because". Only one entry per person is allowed and the entry must be on the official form.
- CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail 26th August, 1963. Entries received after that date will not be considered and no responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged, or lost in transit.
- WHO CAN ENTER.** This contest is open to all Mothers in Australia of a child under the age of 18 months on 26th August, 1963. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., its advertising agents, and Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.
- JUDGING AND PRIZES.** All entries will be considered. The State finalists will be determined by a panel of judges, judging being based firstly on the placing of the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/child relationship in the order selected by a panel of expert Child Care Specialists. If there are more than 10 correct State entries, State finalists will be judged on their completion of the unfinished sentence. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence relative to this contest will be entered into.
- NOTIFYING WINNERS.** All winners will be notified by mail.

YOUR FREE ENTRY FORM

Read the rules carefully — then number the 12 characteristics of a happy mother/baby relationship in the order which you consider most important. (You must place a number in each square.)

Then, in no more than 10 words, complete the sentence below.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Father in regular job with no serious money worries. | <input type="checkbox"/> Child wanted and loved by both parents. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mother who is reasonably calm, consistent and loving in caring for her child. | <input type="checkbox"/> Adequate unshared accommodation. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Child who is healthy, enterprising, but manageable and responsive. | <input type="checkbox"/> Father interested in helping with child and care of home. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good family health. | <input type="checkbox"/> Parents with a sense of responsibility to their fellow men. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secure and happy marriage. | <input type="checkbox"/> Access to regular expert advice on health and child care. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Grandparents or other relatives who help without interfering. | <input type="checkbox"/> Mother who has good average knowledge of nutrition, hygiene, child development and behaviour. |

"My child and I are happy because _____"
(Completed in not more than 10 additional words)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____

BABY'S NAME _____ BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH _____

Mail your Entry to
"HAPPY MOTHER AND BABY," BOX 57, P.O., DANDENONG, VICTORIA.

CONTEST CLOSING WITH LAST MAIL, AUGUST 26, 1963

nothing equals the gleaming radiance of silver... so inexpensive too!



it's new!

CHRISTINE'S slim flawless symmetry adds elegance to any table and will win the admiration of your friends. It is an entirely new design and a 44-piece suite (6 of each) costs you only £15.19.6 with xylonite handle knives, £17.4 - with pearllex handle knives or £22.15 - in silver plate.

Grosvenor

The ultimate in Cutlery Refinement

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MYTTON'S LTD., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Makers of A1 Quality Table Silverware.

All Grosvenor patterns are available in a wide range from complete 44, 58 and 60 piece canteens down to single pieces — all at surprisingly low prices. Other beautiful Grosvenor patterns include...

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A finely sculptured, graceful design at very moderate cost. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £14/14/-.

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A dainty, tasteful design that blends with any setting. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £14/14/-.

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The perfect combination of modern and classical styling. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £17/4/-.

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The ageless favourite for high quality at low cost. 44-piece suite (6 of each) priced from £14/1/-.

What Australia Makes — Makes Australia.

Delicious new way to serve potatoes!



RECIPE FOR MAIN-COURSE MAGIC

All spoon and cup measures are level.
An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

Ingredients: 3 medium potatoes, cooked and sliced;
1 carrot, sliced and cooked; 2 oz. butter; 1 onion,
chopped; 3 rashers bacon, chopped; 3 tablespoons
flour; 2½ cups milk; 1½ teaspoons salt; pinch pepper;
6 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, shredded; ½ cup day-old
breadcrumbs; a little extra butter.

Method: Place the potato and carrot in a casserole.
Melt ½ oz. (1 dessertspoon) of the butter in a sauce-
pan, add onion and bacon and fry until cooked. Spoon
over the vegetables in the casserole. Melt the remain-
ing butter in saucepan, add flour and let cook for a
few minutes. Gradually stir in the milk. Bring to the
boil. Add shredded KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, salt and
pepper and stir until cheese has melted and sauce is
smooth. Pour the sauce over the vegetables, sprinkle
with the breadcrumbs and dot with a little butter.
Bake in a moderate oven—(350°F Gas, 375°F Electric).
for 25-30 minutes or until heated through. 4 servings.

Scalloped Potatoes the KRAFT Cheddar way

KRAFT® Cheddar melts perfectly... makes
this delicacy a sure success every time!

Potatoes dull! Who says so? Someone who *hasn't* tried Scalloped
Potatoes — the KRAFT Cheddar way. They're savoury...
sensational... they're touched with magic when you make
this delicious recipe. Tender, golden shreds of KRAFT
Cheddar add fine cheese flavour to potatoes — cooked with
young carrots and onion, flecked with bacon and topped with
crusty bread crumbs.

KRAFT Cheddar blends perfectly — makes Scalloped Potatoes
your success tonight!



*Registered Trade Mark.



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protein, vitamins and miner-
als because it takes a whole
gallon of creamy milk to
make every pound of this
fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar
is a bargain in nutrition —
there's a size right for your
family.

There's more goodness to give them with **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

£2250 prize contest

THE child expert added that the things in family life which build up a child's respect for his parents include:

- Enjoyment by parents of each other's company.
- Respect for each other's opinions.
- A truly self-reliant outlook on life.
- Treatment of the child with respect as an individual.
- Sensible use of family income and joint decisions about its use.
- Acceptance of community responsibility.

In our contest, the mother and baby who are judged first in all Australia will receive £1000, comprising £500 cash payable to the mother and £500 to be paid into a Trust account to be opened with a savings bank with the mother and bank manager as Trustees, and to mature when the child reaches the age of 14.

In addition they will receive the prize which goes to



all State winners — £100 to each successful mother-and-baby team (£50 cash and £50 in a savings account in the mother's name), plus a three-day luxury trip to Sydney, with all expenses paid, for the final judging.

The ten finalists in each

State (A.C.T. will be treated as part of N.S.W.) will receive prizes of six months' supplies of Heinz Baby Food, and ALL entrants in the contest who are not already members of the Heinz Baby Club will receive a gift pack and all the benefits of the Club.

Housewife of the Week Award



From grimy to shiny in 158 seconds

Mrs. Burton of Richmond uses speedy "158" on her laundry lino and does the job in about 2½ minutes. We like to say 158 seconds. It'll help you to remember "158"—the cleaner with fast-drying floor polish in it.

Wipe on "158" and the dirt comes off. At the same time, the polish goes on. Seconds later, you've got a shine. Lady, when you have to hurry, get speedy "158"



PLANNING A NEW HOME?

Wondering what it will cost? For all the problems associated with planning and building call at our Home Planning Centres for free, friendly, and expert advice.

See coupon in this issue for details and centre addresses.

How to enter

Our new "Happy Mother and Baby" contest has been designed to make it easy for every mother with a baby under 18 months on August 26, 1963, to enter.

She simply has to number in order of importance (according to her personal views) the 12 statements printed on the entry form and complete the sentence: "My child and I are happy because..." (in not more than 10 additional words).

There is no entrance fee. Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout Australia can be used.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND ANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

It does not matter if either the entrant or her baby was not born in Australia.

Entries must be sent to "Happy Mother and Baby," Box 57, P.O., Dandenong, Victoria, by the last mail delivered on August 26.

Judges will select the finalists in each State on the basis of the placing of the 12 factors and on the completion of the unfinished sentence.

State finalists will then be judged in person in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and Hobart by panels of two leading child-care specialists and a prominent member of the mothercraft nursing profession.

The winning mother and baby in each State will be flown to Sydney on September 24 for a free three-day holiday, during which the national winning pair will be chosen.

National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both senior child-care specialists, and a triple-certificated nursing sister considerably experienced in infant welfare.

All State winners will be present at a National Baby Day to be held in Sydney on September 26, and the national winners will be announced later in The Australian Women's Weekly.

joined yet, mother?

these are the

FREE benefits of HEINZ BABY CLUB

(For Babies up to 18 months old)

YOU RECEIVE

* FREE GIFT PACKS * FREE BABY BOOKLETS

* FREE £500 ACCIDENT INSURANCE & FREE CEREAL SAMPLES (for babies up to 12 months old)

* FREE CAN CAPS * SPECIAL OFFERS TO MEMBERS ONLY

TO JOIN send your name, address, baby's name, date of birth to Baby Club, P.O. Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria — or simply enter the 'Happy Mother and Baby' Contest on page 49 and you automatically become a member of Heinz Baby Club.



happy, healthy babies need the naturally better

flavour, nourishment and texture of

HEINZ BABY FOODS



Your growing baby needs the nutrition good food provides. Heinz goodness comes only from essential, pure ingredients — that's why Heinz Baby Foods have such a natural flavour and consistency. How wise you are to rely on Heinz for the nourishment your baby requires.



what he thought of them, for they were like open books to him in his simplicity.

No one but his mother knew that he wasn't so simple as he seemed—that it was just that he lived in his own mind and preferred the beasts of the field and the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea to mankind. In fact, no one had ever thought much about Simon except to comment on his simplicity, on his strange ways, such as carrying wood up to the pulpit rock and casting it into the sea.

Then they had heard him talking to birds and beasts, and one man who had been going to shoot a baboon that was in his garden said Simon shouted a warning to him in baboon talk—barked a warning bark. "Just like a baboon that boy is," he said, annoyed when the baboon had escaped him.

Continued from page 30

All this was in Simon's mind as he watched Violet fishing from the pulpit rock. He had promised to meet her there. His dog, Belle, was at his heels. Vi was on to a fish. A good one, he guessed, from the play of her rod, but she was too low. Standing on a shelf he had told her to keep away from.

He knew what must have happened. When she had the fish on she had dropped down to play him better, but it wasn't safe. Not dangerous, actually, but not safe either. He began walking faster over the short grass.

Then it happened. What he'd always been afraid of. Her eyes were on the boiling water below her when a great wave rose out of the

sea, one of those waves that come up for no reason in the South Atlantic. A giant, a mountainous wave, whose roll since it was born in the roaring forties had been unimpeded. A wave malignant in its fury against the earth. A captain in this endless war of the water against the land.

It reared up like a great horse. No longer blue, the water was black as ink against the sky. Like a great black horse with a white mane of spray. For an instant that seemed an hour it stood poised like a horse pawing the air, before it fell, and the girl was gone.

He was running now. So were others who had seen the accident. One man was there before him.

"I'll get a rope," he said. The boats. Where were the boats? The boats from the old harbor were all out fishing. "A rope. Boats."

Simon peeled off his shirt, kicked off his shoes. "Wait." He called to his dog as she stood near the clothes. The man said, "You're mad. You can't go into that."

"She's in it, isn't she?" Simon said, and dived. He had seen her.

She was fighting the swirling waters. In a moment he was up to her. "Get away from the rocks!" he shouted. "Make for the open!"

She turned toward the sea. She swam strongly and he swam beside her. Her clothes were hampering her. Later, when they got out, she'd have to strip. She was not

strong enough. The water here was a maelstrom. The seas that came in pounded the rocks and swirled back and forth in untiring attacks.

"Turn on your back," he said. She turned.

He grasped her hair in his teeth, turned on his back, and swimming like a great upturned frog, dragged her out to sea. Out beyond the breaking waves.

"He's mad," someone said who was standing watching. "Mad as a March hare."

"He's not mad," Colonel Galpin said. He was an old man, his face red with port and wind. "What the devil do you want him to do? Swim around like a fish in a bowl and get smashed up on the rocks?"

"They could have climbed out." "Where?" the colonel said. "Show me where."

There was nowhere. The rocks were two feet out of the sea even when a wave pulled back, and slippery with seaweed, like green, slippery woman's hair that retreated with each wave and then was washed up again. The rocks were sharp with limpets and mussels. They were near.

Oh, yes, only a few yards down, but they might have been great cliffs for all the good it was.

"By jove, they can swim," the colonel said.

Now they were swimming side by side in the open sea. Every now and again, as a wave lifted them, they could be seen bobbing like two corks and then disappearing into the trough again.

"He taught her," someone said. The colonel turned. "Mitchett?" he said. "You here already?"

"I'm here," Vi's father said.

"The boy's a lunatic," someone said. "Where does he think he's going? There's no land over there."

"Call this land?" the colonel said. Someone handed him field-glasses. "They're on their backs floating now."

"Resting," Mitchett said. "He's kept his head."

"He's got no head. He's a loony, that's what Simple Simon is."

THE colonel turned, his blue eyes blazing, his white moustache bristling with rage. He looked like an angry walrus. "A loony. Yes," he said, "a loony who'll get the humane medal if I have anything to do with it, and if he comes out of it alive. A loony, but the only one here who'd go into that cauldron after his friend."

"Girl-friend," someone said. "I'm sixty-five," the colonel shouted, "but you say that again and I'll knock you into the drink!" He had his stick upraised like a sabre.

Suddenly a new voice said. "I know what he's doing."

"What's he doing?"

"He's taking her home. There's a current out there."

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said. "I'm surveying the new harbor and I've studied that current. It will carry them on to the beach by his house. That's why he throws over all that wood."

"That wood?" someone said. "Then he's not mad, after all." He sounded annoyed.

"Mad?" the strange man said. "He's saner than you or I. He's got a way of life, which is more than we have. You ought to see the woodpile he has at home."

"You mean it all gets washed up there?"

"Yes, in time it does."

"You've been there?"

"Of course I've been there. I've been telling you. If they can stick it, they'll come ashore in his cove."

Simon could feel Violet tiring. "It's not far now."

"Far," she managed to grasp.

"Far?"

"To the current." Actually it was quite a way, but he didn't want her to know. He was still quite fresh. "The current that'll take us to our beach." He saw she didn't understand.

"It's your shoes," he said. "Slip them off." The sea was calmer here and they swam between the rollers in big valleys like the valleys between small rolling hills.

"I'll hold you," he said, treading water and taking her under the armpits. She managed to kick off her shoes.

To page 56

Something exciting has happened to Sunsilk!

Now it's Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo

WITH UNIQUE
LANOLIN CONDITIONER



LOOK FOR YOUR SUNSILK IN THE NEW BEAUTY BOTTLE
BOTTLES 4'3 & 6'3 · BUBBLES 1'5

Gives new softness—
new shine—and
better behaved hair



NEW SUNSILK BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR



Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo with its unique Lanolin Conditioner never overwashes your hair, never dries it. Just one gentle lather leaves your hair soft, shining, and so well-behaved.



A man's view: HOW A WOMAN BUYS A HAT

— A nonsense by Semaj Waldial

IT'S a funny thing about hats.

Now you take a man's hat. No glamor about it, and no glamor about its purchase. No more glamor than an old sock.

In he goes, homo sapiens, to a shop full of hats, all the same shape, and strides to the counter.

"Want a hat, brown, mmm-and-a-quarter."

"This one, sir?"

"How much?"

"Five guineas."

"Wrap it up." Puts money down, grabs parcel, strides out.

So much for man.

But a woman! Got a few minutes? This story is true.

I knew a milliner well some years ago. She had one of those little dog-boxes—oh, sorry, salons, shoppes, maybe it was a boutique. Certainly nothing so ordinary as a shop.

Whenever it was called, it was just a cubicle in the arcade.

In the window was one high-fashion hat—just one.

But how much? Only the chic showed—they never, but never, show the price in these shoppe-salon-boutique joints, but you can be certain that the price is grand.

Slantwise across the window was written: MADAME'S CHAPEAUX. Inside, Madame the milliner waited with a spidery gleam in her eyes.

As I said, I knew the milliner well—Daisy Brown.

Having set the scene, let us now observe one of the fair (or dark) but always lovely sex about to enter the web.

Have you ever been behind that little curtain or partition at the rear of one of these cubicles? No. Well, I got an education that morning as I was having a nice cup of coffee with Daisy.

How do the women in these shoppes know when a customer is about to enter? Well, I don't want to give away a trade secret, but it's All Done With Mirrors.

Just as the potential fly was about to enter the web Daisy—no, now she was

Madame—materialised in the dim atmosphere of the outer premises.

Daisy had risen, bent, and smeared a bit more lipstick on my other cheek, put her coffee cup where it wouldn't get knocked over, looked in the mirror, and with two lightning strokes had remade her face and was out in the shoppe even before the customer realised she was no longer a customer but a victim.

Said the spider

Madame, hand extended to move a hat set on a sort of hat-rack thing, appeared to start as if previously un-

aware of the entry of the customer.

"Good morning, moddom," said Madame. "Can I help moddom?"

Moddom appeared to hesitate and looked round, while Madame sidled round a trifle and blocked the exit.

"I was just looking for a hat," moddom mumbled vaguely.

(And why she was looking for a hat, search me. She already had on a hat, and a nifty sort of hat, too, made of that stuff—faillie or paille or laine—they make hats of, and it suited her,

Shoppe proprietors don't do that.

Madame just twirled the hat around slowly. She said nothing.

"Ye-es," said moddom, "but have you another . . . just a little . . . perhaps a bit more . . . well, maybe . . . ?"

Madame appeared to levitate away. She knew exactly—yes, believe me, I saw and heard it all—she knew exactly what that customer meant.

She materialised almost immediately with another hat. Don't ask me to des-

color. I knew as soon as I came in that that was the color I wanted.

"By the way, how much is it?"

Madame appears to ponder, to be weighing purchase price against the almost philanthropic wish to let this nice little chick have a cheap hat.

"Well, if you really want it, I suppose I could let you have it for . . . ten guineas."

A little pause here to let that sink in. (Sunk in? Good. Just keep it in mind.)

"But just a moment, moddom . . . I do believe . . .

yes, I'm sure I have a hat that came in yesterday . . ."

Madame takes the hat from the girl, presses her into the seat. She can't get away; once in those seats you are a prisoner.

Madame starts to walk toward the inner sanctum. Then she pauses, and turns, and says doubtfully, "This hat, it's a model . . ."

The slick chick, safely and comfortably held in her chair, knows just what this means.

"That hat, if Madame can find it, is going to Cost More. But what the heck? If it suits—and it will—the chick will buy it."

Daisy, back in the inner sanctum, sat at her little

desk, got out a needle and thread, poked her finger into the crown of that hat, made a little dent, and sewed the dent in place.

Then she fished a small diamante (glassamente?) ornament (2/7 wholesale—I saw the tag) from a cardboard box of doodads, and with two quick thrusts of her needle fixed the bauble to the hat.

Putting her fingers to my lips she grinned, and resuming the guise of Madame returned to the customer.

Another fitting of the hat—the same hat, metamorphosed by a poke of the finger and a bit of sparkling stuff—the standing off, the exclamation.

"Oh, moddom! It's just perfect. Such chic!"

Self-conscious twirling and glass-looking by the chick, who by virtue of the hat must now be called a slick chick chick.

"Yes, it does suit me, doesn't it? Er . . . how much is it?"

"I'll have to find the invoice, moddom. Will you wait a moment?" Noisy paper-shuffling off as chick continues to admire hat.

Madame comes back and says briskly, "Seventeen guineas, moddom. It's a model, you see . . ."

Now that's the way to sell a hat!

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

and taken all round she was not by any means a crook chick. But she wanted a hat, or thought she did, and the customer is always right.)

"Certainly, moddom. Will moddom take a seat?" leading her to one of those two chairs that are in every shoppe.

Madame floated away, and before Herb Elliott could even leave the starting block she was back with a hat.

Perhaps I ought to call it a chapeau. Looked a bit of not much to me as she held it up; it didn't seem to have chic. But I knew it would have price, because all hats in these chapeau joints have it, only some more than others.

And the chapeaux that are most loaded with price, though not always with chic, I regret to say, always happen to be the ones the customer "just must have."

Remember how it took our man 30.5 seconds to buy a hat?

Moddom, our dainty customer, and Madame are prepared to spend more time than that. Oh, dear me, yes. And just look at the technique!

Did Madame ask moddom what size, color, make, material, shape, or adornment the chapeau should have? Not on your life.

cribe it; you know, mouseline de soie, or some stuff like that.

This little to-and-fro technique lasted for half an hour with minor variations. But it appeared that honor was soon to be satisfied.

Signs appeared. For the first time that word price came into the conversation.

"Yes. I like that color, but the shape . . . don't you think it's just a little . . . only just a little . . . ?"

. . . to the fly

Ah, poor fly! The spider whirled a web of words round the victim.

"Moddom might try it on . . . Just a little more . . . Yes, it is . . . It suits moddom . . . and yet perhaps . . . look in this mirror . . . maybe . . . the back is perhaps a little . . . don't you think?"

The slick chick understands all this perfectly. The hat is not just quite right. She starts to lift it off—gently, so as not to disturb the perm.

In pounces the spider and spins a bit more to the web.

"Oh, yes, I quite agree with moddom. But the color, it just suits moddom perfectly . . . It's a pity . . ."

"Do you think you might have another hat of the same material and that exact color?" asks moddom.

"I must have that exact



Home Plans Service



606.

SKETCH shows front view of house with main entrance. Bedroom windows are at right. Highlight windows above central bathroom have own roof.

● An ideal family home, this week's plan is best suited to a site 55ft. wide. Built on a slab or timber floor, the house could be constructed with any building material.

A SIMPLE, economical house, Plan 606 has many features demanded by modern homemakers.

The first is a combination of laundry and multi-purpose room. The 12ft. x 9ft. area can be equipped with washing and drying machines, or

with washing machine and tubs as desired. There is space for a sewing cupboard, and the room opens up so that young children can play here during the winter without disturbing the living area.

Secondly, the kitchen is almost part of the living and dining areas, but retains its own private identity behind

cupboards built to the ceiling. A snack bar could be installed if preferred.

Thirdly, a door leading from the carport, quite apart from the front entrance, is important in a modern home. It overcomes the problem of having constant grease spots right outside the front door (and often the car, too) when carport adjoins the house.

The unusual bathroom is in the centre of the house. A highlight built into the roof allows light and air to enter. Operated by remote control gear, a highlight is one of the best methods of dispersing rising steam and admitting plenty of daylight into bathrooms.

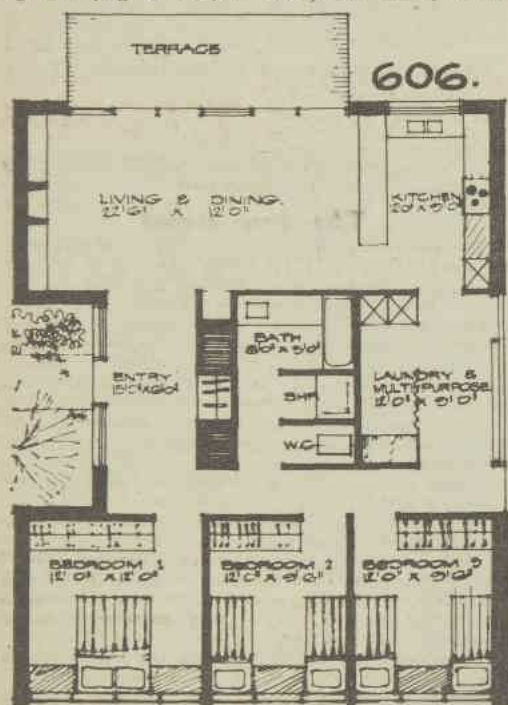
Because the laundry is next to the kitchen, cooking and washing can be supervised at the same time without inconvenience.

The combined living-dining-room has an open fireplace and extends on to a small terrace.

The three bedrooms can accommodate up to six people, and all rooms have provision for built-in wardrobes.

FLOOR PLAN shows how central bathroom and laundry/multi-purpose room are grouped. Carport (not shown) is alongside multi-purpose room.

NEXT WEEK: Desk for a teenager.



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AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● From time to time most households are faced with Momentous Decisions of one sort or another — knotty problems like whether to buy a house or move to the country or invest in life assurance.

OUR household has had its own knotty problem to discuss this week — a problem that has been argued about all the way from breakfast in the morning until bedtime at night, argued pleasantly, argued with heat, with laughter, with insults, and without the slightest sign that we are getting any closer to a firm decision.

The subject of argument, believe it or not, is whether Mike should go to dancing class!

Mike astonished me by bringing this question up himself in the beginning. What possible use can a dancing class be to a boy who thinks all girls are drab creeps? And, more important, what possible use could he be in any dancing class!

But it seems that some of his school mates (weak characters, open to influence by their female relatives) have unwillingly allowed themselves to be enrolled, and the team spirit suggests to Mike that he ought to back the poor silly blighters up.

When Mike announced one evening that "he thought he ought to learn to dance this year," my mouth fell open with astonishment, but Di and Kay took up the idea so enthusiastically that Mike began to think better of it, and started trying to back down at once.

Di and Kay argue that it will help to "civilise" him — an argument that doesn't weigh much with Mike, who doesn't and never has wanted to be civilised.

I argue that he shouldn't learn this year because he's still too young; to which Mike replies that if I mean it's got to be done some time "he might as well get it over now, with the other fellas." You'd think the wretched child was being asked to have all his teeth extracted without benefit of any anesthetic.

Do those dancing years arrive too soon?

WHY is it that the accepted time for learning ballroom dancing gets earlier and earlier as the years go by? Kay started at 14, which I thought was stretching things a bit. The following year she wouldn't think of going back — she'd "learnt," and that was that.

Di started at 13 (having turned on tears in order to get her way), went for two years, and gave it up in disgust because "the boys were only kids and couldn't dance."

But even since then things have changed, and Mike's contemporaries are being dragged to dancing classes even earlier in life.

Back in my day (the olden times, as Mike so often reminds me) 15 was a sort of minimum age for mixed classes, and lots of people only went in their last year at school.

Even that was early enough. I can remember the churning tummy and the goose pimples of those first few lessons.

There was the horror of making a complete fool of yourself if one of the godlike 18-year-olds who knew how to reverse

should happen to ask you to dance; the almost equal horror of getting stuck with the short pimply boy whose head came up to the level of your chin and whose clammy hands would scarcely let you go for the whole evening once he'd found you.

And then there was the greatest horror of all—since there were always more girls than boys—that you'd get left, a willing wallflower. Oh, agony!

It seems to me that 15, 16, and 17, when at least you're beginning to really want the company of the opposite sex, is time enough for all these perturbations. Before that, in most cases, a child is still a child, much preferring sport and mucking about and the undemanding company of its own sort.

I suppose if I had the courage of my convictions I'd say a firm "no," which would probably please Mike very much.

But it's not altogether easy nowadays with children to strike just the exact balance between being "right" and being "fair."

Children are being pushed earlier and earlier into aping adult social life, and the parents, the schools, and even the churches are responsible for this, because of the mad modern idea that if you can drag people into groups and force them to be good mixers they'll be "normal."

My feeling is that they'll be better mixed and more "normal" if they mix because they're ready for it, and not because they know they'll be regarded as freaks and failures if they want to go on messing about with rabbit hutches and building cubbies in the tops of trees for a few more years.

The art of looking

"handsomely miserable"

IN the meantime, Kay and Di go on working on Mike to make him face up to that first dancing class.

"What'll I do if nobody dances with me?" he says plaintively. Oh, innocent child, too young to know that the ones who go forward never have any worries; it's the ones who go backward on the dance floor who have to pray for partners.

"Don't worry, they'll fall over themselves," Di said. And then, after a thoughtful pause — "Even for you."

"What if I ask some creep and she says 'no'?" Mike said.

"Then you must look handsomely miserable," Kay told him.

"Huh?" Mike said, looking more like an idiot than a desirable dancing partner. Kay was quoting one of her favorite new finds. I think she'll abandon science later and become an anthropologist.

Her room is always a snowstorm of favorite quotations, copied out and thumb-tacked to mirrors and picture frames. Her latest find is this gem from an old novel:

"May I be permitted to presume to hope that you will allow me to have the pleasure . . ." "I don't think I'm engaged," said Miss Theresa with a dreadful affectation of indifference, "but really — so many—"

Horatio looked handsomely miserable, like Hamlet slipping on a piece of orange peel.

This, I feel, is a look that could only be achieved after years of zealous practice. A bit much to be expected from our Mike!

THE HIGH COST OF SCRIMPING

● After many years of penny-pinching, I suddenly realised I was paying too much for security. In the past I'd always been so practical, but when I opened my husband's birthday present and found he'd given me an apron, I decided it was time to tear up my budget.

I REMEMBER my 28th birthday because it was exactly like all the days that came before it. Breakfast, dishes, laundry, dusting, lunch, dishes, ironing, mending, and dinner.

For dinner we had meat loaf and trifle, which is a nice, economical dessert if you have stale cake on hand and an extra egg. We used our kitchen china and cutlery; I wore a striped cotton frock that had seen better times. Then Sally sang "Happy Birthday" and Harry presented me with a kitchen apron in good, sturdy denim.

It was the apron that did it. I held on to myself until Sally had gone to bed and then burst into tears.

Harry was all solicitude. "Why, darling, what's the matter? Has something happened?"

"It's my birthday," I sobbed. "It's my 28th birthday, and I drudge all day, and you give me a drudge's present, and . . . Do you remember the fuss you used to make? The flowers and chocolates and dinner in a restaurant."

Harry gaped. "But, Frances, the budget . . . this is the way you wanted it. Why, last spring, when I brought home a pot of hyacinths, you carried on as if I'd just blown all our savings on a gold brick."

"You're the one who talks economy and being practical. I'm just trying to go along with you."

It was true. Thinking back on the seven years of our married life, I knew that Harry had always yielded to my wishes in money matters, and that my wishes had been to keep the cost of living to an absolute minimum.

We were both "Depression babies," both from families that had struggled to keep afloat on bad times. But the struggle had affected us differently.

Remembering what it was like to be in want, I was determined to prepare for a rainy day.

Harry, on the other hand, was happy-go-lucky; years of poverty had inclined him to wild extravagance whenever he had any money to be extravagant with.

This was all very well as long as he had been a suitor. In fact, I had loved his carefree spending. But once he had become my husband I set about to reform his ways.

A grim budget

Reform, to my mind, took the form of an inflexible budget. Grimly I parcelled out Harry's modest salary into narrow envelopes marked Rent, Food, Clothing, Medical, and so on.

Harry was amused and a little bewildered.

If he questioned my allotments — "All that for life insurance?" or "Doesn't seem to be much for entertainment, does there?" — I reminded him how he'd had no responsibilities during his bachelor days.

"You're married now," I said, "and you have to think about the future."

For a long time, Harry had trouble thinking about the future. He would bring home a new book that had caught his eye, or an unbudgeted roast, or — after Sally was born — an expensive toy.

I met every impulsive gesture with scolding or tearful resignation — "Well, there goes the milk-bill money" or "Sally isn't old enough for toys. She needs shoes and a pair of decent overalls."

As a result he eventually surrendered completely and handed over the purse strings to me. I held them tight.

Looking back on the period of The Strict Budget, I see now that I had begun to find a perverse satisfaction in "doing without."

Our menus were dominated by "cost-per-serving." There were lots of casseroles in which infinitesimal bits of meat swam bleakly about in a sea of macaroni.

I made "make-believe steaks" — breadcrumbs soaked in beef broth, mixed with egg, and fried in bacon fat.

"I suppose," said Harry of this triumph, "these must be frightfully nourishing."

On clothes we spent almost nothing. When I was pregnant I wore my regular outfits until popping buttons made them practically indecent.

After Sally was born the temptations to spend became stronger. I longed to surround our treasure with all the pretty baby things we admired in shop windows.

I wanted an automatic washer and our three-room flat seemed terribly overcrowded. Harry began to read real-estate ads. "Now that we're a family," he suggested, "we need a house."

But I held my ground. "Houses are all very well when you can afford them," I said. "By living here we save maybe £20 a month toward Sally's education."

Saving, saving, saving — it became an obsession.

We stopped going to the movies together, because by taking turns we could save the cost of a sitter.

Though Harry and I both enjoyed entertaining, we seldom had friends in; guests cost money. I persuaded myself that I wanted nothing more than to stay home with my husband and child.

And then, suddenly, there I was at my 28th birthday. Sally was going on six, but without brother or sister because we "couldn't afford" another child yet.

Harry had learned to be cautious, but the lesson had cost him most of his old exuberance and gaiety. I was not 30, and I felt a hundred and ten.

"Harry," I said, "let's tear up the budget."

On the main issues we were agreed. We wanted children, an attractive home, freedom to go out and to entertain our friends, books and records in abundance.

And we wanted those things now while we were young, and could still enjoy them. If we waited ten years, saving busily, it would be too late.

Sally would have grown up an only child in a too small flat, and we would have become so used to doing

By FRANCES DRURY

without the graces of life that we would hardly know what to do with them when we finally had them.

As Harry said, when we had at last talked our hearts out: "The things we want to make us happier, more complete human beings won't wait till we can 'afford' them. We can't afford not to have them — now!"

And where was the money to come from? Here we were with the same income as before and a radically altered philosophy of living.

The first part was easy. There were our savings. Thanks to our years of penny-pinching, we had managed to put away enough for a down payment on a house — not the house of our dreams, exactly, but adequate.

Sally's school money helped fatten the down payment so that our instalments on the house weren't too much more than the rent we'd been paying. (We still hope to have the money for Sally's education when she needs it. But if we don't — we think she, with a happy, secure childhood behind her, will be able to work her way through school as we did.)

The rest of our savings — all but a narrow emergency fund — went toward furnishings, a few good clothes — and the expenses of our new baby!

Of course, maintaining the new standard of living was a problem that savings couldn't solve.

The car went

We had to make drastic cuts somewhere, and here again we were guided by "What is most important to us?"

A major expense up to this time had been our car. Even though it was a ten-year-old second-hand jalopy, insurance, upkeep, depreciation cost nearly a couple of hundred pounds a year. And, as a matter of fact, owning a car — though it was pleasant and convenient, of course — didn't mean much to us. We could get along quite well on our feet and riding in buses. So we sold the car.

We re-examined our life-insurance policies and discovered that, in our concern for security, we had been making ourselves "insurance poor."

Harry was covered so disproportionately that, had anything happened to him, I would have been a richer widow than I was a wife. So we cut our insurance buying to the barest-protection level.

That was seven years ago. I will be 35 next month, but I feel younger than I did ten years ago and I think I look younger, too. Working around my house and garden is a constant joy. I feel as if I have rediscovered freedom and spontaneity and love.

Not that I've entirely forgotten the lessons of my Depression childhood — I still am a fantastically careful shopper and our menus are still pretty Spartan.

But now in my economies I dance to a different tune. If something is really important to me or Harry, I see that we get it.

The greatest miracle is what has happened to my husband. Ever since we launched our new life, he's been a man let out of a cage.

Now he has returned to his own generous, impulsive self — a man who loves life and has a gift for living it joyously. This, I suspect, is why his career has taken a dramatic turn for the better. Recently he was promoted and is earning more money than we ever dreamed of.

But to an outsider, ours must seem a strange style of life. We still have no car and no TV.

Our clothes could scarcely be considered fashionable, and even our privacy leaves something to be desired. (We rent part of our house to a student couple.)

But, nonetheless, we often have had as many as 20 people to dinner; Harry has a really fine collection of hi-fi recordings; I have a few dresses that make me feel like a queen; Sally is taking music lessons, and her little brother, who is wild about swimming, is being coached.

As for Harry and me — we have dividends far greater than the interest on our former savings.

We know that our children are growing up in an atmosphere where emphasis is where it belongs — on the true arts and graces of life, and not on money.

We are often extravagant, but our extravagance is an act of faith — faith in ourselves and the future. Our pocketbooks may be empty, but, oh, our hearts are light.

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given overleaf. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or returned at Fashion House, 144/146 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m., on weekdays and from 1 p.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays. They are available for six weeks after publication date. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Cut Out Only: Skirt: Sizes 36 and 38in. hip, 31/6; 40 and 42in. hip, 34/6. Slacks: Sizes 36 and 38in. hip, 39/6; 40 and 42in. hip, 41/6. Top: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 61/6.

Registered postage 3/6 for each item, or 6/- for two or more items.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1963

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

A young woman tells Mandrake about her "ghost boy-friend." At first she thought he was only a dream. But gradually, after more strange meetings, they fell in love. NOW READ ON...



Continued from page 52

Once again he turned on his back and swam with her hair in his mouth, towing her along. It was easier now. He still felt strong. I could take her the whole way, he thought now, as the current caught them and pulled them along parallel to the coast. The sea wasn't something you could fight. You had to go with it. The sea was like nature, like God; you couldn't go against it. In the end, it was bound to win if you did.

Everyone in town was on the cliffs now with field-glasses, with telescopes, with nothing at all. Those with nothing shaded their eyes and said, "Let me look," to people who had something to look through. One woman, a fat dowager, had mother-of-pearl opera glasses. They were all deeply moved, excited by the possibility of death, excited like domestic animals that suddenly revert to savagery. Every time someone stepped on Simon's clothes the dog growled.

The marine surveyor turned to Mr. Mitchell and said: "My name's Miller."

"Mitchell," Mitchell said, and put out his hand. How odd that one still did this sort of thing, he thought, when one's daughter was drowning.

Miller said, "Come with me. It's no good staying here. Come to his farm. I know the way."

"I'm coming, too," the colonel said.

"Yes, do," Mitchell said. He liked the look of the old boy. A fire-eater in his time. A Blimp, but a good specimen.

"It'll take us a couple of hours," Miller said.

"Why?" Mitchell said. "It's quite close. Only two or three miles or so."

"That's by sea. We can only go so far in the car, and then we'll have to walk the best part of five miles over a car track."

Miller was right. It was two hours before they saw the little whitewashed cottage. They had left the car on the main road and followed a mountain track which first climbed and then fell, bringing them on to some rough grazing which ended in a thick wood of dark trees whose branches formed a canopy over the track, and then out on to grass grazed smooth by a small flock of sheep.

Two tame ostriches looked up at them and then con-

A LIFE TO SHARE

tinued to feed. A flock of white geese wobbled away out of their path. Some wild ducks--yellowbills--watched them from a pan, unfrightened, undisturbed.

Beyond the green short grass was the sandy beach of the cove. Beyond that the blue of the sea, and in the sea were the two they had come to find. They saw them swimming. They were near the shore now. They were through the breakers.

They saw the boy bend down and come staggering up through the sea with the girl sagging like a half-filled sack in his arms. Her head drooped over his left forearm. Her long black hair dragged in the water.

"They've done it! By jove, he's done it!" the colonel shouted, waving his stick and charging toward them on his short fat legs. The others followed.

SIMON walked past them as if he did not see them. His eyes were blank with spent effort, like those of a foundering horse that has been galloped to its death. His chest was rising and falling as he gasped for air. He put the girl down, propping her against his knees, vomited up salt water and picked her up again.

At the cottage he pushed open the lower half of the Dutch door with his foot and staggered in.

"We're safe," he said, "safe" -- and dropped the girl on his mother's bed.

"Brandy," he said, "and coffee." He fell into a chair at her side.

His mother pulled the covers over the girl and threw him a blanket. She poured coffee from the pot on the stove. She held the girl up in her arms and put the cup between her lips. Violet drank a sip, seemed to revive and drank more. She saw the group at the door. Her father -- strangers.

She tried to smile and said, "He saved me. He brought me back."

Her father went to the bed and took her in his arms. The colonel went up to the boy. "Good show," he said, blowing his nose. "Very good show. Wish I'd had you in my regiment, my boy."

Miller went out to look at the woodpile. Mad, he thought. A loony. That boy

was a good one. It was just that he lived in a world of his own. How odd that no one had seen it before. He'd talked to him several times. He was well educated, too. His mother had taught him, he said. She had been a teacher.

His father had died of phthisis from working in the mines. He'd died here and was buried here soon after the boy was born. There had been the farm and a small pension from the Chambers of Mines, and the fish money. That was all. How few people had so simple a history, lives so uncomplex.

Miller stared at the sea and then went back to the cottage.

They were all sitting down now near Violet's bed. Simon was dressed in dry clothes, and his mother was just saying to the girl's father, "She'd better stay here tonight. Tomorrow you can fetch her. I'll drive her to the road in the buggy and you meet us there with a car."

A small, quiet woman, dried up, burned up by sun and wind and work, but infinitely composed, solid as a rock, as firm.

Simon got to his feet and looked around as if he'd lost something.

"Belle," he said. "I must go back for her. She'll stay with my coat till I fetch her. Will you drive me?" he said to Miller. He was changed now. The air of simplicity had fallen from him. He was a man, suddenly sprung to it, fully grown.

"I'll take you," Miller said. No one thought of arguing with Simon. No one said it would be too much for him.

Mr. Mitchell said, "And you'll stay the night with us -- you and Belle."

Violet gave a weak smile and said, "She's clean now. She knows inside from out."

Simon laughed, but no one else saw the joke.

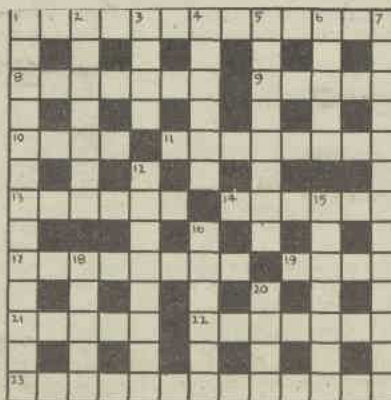
There was so much they shared, these two. The years spent so much together, and now the boy a man and the woman a woman. She had nearly died, but it was worth it. She had always known. From the first. From the day of the fairy ring. How stupid grown-ups were. She smiled up at him as he stood over her saying goodbye.

(Copyright)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Visionary project in a mansion in S. Europe (6, 2, 5).
8. Calendar, fringe, or knocker (7).
9. Vehicle at a measuring unit (5).
10. No greediness without this marsh-plant (4).
11. Always a series of words and sometimes a judgment (8).
13. Rest is with a near relative (6).
14. In this underground passage there is one French in the back of Lent (6).
17. Ten rides (anagr., 8).
19. I study holy picture (4).
21. May look after the sick and can be dry or wet (5).
22. Stored a decorative twisted cord (7).
23. Orchidean foot-wear (5-8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Elsa's crooning belongs to the legislature of the U.S.A. (13).
2. Blarneys produced by red saws (7).
3. Real Shakespearean king (4).
4. Hollies in exiles (6).
5. A cutter which can cut a seer (8).
6. Old Testament character with an oar (5).
7. They don't need drinks to have Dutch courage (13).
12. Brave (8).
15. Wink so that you could enact it (7).
16. Lament pertaining to the mind (6).
18. Salmon in its second year kept by a hookie on a stick (5).
20. To make an ambush strike smartly after tea (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 842--CHILD'S FROCK

Pretty frock is cut out to make in printed cotton, all on white ground and overprint of black with red, ming-blue, or honey-brown. Sizes 2 to 4 years. 25/6; 6 to 8, 28/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

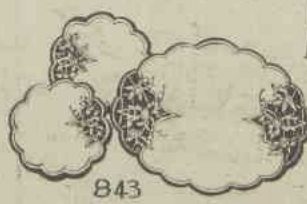
No. 843--DUCHESS SET

Duchesse set is cut out to embroider with pretty floral design on cream or white Irish linen. Price 9/3. Postage 1/- extra.

No. 844--SMART FROCK

Full-skirted frock is cut out to make in polished cotton with rose-and-leaves design in white with honey-brown, deep lilac, or pink roses. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 37/6 36 and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344, Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 1000 G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 524, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Brass mirror.

I would like some information about a brass mirror that I own. The writing on the brass at the bottom is Dutch, and means "Look at yourself." The frame is 26in. by 32in. I think the decoration of figures and scrolls on the frame is hand-beaten. — Mrs. A. Fueglitater, South Yarra, Vic.

The brass mirror (left) was made during the second half of the 19th century. The style is influenced by late 17th-century designs.

● Our antique expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about a clock, mirror, and vase owned by some readers.

I have a vase which is of pale blue and is decorated with small gold dots and painted butterflies. It stands 14½in. high and all the edges are gilded. Some numerals, 7 6 3, and scroll shapes are inscribed on the base. I would like to know the age and origin of the vase, please.—Mrs. L. R. Duncan, West Kempsey, N.S.W.

This vase (right) is made of glass. It is one of the Victorian era, made about 1875. This type of glass was made in Austria.



● Vase is glass.

Could you tell me the age of my clock, please? It was brought out from England in 1909, and I think it was quite old then. It strikes the quarters and strikes and chimes the hours. I can't see any maker's name on it.—Mrs. G. W. Taylor, Latham, W.A.

Your English bracket clock (below) with chiming and striking mechanism was made during the last decade of the 19th century. The case appears to be walnut. It surprises me that your clock does not bear a maker's name.

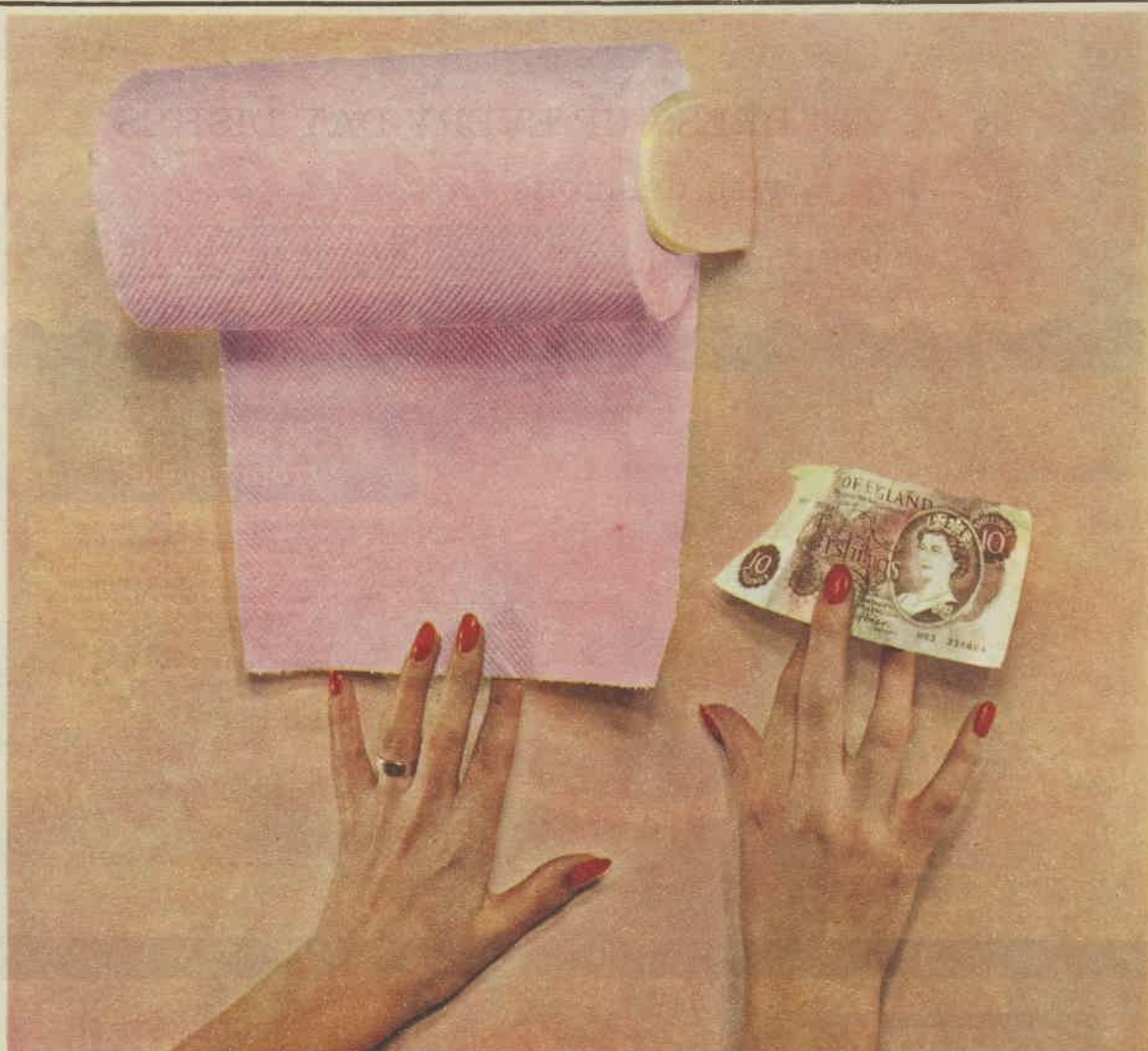


● Bracket clock.

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GRACEFUL BASKETS of flowers in red and green are from Iron-on Transfer No. 1004, and come in three sizes. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/-.



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A HINT for all curries—top with coconut and serve plain or grill lightly—the flavor and aroma are wonderful.

Curry recipe wins £5

● A recipe for a hot, spicy lamb curry wins the £5 main prize this week in our regular cookery contest.

TYPICAL Continental cakes
Called Viennese Coffee Cakes which are flavored with nuts and cream win a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

FAR EASTERN LAMB

Three pounds lamb shoulder, fat, 1 cup chopped onion, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons curry powder,

1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon ground cardamom, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 1½ cups hot water, 2 cups diced eggplant, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup thick stewed apple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, little coconut and lemon peel for garnish.

Cut all fat from lamb shoulder, cut meat into lin. cubes. Heat a little fat in pan, brown meat all over; place in large casserole. Drain off all fat, add butter to pan, saute onion until soft. Stir in curry

powder, salt, spices, bouillon cubes, and hot water; heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Stir in eggplant, sultanas, and apple. Pour over meat, stirring lightly to mix. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours or until meat is tender. Stir in lemon juice. Serve topped with little coconut and lemon peel if desired and accompany with boiled rice.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. S. Kiddle, Rural Delivery No. 9, Tepuke, N.Z.

VIENNESE COFFEE CAKES

Four egg-whites, 6oz. castor sugar, 6oz. ground almonds.

Beat egg-whites in large basin until fluffy and stiff, add half the sugar, beat well. Mix in remaining sugar with ground almonds. Fill into shallow tin which has been greased with butter and lined with buttered paper. Spread mixture out smoothly. Bake in moderate oven until just set and very pale in color (about 40 minutes). Remove from oven and, with very small cutter (about 1½ in. in diameter) cut through mixture into as many rounds as possible, but do not remove from tin. Return to oven, continue baking until pale brown. Remove circles, return trimmings to oven until rich golden, color; reserve.

Coffee Butter Cream: Two ounces butter, 6oz. icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, ½ teaspoon vanilla, little grated chocolate, crushed baked trimmings.

Beat butter and icing-sugar, stir in coffee essence, vanilla, beat well. Spread cream round sides and top of each round, roll sides in crushed biscuit trimmings, sprinkle chocolate over tops.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss Margaret Ferguson, Tumina South, via Moe, Vic.

National Baking Quest recipe

This week's prize in the margarine baking quest is won by Mrs. H. Perry, 98 Prospect Road, Summer Hill, N.S.W., for the recipe below.

CARNIVAL LEMON SLICE

Pastry Base: Six ounces plain sweet biscuits, 5oz. margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 5oz. flour, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Lemon Filling: One cup castor sugar, 3 eggs (separated), grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 2oz. margarine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessert-spoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon water.

Roll biscuits to fine crumbs, put in mixing-bowl with sifted flour, sugar, and nutmeg. Melt margarine over gentle heat, blend into dry ingredients; add beaten egg, mix well. Press into lamington-tin which has been well greased with margarine. Bake in slow oven 15 to 20 minutes, or until golden brown. Leave in tin to cool.

Filling: Put half the sugar, beaten egg-yolks, rind and juice of lemon into saucepan, add margarine. Soften gelatine in the tablespoon water, dissolve in boiling water; add to saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring continuously; boil 2 minutes. Cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly, beat in remaining sugar gradually, fold in to lemon mixture. Pour on to cooled biscuit base; refrigerate. When set, cut into squares or fingers, approximately 1½ in. by 2½ in. Decorate with Mock Cream.

Mock Cream: Four ounces margarine, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream margarine and sugar until very light and fluffy. Add milk a few drops at a time, then add boiling water very gradually. Beat well, add vanilla.



DRESS UP EVERY-DAY DISHES
with delicious **Golden Circle**
tropical **PINEAPPLE**



HAMBURGERS tropic style

These delicious hamburgers are made by sandwiching together two thin hamburger patties with the following pineapple-rice filling.

Drain syrup from 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple, then add pineapple to 2 cups cooked rice. Fry 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped capsicum and 2 crushed cloves garlic in 1 tablespoon butter until tender. Add to pineapple-rice mixture 1 cup grated tasty cheese, salt, pepper and herbs to taste. The hamburgers can be barbecued, pan fried or baked in oven. Serve plain or with tomatoes and mashed potatoes, and for added zest, pineapple slices.

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Lindeman Island, Great Barrier Reef

LAMB tropic style

One 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, 1 green pepper, 1 cup celery, diced, 1 large onion, sliced, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 lb. lamb, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, juice from can.

Saute pineapple pieces with onion rings, celery and green pepper in butter until tender. Remove and add cubed meat. Mix cornflour in a little pineapple juice, add remaining juice, soy sauce and vinegar. Add to meat. Cook until meat is almost tender. Add pineapple and vegetables. Season and continue cooking until tender. Serves 4.



look
for
recipes
on can
labels



Palm Island, Great Barrier Reef

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

BAKED IN THE OVEN

● Dinner to prepare, but time is limited and expense must be cut to a minimum? All these factors add up to an oven meal for which a variety of dishes to serve a family can be baked together in the oven.

THIS week we feature three unusual oven menus, each taking not more than 45 minutes' baking time. The dishes have been planned to go into the oven at the same time, then taken out and served as required. This removes the constant worry of trying to keep everything hot at the one time without overcooking or drying out the food.

There are two basic plans for an oven meal:

1. Arrange your dishes to go in at the one time and come out as required.
2. Put your food in at staggered times and take out all together.

All the dishes in the menu must bake at the same temperature, so if something has to be started in a hotter oven, put it in earlier, then reduce to the set temperature, add all the other dishes, and continue cooking time required.

Automatically controlled ovens are ideal for oven meals, but good results can also be obtained from older stoves, which are

good cookers but need a little more manipulation of dishes.

Some ovens will take two or three shelves, which can be filled, others are successful only with one shelf. But whatever your oven, use it to full advantage each time it is heated.

The modern ranges which feature time-delay ovens are ideal for this type of meal. It's only a matter of preparing the dishes early in the day and placing in the oven. Set time-delay dials so the meal will begin to bake, say, half to one hour before serving time; it will then automatically cut off.

You can put on your hat and coat and go off for the day—to see a show or to have a day in town shopping. All your worries about a hot meal for the family to come home to are forgotten—the meal will be well under way by the time you return.

All that remains to be done is to finish off the dishes, then serve up an attractive and appetising three-course meal.

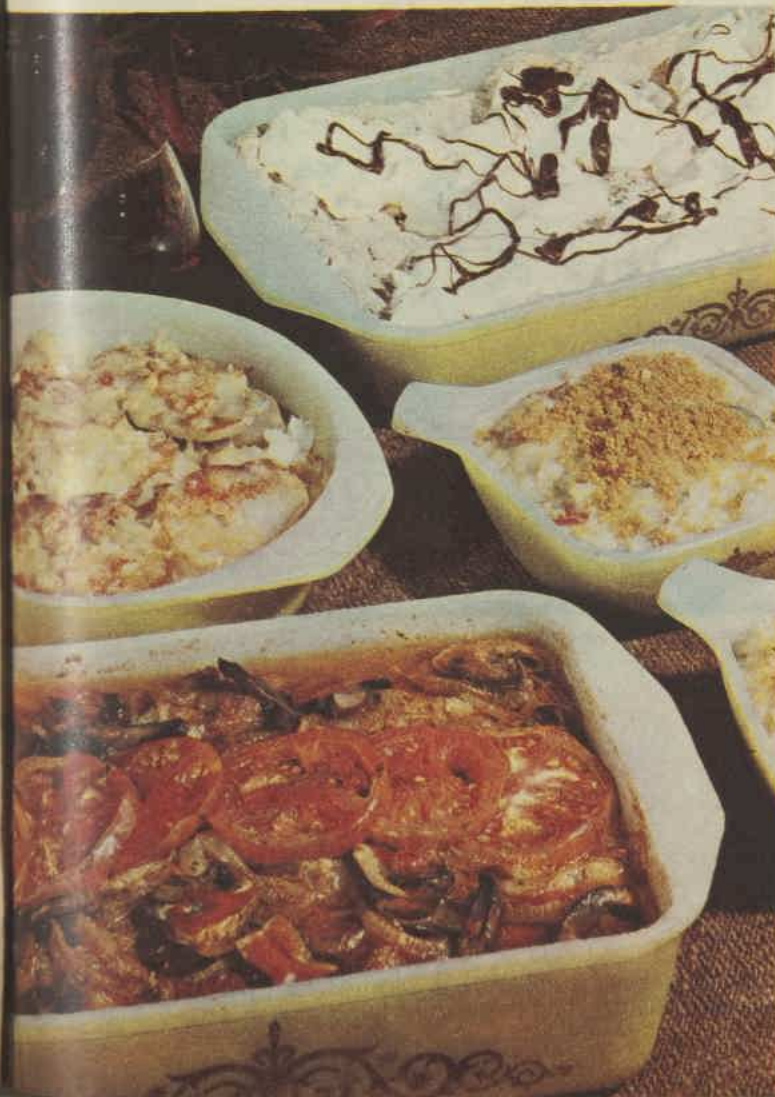
Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature. Quantities have been planned to serve 6.



MENU 2: Below at left are Italian Veal Bake, Scalloped Potatoes, Savory Cabbage, Macaroon Squares. See overleaf.

MENU 1: Celery-Corn Soup, Spanish Baked Fish, and little Cinnamon-Coconut Puddings. See the recipes given below.

Color pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.



HERE is a menu to suit any occasion—thick creamy celery soup, rich in flavor, colorful Spanish baked fish cooked with anchovy fillets, mushrooms and tomatoes, and lastly, to round off the meal, a light-as-a-feather coconut pudding topped with thick custard.

CELERY-CORN SOUP

One large can celery soup, 1 can whole-kernel corn, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup uncooked rice, finely chopped parsley.

Combine all ingredients except parsley, pour into casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

SPANISH BAKED FISH

Six thick fish cutlets (such as kingfish, cod, etc.), cut about 2 in. thick, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, 2 onions, 1 red pepper, 6 fillets of anchovy, 6 thick slices tomato, 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives or green shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, extra chopped chives or shallots, hot cooked rice, paprika, parsley sprigs.

Sprinkle fish with mixture of salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Put oil into casserole, arrange over the thinly sliced onion and sliced red pepper. Place fish cutlets on top. Place one anchovy fillet on each fish slice, top with tomato slice, sprinkle with chives or shallots. Scatter thinly sliced mushrooms over fish, then pour on wine. Bake, covered, in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Combine melted butter and breadcrumbs.

MENU No. 1

Celery-Corn Soup

Spanish Baked Fish

Cinnamon-Coconut Pudding

Remove cover from casserole, sprinkle top of fish with buttered crumbs. Bake, uncovered, further 5 to 10 minutes or until crumbs are well browned. Garnish with finely chopped chives or shallots. Serve with fluffy rice, sprinkled with paprika, garnished with parsley sprigs.

CINNAMON-COCONUT PUDDING

Six ounces flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3oz. castor sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, grated rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup berry or any other jam desired, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint custard (made with custard powder).

Sift flour, baking-powder, and sugar together. Rub in butter or substitute with tips of fingers. Stir beaten egg, vanilla, and lemon rind into the milk, then add to dry ingredients; mix well. Pour half mixture into well-greased pudding-dish or small individual ramekins. Top with little jam. Combine cinnamon and coconut, sprinkle half over pudding. Top with remainder of batter, then remaining cinnamon-coconut. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes, or until well risen and firm. To serve, cut into squares, spoon hot custard over; sprinkle with additional coconut if desired.

Continued overleaf

BY OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

BAKED IN THE OVEN ... continued

LAYERS of tender veal coated with cheese and breadcrumbs and cooked with tomato, onion, and mushroom slices make up the unusual main dish in this menu. It's followed by two vegetable dishes both baked in the oven and a wonderful macaroon dessert to form a delightful oven meal—all cooked in less than 40 minutes.

ITALIAN VEAL BAKE

Two pounds thinly sliced veal steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 2 large onions, 2 large tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice or puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, extra oil.

Cut meat into 3in. squares, dip in oil. Combine breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and cheese, roll veal pieces in this mixture. Heat a little oil in pan, brown veal on both sides. Cut tomatoes, onions, and mushrooms into slices. Place layers of veal, onion, tomato, and mushroom in casserole, seasoning each layer lightly. Pour over the tomato juice and stock. Cover, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until veal is tender.

SAVORY CABBAGE

One small cabbage, 1 cup finely chopped celery, 1 red pepper, salt, pepper, paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot white sauce, buttered crumbs.

Shred cabbage, combine with celery and chopped red pepper. Place in greased casserole, season well with salt, pepper, and paprika. Pour over the white sauce, mix through vegetables with fork. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

CHEESE SCALLOPED POTATOES

Four cups finely sliced peeled potatoes, salt, pepper, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, extra butter, paprika.

Grease casserole well. Arrange layers of potatoes, sprinkling each layer with onion, salt, and pepper. Pour over milk, sprinkle with paprika, and dot with butter. Cover, bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until potatoes are tender. During last 10 minutes of baking, uncover dish and sprinkle potatoes with the grated cheese.

CHOCOLATE MACAROON SQUARES

Base: One and a half cups crushed sweet biscuits, 2oz. melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

Topping: Four egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped or grated sweet chocolate, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts or almonds, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine crushed biscuit crumbs with melted butter and cinnamon. Press over base of greased shallow casserole. Beat egg-whites until stiff with salt, gradually add sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in lemon rind, coconut, chocolate, walnuts, and vanilla. Spread over biscuit base. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes; cool. Cut into squares, serve topped with whipped cream or ice-cream and the following sauce.

Chocolate-Fudge Sauce: Three ounces dark chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt grated chocolate with milk over hot water, stirring until smooth. Sift together sugar, flour, and salt; add enough to chocolate mixture to make smooth paste, add to remaining chocolate mixture. Cook until smooth and slightly thickened (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat, stir in remaining ingredients.

EXTRA BISCUITS

If you decide to cook only one of the vegetables in this menu, and so have space in your oven, fill it by baking one of the special biscuit recipes that follow.

They're good for morning or afternoon tea or to include in lunch-boxes the next day.

PUMPKIN BUBBLE BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup castor sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup warm dry mashed pumpkin, 2 large eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups rice cereal, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Beat butter and sugar until creamed and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, vanilla, and mashed pumpkin; beat well. Sift in flour alternately with $\frac{1}{4}$ cups rice cereal. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place mixture in lined and greased shallow cake-tin. Add enough hot water to raspberry jam to make running consistency; spread evenly over cake mixture.

Cover with remainder of rice cereal. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes or until well risen. When cool, cut into squares to serve.

FRUITY CHOCO ROUGHS

One cup dates, 1 cup walnuts, 1 cup sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup preserved ginger, 1 cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ can sweetened condensed milk, extra coconut, cherries.

Chop fruits and nuts finely. Add coconut and condensed milk; mix well together. Mould a teaspoonful at a time into ball, roll in coconut. Top with piece of cherry. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on trays.

BANANA SPICE SQUARES

One cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each baking-powder and salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, pinch ground cloves, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup mashed banana, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1-3rd cup chopped walnuts.

Sift together the first 8 ingredients. Combine softened butter and banana, beat until creamy. Add egg, fold in dry ingredients alternately with milk; stir in walnuts. Spread into greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. Frost with lemon icing, cut into squares.

MENU No. 2

Italian Veal Bake

Savory Cabbage

Cheese Scalloped

Potatoes

Chocolate Macaroon

Squares



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MENU No. 3

Minted Pineapple Juice

Smoked Oyster and
Potato Casserole

Buttered Peas

Fluffy Rice

Ginger-baked Pears

BAKED IN THE OVEN...concluded

SMOKED oysters form the basis of the unusual casserole dish, which takes only 30 minutes to bake. Prepare it early in the day and then bake with the remainder of the menu—young peas cooked in a little salted water and butter in a covered casserole, and baked fluffy rice made up in proportions of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock (add a little finely chopped parsley or sauteed onion to the baked rice for added flavor and color).

A spicy pear dessert served with whipped cream makes a fine finale to the oven meal.

MINTED PINEAPPLE JUICE

One large can pineapple juice, juice 1 lemon, 1-3rd cup chopped mint, 1 egg-white, 1 packet lime-flavored jelly crystals, mint sprigs, maraschino cherries.

Combine pineapple juice with lemon juice and place in basin with the chopped mint. Cover and chill. Prepare glasses (use glasses with wide rims); coat rims and outside edges with slightly beaten egg-white. Sprinkle with the lime jelly crystals (or substitute sugar colored with a few drops green food coloring). Allow to set, then chill in refrigerator until serving time.

Pour pineapple mixture into prepared glasses, filling about three-quarters full. Thread maraschino cherry and mint sprig on to one end of a swizzle stick or cocktail stick and place one in each drink.

SMOKED OYSTER AND POTATO CASSEROLE

One dessertspoon oil, 1 onion (chopped), 4 rashers bacon (diced), $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked, diced potatoes, 2 carrots (cooked and sliced), 1 small can (3 2-3rd oz.) smoked oysters (drained and chopped).

Sauce: Two cups milk, small piece onion, carrot, and celery, 3 pepper-

corns, piece bayleaf, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. flour, 8oz. packet soft processed cheese (roughly chopped), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons chablis or other dry white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Heat oil in saucepan, add onion and bacon, saute few minutes. Place half the potato cubes, carrot, onion and bacon in base of casserole. Spoon over the smoked oysters. Top with remaining potato, carrot, and bacon-onion mixture. Prepare sauce.

Place milk, onion, carrot, celery, peppercorns, and bayleaf in saucepan, bring to boil. Remove from heat, cover and let stand 10 minutes. Strain, reserve milk. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook a few minutes. Stir in reserved milk gradually, then add cheese. Bring to boil. Continue cooking, stirring constantly until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth. Blend in the lemon juice, chablis, cream, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Pour the sauce over vegetables in casserole, sprinkle with buttered breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

GINGER-BAKED PEARS

One large can pear halves, few cloves, pinch nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons chopped crystallised or preserved ginger, pinch ground ginger, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Drain pears, reserve $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups syrup. Put syrup into small saucepan with cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg; bring to boil. Reduce heat, simmer 5 minutes; discard cloves. Add lemon juice, lemon and orange rinds, gingers, and butter to syrup; simmer, stirring occasionally, 10 minutes or until slightly thickened.

Arrange pear halves, hollow side down, in single layer in shallow baking-dish. Insert 2 cloves in each. Pour hot syrup over pears. Bake uncovered 15 minutes, basting occasionally. Serve warm. Top with whipped cream if desired.

EXTRA CAKES

When the oven is on and you have time to spare, why not make a quick cake?

Below are 2 easy-to-prepare moist fruit loaves that will help to fill up that spare space in the oven while the dinner is baking, and will stock up your cake-tins on the pantry shelf.

RAISIN NUT LOAF

One cup raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon spice, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts.

Boil together the raisins, sugar, cold water, golden syrup, butter or substitute, and spice. Let mixture cool, then fold in the sifted flour, soda, salt, and, lastly, the walnuts. Fill into greased and lined loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

SULTANA LOAF

Two cups sultanas, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour.

Place sultanas, water and soda in basin, stand overnight. Next day place butter in separate basin, beat until creamy, gradually add sugar, beat well. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Lastly fold in sifted flour and fruit mixture. Fill into large greased bartin, bake in moderate oven about 50 or 60 minutes. Or fill into 2 sandwich-tins or patty-tins and bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes for sandwich-tins and 15 minutes in moderately hot oven for patty-tins. Allow to cool before removing from tins.



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Household hints from readers

KEEP a jug of hot water handy and dip the knife into it frequently when making savorys on biscuits in cold weather. The butter will be easier to spread and there will be fewer broken biscuits.—Mrs. J. Hawke, 13 Sheridan Lane, Gundagai, N.S.W.

A rain-spotted felt hat can be restored by rubbing gently with a piece of fine sandpaper to bring up

● These useful hints from readers will help with cooking, sewing, cleaning and mending jobs in the home. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

the pile, then holding the hat in the steam from a boiling kettle for a few minutes.—Miss M. A. Nixon, 25 Ashby St., Fairfield S.3, South Brisbane.

Save the tops of talcum-powder tins; they make excellent biscuit-cutters, and the screw-on tops serve as handles.—Mrs. M. H. Bull, 48 Lucinda Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.

For a home invisible-mending job, turn garment inside out and smear the torn part generously with white of egg. Put a piece of matching fabric over the egg-white and press firmly with fingers until stuck, then iron it smooth. The patch will stand up to washing and is very effective for printed fabrics.—Mrs. E. Pink, sen., 6 Campbell Pde., Manly Vale, N.S.W.

Do not discard an old eiderdown or threadbare blankets. Use the blankets to make a large envelope-style case to fit eiderdown, then place eiderdown in it. If the ends of the blankets are left on they can be tucked under the mattress.—Mrs. V. Costigan, 25 Borella St., Sandgate, Brisbane.

When making biscuit pastry which is very brittle to handle, try rolling it out on a floured cloth instead of a board. This enables the job of transferring pastry to roller and tart-plate, etc., to be done simply, without mishap.—M. Hudson, 6 Lilley Ave., Bardon, Brisbane.

To prevent tearful goodbyes when visiting a child in hospital, go armed with a surprise parcel. It need be only a small toy or chocolate bar gaily wrapped. Give it at the end of the visit and slip away while the child is busy unwrapping it. Interest in the gift will stop the child fretting.—Mrs. N. J. Waters, 20 Argyle St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

When adding dumplings to a stew, cover meat and vegetables in saucepan with a round of grease-proof paper and place dumplings on this. Replace lid and steam the required time. The dumplings will be deliciously light.—Mrs. G. A. Bartlett, 33 Queens Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

When the centre of a pillowslip becomes thin, cover it with a pretty cotton handkerchief, stitched on diagonally for greater effect.—Mrs. A. Leslie, P.O. Box 3, Glen Iris, Vic.

For the home dressmaker: Cut buttonholes by placing material flat on bar of soap and cutting through marked spot with safety-razor blade. This gives a neat buttonhole and the slight trace of soap on underside will keep material firmer for stitching. The soap will not stain. Sheer materials can be cut as successfully as thick cotton.—Mrs. J. Guthrie, 12 Power Place, Attadale, W.A.

Add flavor to a shepherd's pie by crumbling cooked bacon on top of minced meat and onion before adding potato topping.—Mrs. J. E. Randall, Postmaster's Residence, Nimmitabel, N.S.W.

Machine a large patch of the same material over the seat when making schoolgirl's pantes to match a tunic or colored skirt. When patch has become thin with wear, snip stitches and remove it, leaving a good pair of pantes for further use.—Miss G. Watkinson, Goodwin House, The Mowll Village, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

I use a fly-spray to apply polish to my kitchen floor. The spray makes a light even film which is easily buffed, and because of the minimum of polish used is less likely to become slippery.—Mrs. M. Pretty, 41 Auburn Pde., East Hawthorn, Vic.

Hint for fishermen. Before leaving home, dip matches in nail lacquer; if they are accidentally dropped in the water, they will stay dry. They will light through the lacquer.—Mrs. E. Fisher, 34 Sinclair Court, Anzac Highway, Camden, S.A.

When piping loose covers, wash piping cord first to pre-shrink it. The piping will not buckle when covers are laundered.—Mrs. R. Fryer, 132 Dawson St., Cooks Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Restore yellowed white lace to its original color by soaking first in tepid water, then putting into cold soapy water containing one teaspoon of dissolved borax, and gently heating it. This "stewing" will bring out the disfiguring yellow. Rinse lace thoroughly and dry in shade.—Mrs. E. Moss, 37 Flinders St., Mentone, S.11, Vic.

If your eiderdown slips off at night, pin it on to an old shirt with several safety-pins and tuck the sides of the sheet in with the blankets.—B. Helenz, c/o 198 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

Keep baby's booties in perfect shape by drying them on moulds made from crumpled aluminium foil. Mould foil into the shape of booties before washing them, then slip the wet booties on to the moulds and leave to dry. The moulds can be used many times.—Mrs. J. Walshe, 33 Serrell St., East Melbourne S.E.5, Vic.

Instead of the usual cheese when baiting a mousetrap, I find a raisin very successful, and much easier to make fast to the trap.—Mrs. D. A. Hore, 154 Ashburn Grove, Ashburton S.E. 11, Vic.

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3. Strawberry coloured wool jersey slacks... matching white top with strawberry edging and rose motif

4. Colourful knitted wool skirt with black hooded sweater

5. Pleated navy wool skirt with white blazer top and vivid red "butcher boy" cap

6. Plum silk cocktail dress... black feather cocktail hat

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- Send in as many entries as you wish—entry coupon on this page. End-flap of a MUM Pack should accompany each entry.
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- Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Entries close on October 12, and no entry mailed after that date will be considered.
- Results will appear in Australian Women's Weekly, dated Dec. 11; Woman's Day, dated Dec. 9; and Everybody's, dated Dec. 11, 1963.
- All entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Company Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.
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WHICHEVER MUM YOU CHOOSE, THE ONE THING YOU CAN BE SURE OF IS YOURSELF

"She wants me to call her that, except at home," Sheila said with a soft laugh. "She doesn't want a big ten-year-old girl yelling 'mummy' at her on the street, she says."

Her father said gently, "Don't you ever stop calling me 'daddy'." "Oh, I wouldn't, daddy," she said, and drew a resolute breath. "I was just thinking, since mummy is going away for the weekend, why can't Benjy and I come stay with you?"

There was a long pause before he asked, "Did you speak to your mother about it?"

"She'd say no. We saw you just last Sunday, she'd say."

"Honey, there's nothing I can do. The judge says you're to stay with your mother and mind what she says. But look, my vacation will be coming up in August and I've persuaded your mother to let you two spend a week of it with me. I've been making plans. Did you know that they have dude ranches even here in the East, with horses to ride? I thought we might go to one of those places for a week, the way you're happy about horses."

"Oh, that would be suaver!" Sheila cried. "I'd love that, daddy. Is it a promise?"

"It's a promise," he said.

"Couldn't we see you this weekend and talk about it?"

"I have to fly out to Chicago," he said. "I have reservations late this afternoon, but I could put the flight off until tomorrow. Suppose I call your mother and see if you and Benjy can have dinner with me tonight?"

"Yes, please do," Sheila said.

SHE stepped out of the telephone booth with Benjy, and as they emerged into the sunlight outside the store she was smiling. One thing that always gave her a happy feeling was horses. She loved them the way Benjy yearned for a puppy dog.

On her bureau she had a little group of china horses her father had given her for Christmas, and her best tenth birthday present from him had been — Oh, she had meant to ask him about that scarf. She had left it in the house at Grandkili last Sunday, in the room that used to be hers. She had meant to ask her father to send it to her.

She wore the scarf only on special occasions, not every day here around the neighborhood. It showed horses being ridden by men in red coats and there were some bound dogs, and away down at the lower right-hand corner was a merry little laughing fox, having the time of his life.

Benjy was still holding her hand as he turned in under the canopy at No. 52. Benjy could barely reach the button for the twelfth floor, but Sheila always let him be the one to push it. But just as Benjy was about to push, Sheila saw Miss Brush from 9-E coming.

"Well, kids," Miss Brush said, "isn't this a lovely Saturday?"

"Just fine," Sheila said, and Benjy announced, as he proudly pushed the 9 button, "Mummy's going away for the weekend."

"Then you be sure and come to see me," Miss Brush said.

"Oh, I guess we'll be going away, too."

Miss Brush's first name was Lucille, and she worked on a newspaper. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl who lived alone in 5-E and she had a way of talking to kids as if she were really interested.

Lucille Brush got off at nine and Benjy pushed the 12 button. Sheila had a key to the apartment — it had been a proud moment when her mother had first entrusted it to her. She unlocked the door and as once she felt the pinch of disappointment as she heard Vera saying in a crisp voice on the telephone, "Oh, I'll talk it over with you any time, but what's the point? I'll continue to handle it in my own way if you don't mind, and if you don't like it you can always go tell it to the judge."

It was all off, Sheila knew from the tone of Vera's voice. You never knew what to expect from mummy. One day she might say sure, why not, and another day

Continued from page 27

A SECRET PLACE

get mad about the very same request. She hung up the telephone and said, "Sheilah, I'm disappointed in you, slipping out and telephoning your father behind my back. If you were so anxious to talk to him, why didn't you call him from here?"

"I didn't think you'd mind, Vera."

"What I mind is your doing things behind my back," Vera said, and as Benjy slipped away to the bedroom he shared with Sheila she went on crossly, "It's not as if I went away every weekend and left you here moping. A girl who works as hard as I do is entitled to some relaxation, don't you think? And I don't think I'm being unfair. You

saw your father just last Sunday, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry, mummy," Sheila said miserably. "I thought since you were going to be away, anyhow, and—"

"He doesn't have any of the bother, any of the responsibility," Vera broke in. "He's just the big hero who steps in and gives you two a gay time when life gets dull."

"We just wanted to talk about vacation," Sheila said. "He promised to take us to a dude ranch."

"Oh — horses," Vera said slurring. "You and your silly horses. You can just forget about your horses. Maybe you won't be going to any dude ranch. Maybe I'll

put my foot down. And you're not going out to dinner tonight with anybody. You're having dinner right here. It's all arranged for Susan to come in and take care of you and stay through tomorrow, and you tell her there's an envelope for her on the table in the kitchen. I'll be home by dinnertime tomorrow."

"Yes, mummy," Sheila said.

Vera sighed and said in a gentler tone, "Honey, you've just got to understand how things are. Aren't there lots of kids at your school whose parents are divorced?"

Sheilah murmured, "Yes, some."

"And who do they live with?"

Vera demanded, and added at once, "With their mothers, of course. And

I'll bet some of them have got new fathers, haven't they?"

"You mean stepfathers?" Sheila asked.

"And say," Vera went on, "why don't you ever bring any of those kids home with you?"

"School is out now," Sheila said. "Mostly they've gone away for the summer."

"After five months didn't you make any friends in that school? You never talk about them," Vera said. "Oh, well, never mind. Run along to your room if you want."

It was a bitter agony to have no close friends. When they had lived with daddy there had been Peggy and Edith and Joanie, but here in this new school she had never found a place for herself. She hesitated, studying her mother's face

To page 64



SHRIMP CREOLE

See easy recipe below

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A tempting new recipe with Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup ingredients.

3 onions, sliced; 1 oz. margarine (use Fairy or Vidale where available); 1 pkt. Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup; ¼ teaspoon Tabasco Sauce; salt and pepper; 2 level teaspoons Chilli Powder; 1½ table-spoons vinegar; 2 level teaspoons sugar; 2 cups cleaned shrimps or prawns.

Method: Melt margarine in saucepan, add onion and cook gently until lightly browned. Add soup and blend in 1 pint water. Bring to the boil. Add all other ingredients, simmer 20 min. Serve with plain boiled rice. Serves 6 portions.

Taste the home-made goodness of
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Page 63

anxiously. "Are we going to have a stepfather, mummy?"

"Wouldn't you expect I'd get married again one of these days?" Vera got suddenly to her feet with a little spreading of her hands that invited appraisal of her full figure, her smooth face with its sulky red lips and expectant blue eyes, her shining blond hair. "It's the normal, natural thing. It happens every day of the week. It's time you opened your eyes and stopped living your private dreamlife."

"Yes, mummy," Sheila said. Vera shrugged. "I put three dollars there on the table for the movies tonight, if Susan wants to take you. She'll be in about five o'clock and until then you take charge. Take Benji out to the park."

"Yes, mummy," Sheila said. Vera sighed. Her eyes looked

Continued from page 63

tired. "Now you run along. It's time I packed my bag."

Sheila moved obediently along the hall to the room she shared with Benji. She found him on the lower of the two bunk beds, with his face buried in the pillow. "What's the matter, Benji?"

"I don't want a new daddy," Benji said in a tearful voice. "Do you?"

She took his hand and squeezed it, and she felt like crying, too. The fear of having a stepfather had been growing on her, but she had no idea who the man might be. Vera went out two or three nights a week, but nobody ever came up to the apartment; Vera never talked about whom she went out with.

A SECRET PLACE

About a month ago there had been a surprise — a man had come to the door and mum had said, "Kids, meet your Uncle Claude. He's just in off a ship." Benji had been very excited about having a surprise uncle who was a sailor with a mermaid tattooed on his wrist, and the man had been extra-friendly.

After Uncle Claude had left, mummy had said she hadn't seen him in ever so long and she had laughed and said when they were kids she had helped him out of trouble in school by drawing pictures to please the teacher. Maybe she should thank Uncle Claude, she had said, for starting her on the

road to being a commercial artist and coming to New York City.

Vera came swiftly into the room, calling cheerfully, "Kiddies, I have to run." She was wearing a yellow frock and her lozenge-shaped amber beads and she looked flushed and bright-eyed, as she generally did when she was going out; she always gave Sheila the feeling that she was escaping into some gay and different world.

"Who are you going out with, mummy?" Benji asked.

"First, I'm going to have a little talk with your father," Vera said. "Any message to take to him, honey?"

"Just remind him about the puppy dog."

"Now, Benji," Vera began, then smiled and kissed his cheek. "Sure, I'll remind him."

As she turned to Sheila the girl impulsively threw her arms around her mother's neck. Vera patted Sheila's head and said, "Sometimes I think you're a better little mother than I am. You watch out for Benji, and hear his prayers tonight, remember."

She was gone in a rush, picking up her overnight bag on the way, and there was a long time of silence. At last Sheila said, "Well, get up and we'll go over to Washington Square Park and skate."

"O.K.," Benji said.

Paul Starr had cancelled his plane reservation before he drove into New York to meet Vera. Now he kept watch for her from a telephone booth off the lobby of a small mid-town hotel as he put through a call to Arthur Landis in Grandkill. Arthur was his boss and Paul wanted to report his change of plans before Arthur took off for a weekend in Washington.

Paul had intended to take his briefcase to the seclusion of a hotel room in Chicago for a Sunday of intensive preparation for his appointment Monday morning with a client. He had decided to postpone the flight and talk to Vera.

Some way had to be found to ease the strain on Sheila. The divorce had been accepted by Benji as something in the nature of things, one of the mysteries of the adult world, but in Sheila it had exposed raw nerves of the emotions.

A low, angry voice said in his ear, "Is it you again?"

"Hello," he said. "Cora?"

Cora Landis said with relief in her voice, "Paul? I thought it was him again."

"Who?"

"I don't know," she said. "But he keeps calling me. Just a little while ago I picked up the telephone and there was nobody there. When it rang this time I thought it was him again."

CORA was a nervous, excitable woman. He said soothingly, "It was probably just a wrong number, Cora. Is Arthur there? Has he started for Washington yet?"

"Yes, he put his golf clubs in his sports car and started off ten minutes ago. I'm all alone here with this telephone."

He had sympathy for Cora, but just now he had problems of his own. He said, "If you should hear from Arthur will you please tell him, in case he should try to call me in Chicago, that I put off my flight until tomorrow."

He left the telephone booth and made his way slowly across the lobby. Vera at least had agreed to talk with him, but a great deal depended on her mood of the moment. There had been a time when he had considered her changeable moods beguiling, but later he had looked for the stability that is the foundation of family life. He had failed to find it in Vera. The wonder was how they had kept a jerry-built marriage patched together for so long.

He moved into the lounge. They had often come here in the old days when he had been fresh out of Dartmouth and writing copy for Fuller and Smythe and she had been making her way as a freelance commercial artist. She had a small talent, and the wits to make the most of it, but what she really wanted in life he did not know even now.

Her father had been a small-town hardware dealer near Biloxi, Mississippi, who had treated his two children as part of his inventory and given them few advantages and less love. Vera's brother, Claude, had found his outlet in rebellion that had been noted on more than one police blotter.

Vera had run away from home to make her way in the world, and Paul had admired her for it. He now knew that for Vera he had been an experiment in life, but he had been an adult and unsensitively able to take care of himself. With Sheila and Benji it was different. He felt a sense of aching and frustrated responsibility for the kids. But he could do nothing without Vera's help.

To page 65

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A SECRET PLACE

He saw her coming at last, carrying a small blue overnight case. At thirty-two she had not lost her looks. As he rose to meet her she said "Hi" and dropped into a chair. "I've only got a minute, Paul."

"Can't we just relax and talk this over? I'm concerned about Sheila. She doesn't seem to be making a good adjustment."

"Don't worry about Sheila. She's smart."

"She needs help, Vera. I thought if we talked it over, we might figure out something to ease the situation."

"Such as Sheila coming back to you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, I think Sheila should be with Benjy. He needs her. But I think it should be arranged for me to see them more frequently and on an established and permanent basis. The children need it."

"Now look, Paul," Vera said firmly. "those children are in my custody and I'm their mother. I have a point to make myself. You're too indulgent with those kids. I don't think spending a week with you on a dude ranch is going to help. We really ought to call that off."

"Oh, no," he protested. "Sheilah's heart is set on it, Vera, and I promised."

"Whenever they see you they are unhappy all the next day," Vera said. "I want them to see their father. I want to be fair. But after this dude-ranch excursion I think once a month would be enough, since you want an established basis." She added, "The decree becomes final next week, you know."

"Yes, I know that," he said.

She glanced at her wrist-watch, made a move to rise. "Is that all you had to say?"

HE shook his head. "They need their father, Vera, and I need them. We must work out something better than once-a-month visits. We can find a better solution than that, Vera."

She gave him an alert glance as the thought struck her. "You mean between us—you and me?"

He had not meant that at all, but he felt a thump of his heart that took him by surprise. He smiled and said, "I'd be willing to give it another try."

"Oh, Paul, it's all washed up." She gave a low, harsh laugh. "We spent eleven long years together. All that is over. I've got what I want now—almost. I'm free, I'm reasonably happy. As for the kids, don't worry. I don't think I'm too bad a mother."

"I never meant to imply you were," he said.

"So that's that," she said.

He nodded. "I gather you've found another guy."

"Maybe," she said. "Haven't you found another girl?"

"No, not yet."

"But you will." She studied him, her eyes narrowed a little. He was a tall, spare man, at thirty-three he had put on no extra flesh and he still had the alert and friendly eyes, the open smile that had first attracted her. She smiled and said, "You're a handsome, successful man, Paul. I'll give you about six months before somebody lands you."

She had been right that it would be a waste of breath, he thought. There was no solution short of legal action, and a bitter litigation over custody would do the kids no good. She would marry again and undoubtedly so would he in time, and Sheila and Benjy would have to make their own adjustments. He had wanted to find some way to help, to smooth the way, but it seemed hopeless.

"How are Arthur and Cora?" Vera asked in a conversational tone that closed the subject. "Do you see much of them?"

"Arthur is my boss," he said. "I see him nearly every day."

"I meant Cora and the rest of the crowd out at Grandkill, actually."

If he could put his finger on any one specific turning point in their

marriage, he thought, it would be buying the house in Rockland County. Arthur and Cora Landis had found them a bargain in Grandkill, a few miles from the Landis' estate on the Hudson. But after the first enthusiasm of owning a house Vera had lost interest.

Her restless nature demanded excitement; she had felt stifled in the country. She had resumed her art-work and made it her excuse for frequent trips to New York, often staying in town overnight. In the end divorce had been inevitable.

"Cora called me up for lunch last week," Vera said. "I don't know why. We were never really close. In fact, you can have any of that crowd up there, except maybe

Arthur. He knows what he wants, and I like a man who goes after what he wants. Remember when it was his big ambition to get his key to the executive's washroom at Fuller and Smythe? Well, he got it and now he's a partner. It's Fuller, Smythe, and Landis."

She knew very well that it was Cora's money that had enabled Arthur to buy into the firm, Paul thought. It jarred him to think that Arthur's marriage to Cora, based on opportunism and uncomplicated by children, had succeeded, while his marriage to Vera had failed. As always, it was the innocent who suffered; it was Sheila and Benjy who had been uprooted.

To page 66



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by Joyce and Selwyn Coffey

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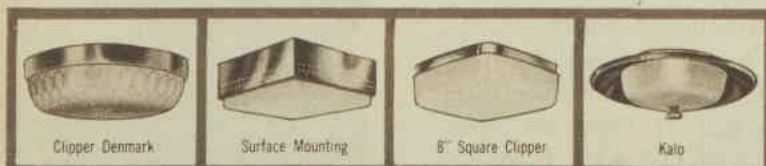
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Continued from page 65

"I'd better grab a taxi and run," Vera said.

"I can drop you off," he suggested. "My car is just across the street."

"Curious where I'm going, Paul?" she said. "I think you'd really be surprised. Suppose you just let me off in the neighborhood of Grand Central, if you're headed that way."

He picked up her overnight bag and followed her out to the street. There she turned with a quick smile and said, "Want some good advice, Paul? Get married again, but pick out somebody you can handle, somebody who won't walk all over you."

It was the sort of candor he had once found refreshing in Vera. A moment ago he had felt a surprising thump of his heart, but what he felt now was a positive and bitter dislike that was close to hatred.

Susan didn't want to go to the movies that night. She was tired. After dinner she snored in a big armchair in front of the television set. When Benjy's bedtime came Sheilah heard his prayers, and Susan was still snoring when the telephone rang.

It was Vera, saying in a husky voice, "Hi there, kid. I'm sorry I was cross today."

"That's all right, mummy," Sheilah said.

"Everything O.K.? Susan showed up all right?"

"Yes, she's here. Where are you?"

VERA laughed gaily. "Honey, I'm in a big hotel. I look out the window and see the Atlantic Ocean. Some day I'll bring you down to Atlantic City. You'll love it. We'll get the same room, and do you know why? Because it's your lucky numbers. Room Two Twenty-two."

"Two, two, two," Sheilah said. "That does sound lucky."

As Sheilah hung up she saw that Susan had awakened. The latter insisted Sheilah go straight to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and it rained. Sheilah amused herself, as she often did, by going through what Vera called her "swipes"—photographs cut from magazines, drawings, etchings, prints, all sorts of pictures that provided ideas when Vera needed a background for a drawing. It was fun for Sheilah.

Last time she had looked at them there had been a package down at the bottom of the carved-oak chest, but it was gone now. She had hoped it was a present for her or Benjy, but she guessed not.

After lunch Benjy went with his little red dump truck to visit Lucille Brush in 9-E. She was always pleased when the little boy dropped in. Benjy brought an illusion of family life to her small apartment.

Every Sunday she set up her portable typewriter on a card table and wrote a letter to her mother in Pennsylvania, and now, as Benjy pushed his little red truck on the floor nearby, she typed: "I had two big-lines this week. Nothing big, of course, but very satisfying nonetheless to a girl only

four years out of journalism school."

"That's a big N," Benjy said, at her shoulder.

"Oh, you know the letters?"

"I know the big ones," he said. "That's a Y."

"That's right," she said. "What are you playing?"

"Snow removal."

"It's a nice, warm time of year for it," she said, and laughed softly. "Well, see to it you scoop up every speck of snow."

"I'm done now," he said. "Type some more. My daddy types, too. He smokes a pipe and whistles through his teeth, all at the same time."

"He must be quite a fellow," Lucille said.

"But I guess I'm going to have a new daddy," he said.

"Really, Benjy? Who?"

"Nobody told me who."

"Then what makes you think you will?"

"I heard Shee and mummy talking."

She put her arm around his shoulders, hugged him, and said gently, "Then you'll have two daddies, Benjy."

He considered this very

seriously, but did not speak and Lucille pushed the table aside and said, "Suppose I get a pack of cards and we'll play fish. Want to?"

At half past three Susan telephoned, and Lucille sent Benjy up to 12-B. Vera was due home at four and Susan waited until five minutes past the hour. As she let herself out the door she said, "You can tell your mother I said you both behaved 'real nice.'"

Five o'clock came, and six, and still no Vera. It was well past seven when Sheilah cooked hamburgers for them both. Benjy gave Sheilah a very tight hug when she tucked him in and went to sleep with his fuzzy toy monkey cuddled close.

Sheilah was awakened by sunlight in her eyes. She sat upright with sudden alarm and saw Benjy at the door in his pyjamas, with his hair tousled and his underlip stuck out the way it did when he was disturbed. "Mummy didn't come home yet."

"You hungry?" Sheilah said. "I'll fix breakfast."

Cereal was all Benjy

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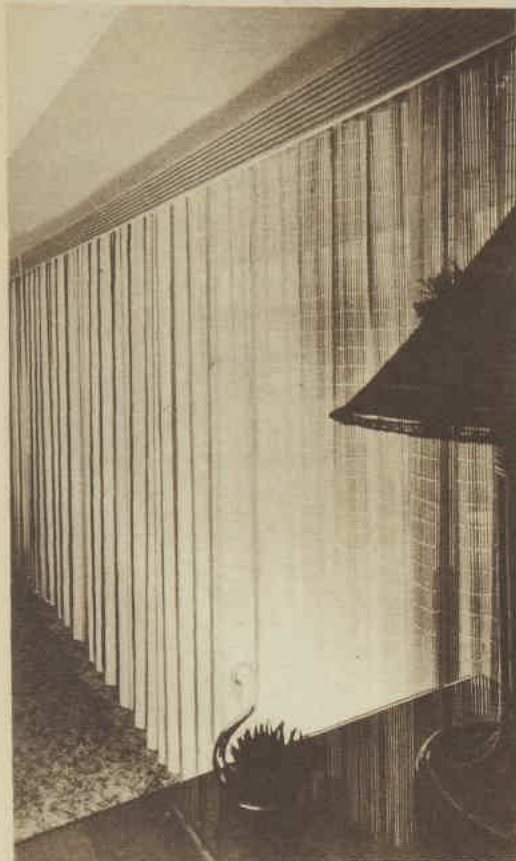
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● An unusual fringe treatment distinguishes this smart pullover for casual and after-ski wear.

Materials: Woolworths Nylo Flash A 26 (B 28, C 29) oz., 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 6 needles; 1 medium crochet hook; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: Bust, A 34 (B 36, C 38) in. to fit loosely; length from shoulder, A 24 (B 24½, C 25) in.; length of sleeve, A 14 (B 14½, C 14½) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. to lin. Directions given are for size A. Any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 83 (B 87, C 91) sts. loosely.

Next Row: Purl (do not work into back of sts.).

Next Row: Knit. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 8 in., ending with knit row.

Form Hem: Change to No. 5 needles. Next row, with wrong side of st-st. facing, knit tog. 1 st. from needle with corresponding st. of cast-on edge all across row.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Knit. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 16 (B 16½, C 16½) in. or length required to armhole.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 sts at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows and next 2 alt. rows.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 8 (B 8, C 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 7 (B 7, C 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 7 (B 8, C 8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 23 sts. for back of neck.

FRONT

Work same as for back until hem is complete. Place marker on centre st. of row. Cont. same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

To Shape Neck: Next Row (r.s.f.): Knit 32 (B 34, C 36) sts., cast off 1 st. (centre st.), knit 32 (B 34, C 36) sts.

Next Row: P 32 (B 34, C 36) sts. Turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 3rd row until 21 (B 23, C 25) sts. rem.

Cont. in st-st. until armhole measures 8 (B 8, C 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder (w.s.f.): Cast off 7 (B 7, C 9) sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 7 (B 8, C 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

Return to sts. on holder and work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVE

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 44 (B 44, C 46) sts. loosely.

Next Row: Purl (do not knit into back of sts.).

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 4 in., ending with knit row.

Form Hem: Change to No. 5 needles.

Next row, with wrong side of st-st. facing, knit tog. 1 st. from needle with corresponding st. of cast-on edge all across row.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row, then every 6th foll. row to 64 (B 66, C 70) sts.

Cont. even in st-st. until work measures 14 (B 14½, C 14½) in. or length required.

To Shape Top of Sleeve (r.s.f.): Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

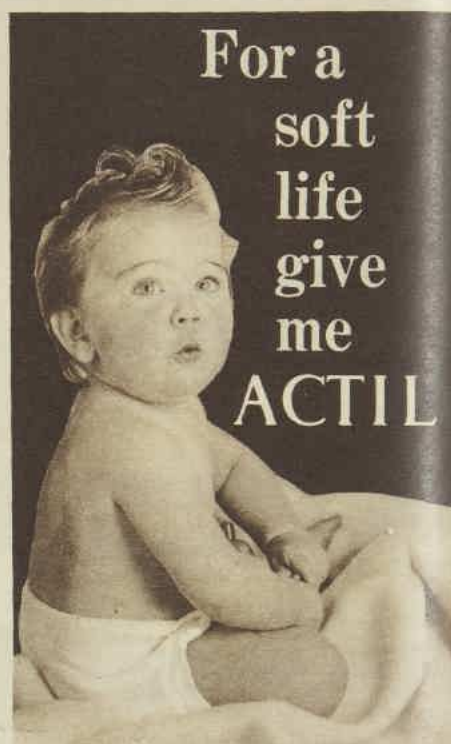
Rep. last 2 rows 9 times. Cont. in st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of every row to last 24 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Seam sides and sleeves. Join sleeves into armholes.

Fold at centre front from marker to centre of V. With right side seam facing, work a row of d.c. from top of hem to V, working 1 st. over each st. Work 1 row of d.c. up right side of neck, across back of neck, then down left side of neck.

Using 2 strands 3¼ in. long, make a fringe along centre front in every alt. st. so it falls from centre to left side. Make a fringe around neck edge. Press all seams, lightly press fringe.



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A SECRET PLACE

Continued from page 66

wanted. After a few mouthfuls he put his spoon down and said plaintively, "She said just one night, but it's been two and she's not home even yet."

"We'll hear from her pretty soon."

But no word came. Sheila did not want Benjy to know that she was worried, too, and she waited until he had gone to the bedroom to dress before she telephoned her father's office. She had forgotten—he was in Chicago.

"No, no message," Sheila said.

She kept herself busy washing the dishes and putting them away. Benjy was restless and wanted to go out to the park, but Sheila said they had better wait until mum came home.

"But we stayed home all day yesterday," Benjy complained. "And I don't even have a comic book, Shee."

"I tell you what. I'll run down to Mr. Hyman's store and get you a surprise. I owe him a quarter, I remember. You stay here in case the telephone rings."

It was after ten o'clock when Sheila went out to Mr. Hyman's store—time the first editions of the afternoon newspapers were coming up—and Mr. Hyman was arranging a stack on the stand in front of his store. Sheila was not there long—only long enough to pick out a little toy dog that walked for Benjy and pay back the quarter loan and pause at the news-stand where a headline caught her eye.

IT was while she was gone that two men came to the door of 12-B and rang the bell. Benjy opened the door.

"Is your father home, sonny?" one of them asked.

Benjy shook his head. The man had a nice smile, and he let his hand rest for an instant on Benjy's shoulder. He took it away again and asked, "What's your name, son?"

"Benjy."

"Well, you can call me Frank and this is my partner Nick. Can you tell us how to get in touch with your daddy?"

Benjy pointed to the telephone. The man named Frank asked, "Do you know his number?"

"Shee knows it," Benjy said.

"Who's she?"

"My sister Sheila," Benjy said. "She went out to Mr. Hyman's store to get me a surprise, but she's coming right back."

"O.K., we'll wait for her," the man said. "It's important for us to talk to your father. When did you see him last?"

"Oh, a while ago," Benjy said. "We took a ride in his car."

Nick had been looking through mummy's address book that she kept on the telephone stand and now he asked, "What does your mother do, sonny? Does she work?"

"She draws pictures," Benjy said.

"An artist?" It was Frank talking now. "What sort of pictures does she draw?"

"People and things," Benjy said.

The two men kept moving around. They looked at everything, and one of them had opened the chest where mummy kept her swipes and was looking inside when a wild voice cried, "Don't you

touch that!" It was Shee, who had come bursting into the room with her eyes big and shiny and her face white. She ran to Benjy and put one arm protectively around him and then she looked up and asked fiercely, "What are you doing here?"

"Sorry, kid," the man named Frank said. "Benjy let us in and we were waiting for you. We want to find your father."

"Who are you?"

"We're policemen, Sheila—detectives. I'm Detective Luther and this is Nick Arbelli."

"My daddy hasn't done anything," Sheila said in a low, frightened voice.

"Of course not, honey," Frank Luther said gently. "We just want to talk to him. Where is he?"

"He's out in Chicago," Sheila said. "He won't be back until tomorrow."

"Have you any relatives in town? Any aunts or uncles, for instance?"

"We have an Uncle Claude," Sheila said, "but I guess he's on his ship somewhere. He's a sailor."

"What would his full name be?"

"Claude Boggs."

"Isn't there anybody else?"

Sheila shook her head.

"Do you know how we can get in touch with your father in Chicago?"

"You can call his office and ask them," Sheila said. "It's Fuller, Smythe and Landis. He's an advertising man."

"Better ring the squad, Frank," Arbelli said. "Tell 'em to send a policewoman over."

"Yeah, I guess," Frank said.

"If he's in Chicago, the children's shelter is the best place until he shows up."

Frank nodded, but looked again at Sheila. "I tell you what," he said. "I'm going to try and get in touch with your daddy, but meanwhile I want you to pack a bag for you and the boy. We know a nice place for you to stay. They'll treat you fine."

Sheila took Benjy's hand without a word and led him along the hall to their bedroom. She shut the door and then she threw herself down on the unmade lower bunk and buried her face in the pillow. Sobs shook her. Benjy was scared. "What's the matter, Shee?"

She jumped to her feet and caught his wrist so hard it hurt. "Run look in the hall

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BACKACHE? like this



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 7, 1963

A SECRET PLACE

cupboard and bring me the skate bag," she whispered. "You know where it is, Benji!"

Benji didn't say he wasn't interested in skating; he looked into her eyes and nodded and turned away. By the time he returned with the skate bag containing both pairs of skates Sheilah had laid out a clean shirt and socks for him and had brought their toothbrushes and toothpaste, wrapped in a hand towel, from the bathroom. She stuffed them into the

you hear them say they were getting a policeman? She'll take us there and they'll lock us in a room and ask us questions. That's why we're going to scoot."

"To find mummy?"

"Just scoot, that's all," Sheilah said.

"To daddy, then?"

"Now just listen, please," Sheilah said with an expression of fierce concentration.

"Where's your toy dump truck? Didn't you leave it down at Miss Brush's yesterday?"

"I guess I did."

understand, and he had a feeling of panicky insecurity, made more frightening because he depended on Shee and he had never seen her like this before with her eyes shining so oddly. She picked up the skate bag, said, "Remember what I told you," and walked into the living-room. Detective Luther was talking on the telephone and the other man was looking through Vera's swipes.

"Hey, where are you going?" Frank Luther called as Sheilah crossed to the door. "I'm just putting this bag

said. "He didn't show up for an appointment with his client out in Chicago and he isn't registered at the hotel where his secretary thought he'd be staying, but we'll get in touch. I guess your little brother can find his way all right?"

"Maybe I'd better run along after him."

"You do that," Detective Luther said, and started dialling another number.

Sheilah walked casually to the door. Once she was out of sight she bolted down the stairs. Benji was waiting on the floor below and the elevator stood ready, with its doors open. She caught his hand and pulled him in, taking the skate bag. No one saw them emerge from the service entrance. They walked quickly to the corner. The last one to see them was Mr. Hyman, who stood at the door of his shop, where the afternoon newspapers were on display.

Mr. Hyman had not yet read the early editions, but even if he had he would have found no significance in the story of brutal, senseless tragedy that was reported on Page 1 under the headline: "Woman Killed in Riverside Park."

He had noticed that Sheilah had stood looking at the newspapers. He had seen her drop the paper bag that contained the toy dog for Benji and then she had picked it up again, and turned away with a strange, frozen expression on her face. She had moved toward the corner with a stumbling, swaying walk, and then she had started running.

Mr. Hyman had not read the story that told of an unidentified woman found at dawn strangled with her own scarf, a silk scarf that had a gay design of fox hunters and

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RIVETS



bag on top of the skates and found she could also squeeze in sweaters for both of them. The last thing she put in was a plump little purse containing twenty-eight two-dollar bills, then she closed the bag and pulled the zipper.

"Shee, where are we going?" Benji asked.

"We're going to scoot out of here," she said.

"But why, Shee?"

"You don't want to go to school, do you?" Benji stared at her with his mouth open, really terrified, and she said, "That's what the children's brother is—it's awful. Didn't

"I'm going to take this bag and put it in the hall and then I'm coming straight back in," Sheilah said. "The minute you see me come back you say you left your toy truck down in 9-E and you've got to have it. They'll let you go. You pick up the bag and go down one flight and push the button to bring the elevator up. You got it?"

"Then I'll say I'd better go keep an eye on you and we'll jump in the elevator and go down to the basement and out through the service entrance so nobody will see us." Benji could not begin to

in the hall where I won't forget it," Sheilah explained.

The detective's eyes followed her to the door. She put the bag down and returned at once. Benji had come into the living-room.

He said, "My little truck. I left it down in 9-E."

"You'd better run get it, then," she said, and explained to the detective. "He wants his toy truck. He'll be right back." She sat down on the sofa with her hands in her lap, folded primly, but gripping tightly.

"I just talked to your father's office," Frank Luther

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HE-24



"I won't move an inch until my Daddy gets here!"

Continued from page 71

hounds chasing a little laughing fox. Even if he had read the story it would have had no personal meaning.

Only Sheila knew that the scarf was hers. And only Sheila knew that she had left it in her father's house up across the Hudson River in Grandkill.

Detective Luther realised that the children had been gone for some time. He walked down three flights and rang the bell at the door of 9-E. Lucille had just finished dressing when the buzzer sounded. To Detective Luther she seemed a very pretty girl.

"I'm looking for a couple of kids," he said. "Benjy and Sheila Starr."

"I haven't seen them this morning."

"Maybe I have the wrong apartment number. I guess he left his little toy truck somewhere else."

"No, I think his truck is here," she said. "He was playing with it yesterday afternoon. Why? Who are you and what do you want with Sheila and Benjy? You're not Mr. Starr, are you?"

"No," he said. "I'm a police detective, miss." He showed his blue-and-gold shield. "Detective Frank Luther, of the Homicide Squad."

"The Homicide Squad? Are the children all right?"

"They're all right."

"It's that Riverside Drive case."

she said positively, with the finality of shock. "When I heard it on the radio I had a premonition. Was that woman Mrs. Starr?"

"You sure jump to conclusions, miss."

"I heard the description of the scarf she was strangled with, and it fits exactly a scarf I've seen little Sheila wearing." She made a soft, troubled sound. "Is it positive?"

"They found her handbag, with her identification in it. My partner and I came over here to check."

"You said you were looking for Sheila and Benjy—weren't they home?"

"That's just the point, miss. They disappeared."

"You mean they were left alone overnight?" she said in distress. "But they had a sitter who was supposed to stay until Mrs. Starr came home."

"Lady, they're all right," he said patiently. "I was talking to them fifteen minutes ago. We couldn't locate Mr. Starr—he's out in Chicago—and we were going to send them over to the children's shelter, but they sneaked out on us."

"I hope you didn't just walk in there and tell them their mother had been killed," Lucille said, with a glance that made the detective feel abashed.

"They don't know. To tell you the truth, I figured I'd leave it to the policewoman when she gets here."

"They shouldn't hear it from the police," Lucille said.

"The police are human, too, miss," he said. "Believe me, I feel pretty bad about this."

"I think you'd better let me tell the children. Let me take care of them until their father comes." She could not keep her voice steady. "The little boy and I are good friends."

"The question is, where are they?" he said. "Do they have any other friends in the building?"

SHE shook her head. "They're solitary children. Their mother kept to herself, too."

"But she was pretty popular with the fellows, wasn't she?"

Lucille shook her head. "I don't know."

"The doorman said she went out pretty often and he mentioned a tallish blond guy. Do you know who he is?"

"What does her personal life have to do with it? She was killed, wasn't she? That can happen to anybody."

"She wasn't killed by any park prowler, miss," he said. "That's the reason for the questions. You'll be hearing it on the radio next news report, probably. She was killed somewhere else, as early as last Saturday night, and transported to where we found her, probably in the back of a car. She was dumped over the wall into Riverside Park and then her handbag was tossed into the bushes so we'd find it and think it was robbery by some prowler. But we know now it was murder."

Her grey eyes met his. "How do you know that?"

"I take the medical examiner's word for it," he said. Post-mortem discoloration had been the giveaway. The woman had been lying on her side after she was killed, and after the heart stopped beating gravity had pulled the blood down and discolored the skin. The woman had been found lying on her side in the park, but the discoloration had been on the wrong side—the up side.

But Detective Luther did not tell the girl this. He only said, "Want to come up to 12-B with me? Maybe the kids have turned up. Except one thing does make me wonder. The little girl packed a bag and that's gone, too. They may have ducked out."

"They must be frightened half to death," Lucille said. "Poor darlings, they ran away to their father. That's where they've gone."

"They know he's out in Chicago," the detective said.

The children were not in 12-B. Nick Arbelle said, "The first-tenant called. We got to run down

To page 73



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A SECRET PLACE

Continued from page 72

the names of every guy in this address book. The woman left here Saturday afternoon carrying an overnight bag, the doorman said. Where was she all that time and what happened to that bag? Where did she go? Who was with her?"

"I suppose Sheila knows," Frank Luther said. "I was working up to asking her when she cut out." He turned to Lucille. "You mentioned there was a sister."

"She's a cleaning woman who works for me, too," Lucille explained. "She reports in at half past twelve—I'll send her up to see you."

She turned away and walked slowly to the elevator. She must find Sheila and Benji and keep them until word came from their father. But where to look? The first stop she made was at the corner stationery store.

"Yes, I saw Sheila and Benji a little while ago," Mr. Hyman said. "They were walking toward the square with that bag they carry their skates in. Why, Miss Brush? Anything wrong?"

"Look on page one, Mr. Hyman," she said. "That woman killed in Riverside Park this morning was Mrs. Starr."

"Oh, no," he said, and his face looked stricken. "The poor little girl—I saw her

She walked quickly back to No. 62 and took the elevator to the twelfth floor. The door to 12-B stood open and she saw the two detectives inside, one of them still reading Vera's mail. Policemen were callous to tragedy, she thought, and she understood it. Newspaper work was often much the same; you had to make it a rule not to get personally involved. But she was involved now in a way that wrung her heart. Those poor, lonely, frightened babies, she thought.

The two detectives were not alone. With them was a third man, a thickset, elegant-looking man with black hair, intense dark eyes, and a small black moustache. As she entered the apartment he was saying, "I got Mr. Starr on the telephone in Chicago, at the office of our client there, not ten minutes ago."

"He didn't take a plane out until this morning and it was held up at Idlewild by engine trouble, so he didn't show up on time for his appointment. The client called us here in New York to ask why not. But he finally got there, quite a bit late, and he's catching the next jet back."

Frank Luther turned his head. "Any luck, Miss Brush?"

"No."
"Well, maybe they did go looking for their father," he said. "Miss Brush, this is Mr. Arthur Landis, of Fuller,

FOR THE CHILDREN



there by the stand looking at a newspaper. She dropped her package and then after a minute she started running."

"That means she knows," Lucille said. "But she kept it to herself."

"How would she know?" asked Mr. Hyman. "I saw the story. It didn't give Mrs. Starr's name. She was unidentified."

Lucille walked on. She could not bring herself to explain about the scarf. Since they had taken their skate bag with them it was possible that the children had gone to Washington Square Park to skate, she thought, but she doubted it. She walked around the park and looked along the neighboring streets, but saw neither child.

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Smythe and Landis, Mr. Starr's employer."

Lucille said, "How do you do?" Arthur Landis looked her over with an eye that was apparently conditioned to appraising young women, even when his mind was on something else, for he went on talking to the detective. "What has happened to the kids? I came down here to get them and take care of them until Mr. Starr gets home. He asked me to."

"We'll find them," Frank Luther said. "Miss Brush has the idea they may have started up to their father's place."

"Of course," Arthur Landis said. "I'll call my wife and have her run over to Mr. Starr's house and stand by."

"You live near there?" Frank asked.

"Just a few miles away."

"Then you knew Vera Starr, I take it?"

"Yes, for many years—since they were married."

"Then maybe you can tell me, Mr. Landis, did she have any special boy-friends?" Arthur Landis pursed his lips in thought. "Well, we haven't seen much of her since the divorce. Naturally I don't know whom she may have picked up with."

"Do you happen to know

To page 74

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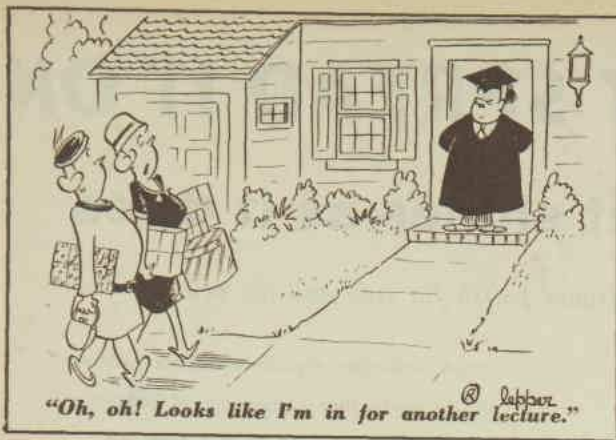


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V384



Continued from page 73

anything about a tallish blond guy she went out with?"

Arthur Landis shook his head. "She went off for the weekend carrying an overnight bag," Frank said. "We don't know where or who with."

"Couldn't the children help? Didn't their mother tell them where she was going?"

"We never got around to asking them before they ran out. Maybe Sheila knows."

Arthur Landis nodded, his dark eyes inspecting Lucille again. Frank said, "But I'm curious about Mr. Paul Starr. Tell me about that divorce. Was there any bitterness—anything like that?"

Arthur Landis seemed to hesitate

before he said, "No, I'd say not."

"Was it a friendly divorce?" "Paul didn't contest on the understanding that they would share the kids on an equitable basis, but her lawyer wrote him out of it legally and I guess there was a little friction over that. I guess there's no such thing as a truly friendly divorce."

"So Mr. Starr was bitter about it?"

"He's not the bitter kind. But I suppose that divorce did knock him for a loop."

"You wouldn't call him a violent man, then?" Frank Luther asked.

"Violent? Oh, see here, if you're thinking Paul had anything to do

with Vera's—Oh, no, that's out of the question."

But there seemed to be a false note in his voice, Lucille thought, and his eyes shifted away. Deeply troubled, she walked down the three flights to her apartment. In the living-room of 9-E the shaft of sunlight had penetrated farther and sought out in a corner a glint of bright red—the little dump truck that belonged to Benjie. He had put a load of powdered sugar in it—poured from a canister at home, probably. It brought tears to her eyes as she remembered how the boy had been playing snow removal yesterday; that was why he had put the sugar in his truck.

Two heavy storms during the past winter had made an impression on his six-year-old mind, and he had loved to watch the Department of Sanitation trucks loading snow and carting it away to the river. The sugar in his truck must have been dumped and redumped many times, for it was now the sooty color of snow in New York the second day after a snowfall.

The buzzer sounded and she went quickly to the door and opened it. Arthur Landis smiled agreeably. "The detectives told me you know those children pretty well, Miss Brush."

"Yes, particularly Benjie."

"If you see them or hear from them I'd appreciate it if you'd bring them to my office or to Grandkill—to Paul's place. I'll foot the taxi bills, of course. The point is, those detectives must have scared the kids pretty badly and I don't want them in the hands of the police again."

"I agree," Lucille said. "If I find them I'll call you."

She closed the door and went at once to the telephone, dialled the number of the "Record-Star," and asked for the city desk. To Bob Stout, the day city editor, she said, "Bob, you have the story of the woman who was murdered up on Riverside Drive, of course. She lived here in my building and I knew her slightly, so please assign me to that story."

HE said, "You're down for a women's club meeting this afternoon."

"Listen, Bob," she said earnestly, "she had two adorable kids, Sheila and Benjie, and they've disappeared." Hearing a noise at the door, she turned quickly, but it was Susan, letting herself in with her key. Lucille waved and went on, "Those Homicide detectives frightened them and they ran away."

The genuine distress in her voice came through, and he said quickly, "Sure, you follow through on the kids, Lucille, and write us a side feature, but George Tompkins will handle the main story."

As Lucille flew to a cupboard for a dress, Susan asked, "What was it you were saying on the telephone, Miss Brush? What happened?"

"Susan, you should have stayed and waited for Mrs. Starr yesterday," Lucille said severely.

"She paid me just to four o'clock and told me to go home then."

"Do you know where she went for the weekend?"

"No'm, she didn't say."

"Didn't you hear from her at all? Didn't she call to see how the children were?"

"Oh, yes, there was a call late Saturday night. Sheila answered it. I didn't talk to Mrs. Starr. Miss Brush, what happened?"

"Then Sheila must know where her mother went," Lucille said. "Didn't she tell you?"

"I heard her asking her mum where she was, but Sheila didn't tell me. It was past her bedtime, so I sent her straight off to bed."

"But you heard her talking on the telephone?"

"I did hear her say that something was just too, too," Susan said. "You know how she talks. It was just too, too, too lucky—something like that. Miss Brush, please tell me. Is Mrs. Starr the dead lady in the paper?"

Lucille slipped the dress over her head, smoothed it and said quietly, "Yes, she's the dead lady, Susan."

Susan's eyes opened wide.

To page 76



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NATIVE ORCHIDS



• *Dendrobium speciosum*, or rock lily, in Mr. and Mrs. A. W. B. Newling's garden at Turramurra, N.S.W.

PRACTICALLY all Australian native orchids are strictly protected by law and must not be removed from the bushland, but most kinds are obtainable through orchid nurseries.

Many are very easy to grow. The most decorative is the rock lily, *Dendrobium speciosum*, with its thick com-

Gardening Book—page 172

pressed stems, large leathery leaves, and long spikes of fragrant yellow flowers in spring.

Although a true dendrobe or tree-lover, it is often found clinging to rocks, hence its common name. It has fibrous roots, and in gardens it is either wired securely to stout hardwood boards or logs or planted on the edges of half-shaded rockeries.

Another pretty orchid is *Dendrobium falcatostrum*, known as the beech orchid because it usually grows on the trunks of native beeches. The flowers, in 8 in. to 9 in. spikes, are white or cream with red or purplish markings in the throat. The specific name refers to the lip, like a falcon's beak.

Sweet-scented

They are confined to high altitudes such as Dorriggo and other northern mountain ranges of N.S.W. and Queensland. Once the sun is well up the flowers become highly fragrant, but this scent disappears with every cloud and is dispersed after a few days.

Other small-flowered types are *D. kingianum* and *D. delicatum*. Both are sweet-scented for the first few days. These can be wired to logs or grown in pots filled with todea or osmunda fibre, which needs to be well firmed in round the roots.



• *Dendrobium aemulum* (ironbark or white feather orchid) has $\frac{1}{2}$ in. flowers.



• *Sarcophilus falcatus*, or orange-blossom orchid, is attached to an old tree-stump.

Gardening Book—page 173

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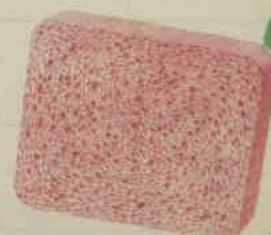
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A SECRET PLACE

"There are some detectives up in her apartment who want to talk to you."

"I don't know a thing," Susan said, and pursed her lips sadly. "Them poor babies. Where are they, Miss Brush?"

"I have an idea they ran away to their father," Lucille said.

Susan nodded, and delivered the first critical opinion Lucille had ever heard from her. "That's where they belong," she said, "with their daddy."

Paul Starr was thankful for jet travel. He had moved in a daze of disbelief after the call from Arthur Landis came through to Chicago, and he had raced to the airport just in time to board the next jet flight to New York.

Arthur had promised he would take charge of the children, and by now they would be with Cora, but Paul wanted to reach them as fast as he possibly could and take them in his arms and assure them that he would take care of them from now on. But the tragedy of Vera was their tragedy, too.

The plane taxied to the terminal and he was first out. He went to a telephone booth and gave the operator the number of the Landis home. A maid answered.

"Mrs. Landis isn't home, sir. There's nobody here."

He gave the operator his

own number in Grandkill, but there was no answer. Then he tried Vera's number, thinking that the children must still be in the apartment. A man's voice answered "Detective Luther."

"This is Paul Starr. I'm calling about Sheila and Benjy."

"No word yet, Mr. Starr," the man said in an apologetic tone.

"No word? What do you mean, no word?"

"Well, we haven't found them yet."

"Haven't found them?" Paul cried. "What does that mean? What happened?"

The detective explained about Sheila and Benjy disappearing. "There's a lady here in the building who thinks they may have started out for your house."

PAUL said, "I'll go straight home."

"The State police up there are checking," Detective Luther said. "Say, Mr. Starr, Mr. Arthur Landis was here and he said you didn't fly out to Chicago until this morning, kind of late for your appointment. I'm wondering if you saw Mrs. Starr over the weekend or if you know where she went."

"I have no idea where she went," Paul said. "Why?"

"She had an overnight bag, the doorman says, so she must have gone out of town, or to a hotel here. If we just knew where — I'm hoping Sheila can tell us. The sister said she talked to her mother on the telephone Saturday night."

"Why is it important?"

"She was murdered, Mr. Starr," Detective Luther said. Hearing no response at the other end of the line, he went on, "So we want to know who she was with over the weekend — who the guy was."

"We were divorced. I never pried into her private life," Paul hung up, stumbled out of the booth, and hurried to the parking area for his

car. Surely the children had gone to Grandkill. But when he came at last to the gravel drive that led to his one-story white house in the woods, his heart sank.

It was obviously shut up tight; the children were not here. But standing in the turnaround area was a New York City taxicab, and a young woman was on the porch peering in a window. She turned and he saw an alert, oval face and serious grey eyes.

As he got out of the car she called, "Are you Mr. Starr?"

"Yes."

"Your telephone has been ringing. It just stopped." "It must have been the kids," he said.

"The State police passed by a few minutes ago and told me there was no news yet," she said. "I'm Lucille Brush — the New York 'Record-Star'."

"Sorry, I have nothing to say," He started to move past her.

"I've been looking for Sheila and Benjy," she said. "I live in the same building and I knew them. Benjy and I are pretty good pals."

"Oh," he said, stopping short, "you must be the girl I've heard them talk about — Miss Brush?"

She nodded. "I've been looking for them as their friend, but I'm a newspaper reporter, too, Mr. Starr," she told him. "I'm going to write a story."

"Understood," he said, and put his key in the lock. "Want to come in?"

"What worries me is that Sheila knows what happened," Lucille said. "She saw a newspaper story, you see, that described how an unidentified woman had been found dead in Riverside Park. It also described pretty exactly a scarf of hers. I recall seeing Sheila wearing it — a scarf with hounds and hunters and a little laughing fox."

"A laughing fox?" he said,

feeling his muscles tense, knowing his jaw was rigid, his eyes staring. He recovered himself and said, "Yes, she had a scarf like that. I gave it to her for her tenth birthday."

"Then I suppose Mrs. Starr borrowed it?"

He pushed the door open and motioned her in without replying. At that moment the telephone rang. He snatched up the receiver and said, "Hello."

"Paul?" It was Arthur Landis' voice, low and worried. "Detective Luther said you called and I figured you'd be home by now. Any news?"

"No, they're not here." "I took a cab and scoured this whole neighborhood," Arthur said. "No sign of them anywhere. I finally located Cora and she's on her way over to help any way she can."

"Thanks, Arty," Paul said gratefully.

"I guess you know they're eating it murder," Arthur said. "Who would murder Vera?"

"Arty, let's not go into that. Not now."

"Sorry," Arthur said. "But why, Paul? What did she ever do to anybody to get herself killed? Well, I'll talk to you later."

After hanging up, Paul fumbled in his pocket for his pipe, spilling tobacco as he filled the bowl with an unsteady hand. The girl said, "Want me to call Detective Luther? See if there's anything new?"

He gave her a grateful glance. "I'd appreciate it. I'll make some coffee."

Lucille put the call through and Frank Luther said in a thoughtful voice, "So they're not up there? Well, I'm wondering, maybe they did go up there and he sent them off someplace."

"But I was here when he arrived."

"You don't think he knows where they are, maybe?"

"No, of course not," she said. "Why?"

"Sheila had a telephone call from her mother Saturday night," he said. "She

To page 79

***** AS I READ *****
THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting July 31.

**ARIES**

MAR. 21—APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

**TAURUS**

APR. 21—MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, pink.
* Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

**GEMINI**

MAY 21—JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, aqua, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

**CANCER**

JUNE 22—JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, mve.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

**LEO**

JULY 23—AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, blk, purple.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**VIRGO**

AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, aqua, red.
* Lucky days, Sun., Thursday.

**LIBRA**

SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, green.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**SCORPIO**

OCT. 24—NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, red.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

**SAGITTARIUS**

NOV. 23—DEC. 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, aqua, red.
* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.

**CAPRICORN**

DEC. 23—JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

**AQUARIUS**

JAN. 20—FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, blk.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

**PISCES**

FEB. 20—MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange mve.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Egg and Bacon Pie
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6 ozs. shortcrust pastry... 6 eggs
½ cup milk... 1 teaspoon prepared
mustard... ½ teaspoon salt...
¼ teaspoon pepper... 4 ozs. bacon.
Line an 8" or 9" tart plate with
pastry. Bake in a hot oven (425°)
10-15 min. Beat together eggs,
milk, mustard and seasonings. Cut
bacon into small pieces, sprinkle
over prepared piecrust. Pour in
egg mix. Bake in a moderate oven
(375°) 35-40 min. Serves 4-5.

EB213/62

HOW WELL CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?

● What are you like at keeping secrets? Can other people trust you with their confidences, or are you likely to blab sooner or later? Are you the sort of person who ought never be told a secret, or are your lips always firmly and loyally sealed in spite of all temptations?

Answer these questions and see how you rate.

- 1 Have you managed to keep your own age a secret:
 - (a) only with greatest difficulty?
 - (b) pretty easily?
 - (c) never wanted to?
- 2 Have you ever divulged a friend's age revealed to you as a secret:
 - (a) never?
 - (b) more than once?
 - (c) only out of spite or for revenge?
- 3 Which gives you the greatest sense of pleasure, discovering something confidential about someone else:

- (a) quite by chance?
 - (b) by design?
 - (c) when told in secret by the person concerned?
- 4 In your work, have you ever revealed to others something your boss wanted only you to know, if only until it was generally announced:
 - (a) yes, more than twice?
 - (b) never?
 - (c) once or twice?
 - 5 Have you ever felt that the news of a friend's expected "happy event" told to you in confidence was the sort of secret most easily shared, since it would soon be known by everyone:
 - (a) occasionally?
 - (b) not really?
 - (c) often?
 - 6 Have you ever been guilty of revealing information about other people told to you innocently by a child:
 - (a) often?
 - (b) very rarely?
 - (c) depends on circumstances?
 - 7 Which do you consider is worse:
 - (a) telling your family a business secret?
 - (b) telling a friend of some embarrassing incident concerning a third friend?
 - (c) revealing something about your marriage partner or sweetheart the hearer could never have learned?
 - 8 When you've given away a secret, however trivial, have you ever felt:
 - (a) excitement?
 - (b) shame?
 - (c) a feeling of disloyalty?
 - 9 If you're caught out at revealing a secret, which do you consider the best course of action:
 - (a) keeping mum?
 - (b) apologising?
 - (c) revealing one of your own secrets to soften the blow?
 - 10 In general, do other people tell you many secrets:
 - (a) yes?
 - (b) no?
 - (c) more in the past than now?

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HOW YOU SCORE

1.	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 5
2.	(a) 10	(b) 0	(c) 0
3.	(a) 5	(b) 0	(c) 10
4.	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 5
5.	(a) 5	(b) 10	(c) 0
6.	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 5
7.	(a) 5	(b) 5	(c) 10
8.	(a) 0	(b) 5	(c) 10
9.	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 5
10.	(a) 10	(b) 0	(c) 5

NOW FOR YOUR RATING

100: If you honestly scored this, you're quite safe with anyone's secrets.

80-100: You can keep a secret better than most, which is quite an achievement. Well done — and keep it up.

60-80: An average score this—all right with the unimportant secrets, but not so reliable with the big confidences of life.

25-60: Most people, if really honest with themselves, fall into this category, which means they can keep secrets all right, just as long as they consider it necessary.

Below 25: Keeping secrets can mean keeping friends, you know!

knows where Vera went, and if she knew Vera was with her daddy, for instance, it would explain a lot."

"Oh, I don't think it could be that," she said, but uncertainly.

"He didn't fly out to Chicago the way he was supposed to, that's the point," Frank said. "He put it off until this morning. I'm not trying to pin anything on the guy, but I don't like the alternative much either."

"What alternative?"

"Off the record — O.K.?"

"All right," she said.

"This is what worries me," he said. "Sheilah is the only one who does know where her mother went for the weekend, you see. The guy with Vera must have known that she talked to Sheilah on the telephone and he may have been watching the apartment. He may have picked those two up, you see."

"Oh, no!" Lucille gasped. "You scared them and they ran away, that's all." She replaced the receiver and turned away, deeply disturbed. She found Paul in the kitchen, gazing darkly at the percolator. She said encouragingly, "Detective Luther said not to worry. And Sheilah is a very level-headed, mature little girl. She hasn't called here because she thinks you're still in Chicago."

HE nodded. "That could be it. As you say, she's pretty mature for her age. In fact, she's quite a kid." He slammed his fist hard on the edge of the sink. "If I could only see her, talk to her. She has courage, Miss Brush, that little girl, and I wonder—" He turned away abruptly. It was the scarf, he knew now—the scarf with the little laughing fox that he had found on the bureau in Sheilah's room after she had left here Sunday a week ago.

What was going through that kid's mind? She knew she had left the scarf here in this house. Then she had seen the story in the paper. And she must know he had arranged to see Vera Saturday; probably Vera had told her. Sheilah must think that he — He could not bear to go on with the thought.

A cream-colored convertible was entering the drive and he murmured, "That must be Cora Landis—the wife of a partner in my firm." He went out to meet Cora as she came up the steps to the porch. She was a tall, angular woman with hair the color of a panther's hide and deep-set, dark eyes. She caught both his hands, studying his face. Then she said firmly:

"You need a good stiff drink, Paul."

A drink was often Cora's answer to an urgent problem. He had seen her yesterday—was it only yesterday? — at the Herrings' cocktail party. He had not planned to go, since he had expected to be in Chicago, but he had dropped in rather late. Arthur had been in Washington over Sunday, clinching an account on a golf course.

Cora had gone through a nervous breakdown a year ago. In a time of worry and distress she could be rather trying, but now she was sympathetic and concerned. "I'm

Continued from page 76

distressed that I wasn't home all day, Paul, but I had to go into town this morning." She broke off as she saw Lucille.

"This is Miss Brush," he said. "She lives in the same building and she knows Sheilah and Benjy."

Cora glanced at Lucille. "Did you know Vera, too?"

"Only slightly," Lucille said.

"I wonder where she went for the weekend?" Cora pondered. "I don't suppose she ever talked about where she went, Miss Brush? Or who she went out with?"

Lucille shook her head. "She kept to herself, except she did spend some time at a restaurant called Belardo's."

"I know Belardo's," Cora said.

"Tony Belardo was a friend of Vera's, wasn't he?"

"I wouldn't know," Lucille said.

"I don't like to mention it now that she's dead," Cora said, "but Vera was just a little bit indiscriminating in her acquaintanceships, you know, and that sort of thing can lead to complications. Oh, I know I shouldn't say it, Paul, but you must know. After all, even before the divorce, wasn't she forever finding some excuse to stay over in New York for the night?"

"Cora," Paul said, "please stop." She turned her big, sad eyes on him. "Isn't it true?"

"Just sit down, honey," he said.

"Let's be quiet for a while. I want to think."

A SECRET PLACE

"About Sheilah and Benjy? Of course. Where could they be? Why should they hide?" Cora asked. "Sheilah has a father. She has a home."

"She knew I was in Chicago."

"Surely you'll hear from them soon," Lucille said, gently.

He sat down heavily, shook his head. "No, I think they must be hiding somewhere."

"But why?" Lucille asked. "Running away from the police is understandable, but hiding, not calling you—how do you explain that?"

He did not know where, but he did know why, and he felt a fierce pride in Sheilah. She was protecting him. He knew how that precise,

tough little mind worked. She knew about the scarf and only she could tell what dark terror had clamped its vice on her loyal heart, but he knew why she had run away. It was for him.

Cora said, "I see a car coming, Paul. It looks like the State police."

He hurried to the door and reached the patrol car as it came to a stop in the drive. There were two troopers in it, one a sergeant.

Paul asked, "Any news of my children?"

"No, nothing yet," the sergeant said. "The reason we stopped by was to ask you to come around to the station with us. You might be of some help."

To be continued

(c) Edwin Lanham 1962. The serial "A Secret Place" is taken from the book "No Hiding Place," published by Victor Gollancz 1963.

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Page 79



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"Are you never lonely?" she had asked in that soft voice, shattering his life.

He went to the piano, strummed a few chords, picked up a book, put it down again, and heard the back door open.

He jumped up, angry that she could play with his life in this way, snapped on the kitchen light and shouted, "What on earth's the good of coming now?"

There was no one there; only on the floor sat a fat brown-and-white puppy with huge, brown ears, front feet like snowshoes, and a luggage label tied round its neck. They looked at one another in surprise. One side of the label read, "Bread and milk for supper," and the other, "Her name is Clara."

Gingerly he patted her head and called her toward the warmer room. "Clara, Clara, good girl."

Harrison was enchanted. She came at his call the very first time; obviously they were meant for each other.

How strange of Primrose Smith to come so late. He made a bed for the pup in the kitchen, another by his chair. In the end she slept on

Continued from page 25

there. It was sold out weeks ago. It'll be frightfully good for your reputation, you know, gallantly stepping in at great personal inconvenience—I'll plug it like mad."

"It's no good, I just don't—"

"Rehearsal is laid on with the Philharmonic at ten in the morning. They're mad keen to get you, Harrison. They'll pay—"

"What's the programme?" "The Schumann concerto."

THAT really decided him. Clara, of course, would have to come to London with him.

While he was packing, Primrose arrived, her face paler than usual, he thought, and anxious.

"What about Clara?" she asked at once. "Don't you feel you have to keep her?"

It was difficult to realise that he had only owned a dog for a few hours. "Oh, I think I'll keep her," he said

WITH MUSIC

He could see that that was no use.

"Primrose, it's going to be broadcast. You listen and I'll play for you."

Hastily he shook her hand and hurried out to the car where Clara waited, frantic with excitement over her first ride.

Play for her! What a corny thing to say, he thought, driving out of the gate. But still it had achieved what he most wanted. She had raised her head at last and smiled.

On the way through the village he stopped at its one shop, which was a post office as well, to see about letters while he was away. Mrs. Drew was naturally delighted to see the village's one celebrity, although she could hardly listen to his instructions for crooning over Clara, who was tucked, negligently he hoped, under one arm.

"What a little darling with

her big, floppy paws. I suppose you got her from London, Mr. St. David?"

"No, over in the next valley, from a Miss Smith."

Mrs. Drew's face snapped shut, tight as a lock.

"Oh, that's what she calls herself, is it, the wicked, headstrong girl." The words hung heavy between them. Harrison took a deep breath. "Miss Smith is a friend of mine. I cannot permit—"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry, but what else you could call her, I don't know, running off with that foreigner the way she did. Lorenz or something I think his name was, and—"

Three customers came in together.

Lorenz! The name seemed vaguely familiar. Clara laid a paw lovingly on the footbrake. It was half-past ten.

Exactly forty-eight hours later he drove back through the village, exhausted from the long night drive through torrents of rain, miserable,

To page 81

HAZEL by Ted Key



"You three should get acquainted."

Hazel can be seen on
Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays;
Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Tuesdays;
Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays;
Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays;
and Perth's Channel 7 at 8 p.m., Thursdays.

his bed, groaning with ecstasy in the small of his back.

They were roused early by the telephone; no one but Elgin would ring at such an uncivilised hour.

"Harrison St. David," he barked into the phone.

"Listen, Harrison, I have got you the chance of a lifetime. Well, are you there?"

"Yes."

Bother, he didn't want to have to leave the cottage.

"Well, this'll cheer you up if anything will. You know who's in town, the greatest pianist to come out of Poland since . . ."

"Come to the point, will you. It's chilly out here and there's a pup in my bed, keeping it warm."

Elgin seemed a trifle taken aback, but made a quick recovery. "Listen, then. He was due to play at the Festival Hall tomorrow afternoon. He's got a chill. What about it?"

"Don't be ridiculous. You say the thing's tomorrow—no rehearsals. Besides, I'm not coming up until November."

"My dear chap, it's a chance in a million. The cream of the cream will be

with an effort at nonchalance. "D'you breed them?"

"Yes. She'll get quite large, you know. She's a St. Bernard, but then you would have to have something dignified, wouldn't you?"

He supposed so. Even the cheque he gave Primrose Smith did not seem to cheer her up.

She leaned in the doorway like a drooping tree, his mountain-ash girl.

"Why didn't you come yesterday?" he asked. "I . . . I missed you."

"Rosie was ill. That's Clara's mother," she said dully. "But you'll want something to eat on the way, won't you?"

When he went into the kitchen there was a packet of sandwiches ready on the table, with a flask of coffee.

"Shall I come as usual while you're away?"

"Yes, please. I don't really know how long I'll stay, once I'm there. Perhaps a week."

The heavy knot of hair seemed to weigh down her small head. He found himself desperately wanting to cheer her up. "Goodbye, then . . . Primrose. Don't work too hard."

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wanting only to reach his small haven and hide away from the world for ever. Bath, food, fire, and be darned to everyone. Except Primrose. Never mind Mrs. Drew's remarks. He didn't care. He imagined them, presently relaxed by the fire, sipping creamy port, and she would listen with grave sympathy to the dreadful tale, and perhaps he would be healed.

CLARA was pleased to be home, too. She could straight to the fridge and stood by it hopefully. For a little while, when the fuss had been at its height, he had thought of selling her, but after all it was not her fault: Elgin was the one who ought to be punished.

Half an hour later, bathed and warm, he was just sitting down to tomato soup and all his favorite things when the kitchen door flew open and Primrose Smith whirled inside on a gust of rain, amply cloaked in black gabardine.

"Oh, hello, didn't expect you in this weather," he said rather coldly, because of the gladness in his heart. She seemed not to hear him, advanced silently to the table, drew a bundle of newspapers from under the cloak and began to arrange them round him.

"But I don't want to see the beastly things. Why do you think I came tearing back here, driving all night?" he exclaimed crossly. Calmly she went on, propping one against his cup and spreading the last all over his plate so that it was impossible to go on eating.

SO HARRISON IS HUMAN! screamed the headlines. HE HATES BABIES AND LOVES ST. BERNARDS! yelled another. THE RIP IN HIS LIFE! said a third, and underneath, "At

yesterday afternoon's symphony concert at the Royal Festival Hall. Harrison St. David brought the last movement of Schumann's Piano Concerto to a triumphant conclusion with a St. Bernard puppy sitting on his lap.

"The puppy, which it is understood belongs to Mr. St. David, appeared on the stage about five minutes before the concerto was due to end. She pawed at her master's foot, then jumped on to his knee, and the maestro played on without dropping a single

Continued from page 80

He looked up amazed at a stranger whose eyes flashed anger at him from the depths of the hood, whose voice was harsh and bitter.

"Listen, you've got it all wrong. I hate the whole thing. It was all Elgin's doing."

"Go on, blame someone else. Poor darling Clara, dragged on to that great platform, just for a gimmick!"

WITH MUSIC

ruined meal and the hysterical headlines.

Now he would have to apologise. He would never have said such a stupid thing if he hadn't been thoroughly upset by the whole business.

By the afternoon he was miserably ashamed. He dusted the china dogs, remembering that first evening. He tried to play. Of course Primrose was not so much angry as hurt.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



note. A tremendous ovation . . .

The photographs were even worse. He pushed the papers away in disgust. Why had she brought the beastly things? He had thought her more discerning. But still, this was what he had yearned for: food, fire, and Primrose.

"Have some coffee, Primrose, and do take off that black thing."

"I don't want your beastly coffee. I wouldn't go on working for you if it weren't for the money. How dare you use Clara for your sordid publicity!"

"She wasn't dragged, Elgin pushed her, I think, though he swears he didn't."

"To think I brought her here that night, right over Foxfang in the dark, because I thought you were lonely and you go . . . and . . . and use her for a nasty, cheap . . ."

Harrison had stood too much in the past twenty-four hours. When she paused, he said very quietly, "Do you know Mrs. Drew thinks you are a wicked girl?"

There was silence. Inside the cloak she seemed to shrink. Then she went out, leaving him alone with the

and he had meant to comfort her . . .

The cottage seemed so empty that when the rain at last thinned he decided to take Clara for a walk, though not the usual one to the village, where they read the newspapers and riddled a reputation hollow with the sinister speed of woodworm in a beam.

Past his cottage the lane became a mere track, winding steeply up the side of Foxfang, then turning to run along the valley, high above the river.

Lorenz — the name re-

turned to nag at him. Even the wiry gorse bushes were dripping with water. All the world was autumn drab. Thunder rolled down from the Grey Watchers in avalanches of dull sound. The only sign of life was Clara, making her first safari among the whortleberries; then glancing back he saw another. Far below, a splash of scarlet moved on the river bank among the rocks. Primrose had come back.

Just up to Camel Rock, then. From its hump there was a vast view of the valley, widening out to Tawmere, the great bog in the heart of the moor. Perhaps the wide peace of it would calm his mind to frame a proper apology.

Lorenz — suddenly it came to him. He was the brilliant young composer who had left sanctuary in England to return to his native Hungary at the time of the uprising, and had died there in Budapest, more than a year ago.

They reached the Rock. Then he was running wildly back toward the cottage, shouting senselessly at the tiny figure far away on the river's brink. Terrified whimpers came from behind him, but he took no notice; it was not Clara who stood in mortal danger.

"Primrose, come out of the river!"

The awful rumbling of massed powers drowned every other sound as the great wall of flood water rolled inexorably down the head of the valley toward the small paddling figure.

"Primrose, look out!"

His shouts were lost, puny as bird cries, in the acres of air between them. She could not hear: he could never reach her in time.

"Primrose!"

Breath tore from him in raw gasps. It was no use. She was

almost directly beneath him now, far below, and the thunder sounded louder and louder. But thunder had rolled across the sky all day.

"Primrose!" No, that was no use. He stopped and scrambled about the track for a stone of the right size, took aim and threw. The first went wide. Calming himself, he counted three and threw again. The stone shattered on a rock in mid-stream. He saw her look up, and at the same instant the huge wall of mad, brown water surged down the valley beneath the Grey Watchers. But she had scrambled up the bank, was running up the lawn when it reared over her.

To page 82

CHILD "NERVY"?

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(20-30 years, weight without clothing, medium build)

WOMEN	20 yrs.	25 yrs.	30 yrs.	WOMEN	20 yrs.	25 yrs.	30 yrs.
ft. ins.	sts. lbs.	sts. lbs.	sts. lbs.	ft. ins.	sts. lbs.	sts. lbs.	sts. lbs.
5 0	7 11	7 12	8 2	5 6	9 2	9 5	9 7
5 1	8 0	8 2	8 4	5 7	9 6	9 8	9 11
5 2	8 2	8 5	8 7	5 8	9 8	9 12	10 1
5 3	8 5	8 8	8 11	5 9	9 12	10 2	10 4
5 4	8 8	8 11	9 0	5 10	10 2	10 5	10 8
5 5	8 12	9 1	9 4	5 11	10 7	10 9	10 12



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Q107F

Page 81

As he hurtled on down the track, stumbling and cursing at his own slowness, truth came to lend him strength. He couldn't live without Primrose.

At last he flung himself over the wall in one clumsy vault, and the farthest swirl of flood water took him by the ankles with cold force. "Primrose!"

Only the hungry brown torrent that had swallowed all the garden answered. He went on calling and calling. The air was dulled with coming night. Was that a faint cry? He lunged about, slipping and sliding, catching at the tops of bushes, then suddenly he saw her, farther down where the water ran fast, clinging to a bending lilac.

"I'm coming!" Harrison plunged toward her, gasping as the water took him by the waist, but nothing mattered now. Somehow, embracing wildly, they

Continued from page 81

struggled up the slope, neither hearing what the other cried out. At last she made him understand; she could hardly walk. Slowly they managed to stagger to the kitchen door, where water only lapped at the step, and somehow he managed to carry her inside and slam the door on danger, weak with relief.

Brandy, that was the thing. Clara had come sedately round by the front drive and was howling to get in.

"Drink up," he said to the sodden form on the sofa. Primrose grabbed the glass, downed the brandy at a gulp, and gasped out, "Podge, Goliath, Rosie — I've got to get to them. The other river will flood, too, don't you see, my

river. Podge, Goliath, Rosie, they're shut in, they'll drown!" Her voice broke into sobs as she tried to stand and one foot gave way beneath her.

"Look, you can't possibly go, you may have broken bones. Tell me quickly and I'll go. Get your wet things off." While he was finding rugs she tried to walk again, and fell with an anguished cry.

"Podge, Goliath —"

"Yes, all right, I'll go."

She seemed not to hear. With dark hair streaming down over her shoulders and eyes wild with fear, she was a witch maid, intent only on her spell, "Podge, Goliath, Rosie." He had to shake her to get directions.

Five minutes later, in dry clothes and clutching the battery lantern,

he began the steep climb over the ridge. Behind him storm water raged down the darkening valley. Who was to say that it might not yet rise higher and engulf his home? But what could he do? It would be inhuman to let the dogs drown without some effort.

Wet grass slipped under his feet. What he took at first to be a bush rose up and bounded away, bleating with terror at his approach. How would the river be in the next valley?

He was soon to know. Once on the crest of the hill, the roar of waters seemed to shake the very tor beneath his feet. Down on the left was a darker blur on the grey air, which might be fir trees, and a rabbit-wide path led that way.

No water had yet reached the wooden bungalow, although he sensed it rising close by. The door was locked, but Primrose had given

him the key and he was soon through. The moment he entered something hit him and he found himself lying on the floor with a stern weight on his chest and hot breath on his face.

"Podge, Goliath, Rosie," he said hopefully. One hand had managed to keep hold of the lantern. In its beam, peering anxiously down at him, was the largest dog in the world, presumably Clara's mother and, therefore, Rosie. One snow-shoe paw held him down.

"Rosie, hello, Rosie. Good girl, eh?"

She sniffed at him doubtfully, sniffed again, then began to explore his lapels with growing excitement. Ah, she must have smelled Clara. And at that moment he heard the cry. Quite close and clear, a baby was crying. The big dog looked aside, her mind divided. He was able to stand up, splashing as he did so into the first trickle of brown water spreading up the hall.

Obviously Rosie was a dog of great intelligence and her job was to guard the baby against all comers. But if he could make her understand . . . "Rosie, Rosie."

She came out of the house willingly enough, thinking that she was seeing him off. In the lantern beam the water was licking up the hillside, covering stone after stone. Rosie checked at the sight of it, ran right down to sniff it. She let out one deep baying howl, then galloped past him, back to the house.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love."

— John 15:10.

The fat, pink baby, perhaps a year old and presumably Podge, took one look at him and opened her mouth wide to scream, simultaneously kicking him on the ear with a foot. Rather a pet, he thought, a sort of cuddly toy, and he quickly gathered her up into a blanketed bundle. By now Rosie had collected Goliath the puppy. A new wave crashed against the wall as they splashed a way out of the matchboard house.

Afterwards he could remember nothing of the journey back, except a great fear of falling with the child. Home was still there. He staggered inside at last, intoning "Podge, Goliath, Rosie," and Primrose took the baby from him, tears streaming down her face.

Brandy seared his throat. Then slowly in a very hot bath he began to revive. So Primrose, who had run away with young Lorenz, had a baby. She had wanted to make a fresh start, but loving the moon she could not leave them, only hide away from the bitter-tongued villagers. Small things began to make sense at last.

When he came out, dogs were sprawled all over the floor, but Podge had been tidied away. There was fire and lamp glow and curtains drawn against the night. Primrose was hopping about doing something at the table.

"Why didn't you tell me about your baby and your real name, Mrs. Lorenz?" he asked gently. She sat down.

"I wanted you to fall in love with me before you knew about it all," she said stonily. "No one here believes Franz and I were married."

"I believe you."

"But you hate babies."

"Oh, you mean that newspaper stuff. Elgin makes all that up. I rather liked her actually. She kicked me."

"Oh."

Primrose turned away so that he could not see her face, could only guess her mind's turmoil. He found himself with a queer choking feeling. He went across to her to try to put it into words. Then he saw the table.

There was tomato soup, salmon sandwiches, chocolate cake, and coffee. And Primrose was just laying out the last of the Ludo counters. She looked up at him past a curtain of dark hair and said gently, "There, now we can play every night, can't we?"

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1oz. Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa; 1 pint milk; 3ozs. sugar; 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs; ½ teas. vanilla essence; 3 tabs. apricot jam; 2 eggs (separated); 2 tabs. castor sugar for meringue.

Method: Combine the cocoa with the sugar. Blend to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Heat the remainder of the milk and pour onto the sugar and cocoa. Pour onto the breadcrumbs in a greased pie dish. Add the beaten egg yolks. Stir until well mixed. Flavour with

vanilla. Place in a shallow dish of cold water and bake in a moderate oven — 350° or Regulo 5 Gas, 400° Electric for approximately 40-45 minutes. Spread apricot jam over the top of the cooked pudding. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add the castor sugar gradually beating after each addition of sugar. Pile or pipe on the pudding. Return to the oven to brown the meringue.

This recipe has been tested and is recommended by noted home economist Marguerite Miller

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2542 Easy-to-make multiple pattern includes sleeveless shift, back-buttoned overblouse, straight skirt, and roomy jacket. Sizes 31 to 36 in. bust. Requires for 34 in. bust, shift 3½ yds. 36 in. material, jacket (sketch A), 2½ yds. 36 in. material. Butterick pattern 2542, price 5/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2626 Smartly styled shirt-dress has a soft raglan shoulder line. The pattern includes long or short-sleeve design. Sizes 31 to 40 in. bust. Requires for 34 in. bust, short sleeves, 4½ yds. 36 in. material, long sleeves 4½ yds. 36 in. material. Butterick pattern 2626, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

2434 Form-fitting pinofore dress has three different necklines—scoop-out (as illustrated), V-shaped, and oval. Minus a blouse, the pinofore becomes a perfect after-5 sheath. The blouse is not included in the pattern. Size 31 to 38 in. bust. Requires for size 34 in. bust, 3 yds. 36 in. material or 1½ yds. 54 in. material. Butterick pattern 2434, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

2198 Attractive short-cut nightgown. The pattern also includes shortie pyjamas, long-legged pyjamas, and a brunch coat. Sizes 32 to 40 in. bust. Requires for 34 in. bust, short-cut nightgown 3½ yds. 36 in. material. Butterick pattern 2198, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

9946 Long or short cut muu muu has graceful fullness. The pattern includes design with puffed, straight or cape sleeves. Sizes 31 to 36 in. bust. Requires for 34 in. bust, short skirted design 4½ yds. 36 in. material, long skirted design 6½ yds. 36 in. material. Butterick pattern 9946, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2545 Smartly tailored back-buttoned overblouse. Sizes 31 to 38 in. bust. Requires for 34 in. bust, 1½ yds. 36 in. material or 1½ yds. 45 in. material. Butterick pattern 2545, price 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

2553 Small girl's one-piece dress has a back-buttoned bodice and elasticised back waist. Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 for chest measurement 20, 21, 22, 23, 23½ and 24 in. Two views. Requires for 24 in. chest, view E, 1½ yds. 36 in. material and ½ yds. 36 in. contrast. View A, 2½ yds. 36 in. material. Butterick pattern 2553, price 4/9. Postage 6d. extra.

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August 7, 1963

Teenagers

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



SARA QUADS BECOME TEENAGERS—pages 4, 5

LETTERS

Guests to blame for dull parties

TEENAGE parties these days are the dullest in existence. There is no good conversation, no good music, no anything—just ghastly Twist records played at full blast and couples huddled together all round the room gazing rapturously at each other.

There is no attempt made by guests to help the party along. No one seems to feel any responsibility to the hostess to make the party a success. The attitude seems to be, "You invited me along, here I am, where's the entertainment and the eats?"

A successful party depends as much on the guests as on the hostess, and it's a pity most teenagers don't realise it. — Pamela Bronston, Perth.

... Or is it the music?

I WOULDN'T say I was a square, but I would like to know what has happened to the old-time dances — the quick-step, waltz, and the two-step.

Most dances now are of the "please yourself" variety. All night long, while some band in the background makes a noise, a few teenagers Twist, some jive, while others just move aimlessly from one foot to the other.

The remainder sit or stand around looking thoroughly bored. The lights are usually dim and there's a pall of smoke hanging over the room.

O for the days of real dancing — happy faces, nice dresses, and the cheerful atmosphere of the fast-disappearing "50-50" dances. By all means let's retain the

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

best of the new dances, but remember the old ones, too. — (Miss) L. Berry, Ascot Park, S.A.

Romantic mums

IF teenage girls think their mothers are unsympathetic, let them notice what most mothers read, sing, listen to, and talk about. Ninety per cent. of it will concern romance, and young romance at that.

If Mum doesn't approve of your boy-friend, take a good, hard look at him and compare notes with her. She could be judging him in the light of romance seasoned with experience. It is rare to find a mum who is a genuine "nark." — "Romance," Geelong, Vic.

Tips for study

IF you're sick of your study methods, try this. Do your set homework for the night, take a hot shower, and really scrub with plenty of suds. Slowly turn off the hot water, and stand under the cold as long as you can without freezing.

Towel yourself frantically to get dry and warm and then get ready for bed. Exercise for ten minutes, using all the muscles you can. By now you are warm and tingling all over.

Hop into bed with a book on your most hated subject (or the most difficult) and battle with it for no longer than half an hour. Then give another subject a chance, finishing up with a few minutes on your favorite. You'll doze off happily with no "study nightmares."

This method has worked extremely well for me. My results have improved out of sight. In addition, I feel like a million. — L.C., Katoomba, N.S.W.

... And exams

I'VE found the following tips for exam jitters very workable. They will make you feel calm and confident.

- Dress in clean, neat, comfortable clothes. If you don't feel well groomed and fresh, your approach to the exam cannot be as clear as it should.

- Leave home early. There is nothing worse than tearing off to an exam and arriving at the last minute.

- Forget last-minute cramming. If you don't know everything, hasty cramming won't help and might confuse.

- Try to write down a few points about each question as you read through the paper. This will fix the answer in your mind and will help when you come to write.

- Avoid discussing the paper with friends when you have finished. Forget the exam and just relax. — K. M. Walker, Myrtle Bank, S.A.

Money sense

I WORK for a chartered accountant and much of the work involves bankruptcy matters. It is frightening to see the sums of money owing and the terrible muddle some people can get into.

In most cases people live above their means, and if they went into their financial position a little more thoroughly before buying things (usually not essentials) they would never have the heartbreak of realising their mistakes later on.

Teenagers who handle their own money early in life can learn valuable lessons and if they are wise will never have the awful shadow of bankruptcy looming over them later on. — "Money-Wise," Brighton, S.A.

BEATNIK



"You ring?"

On the nose

RECENTLY one of my girlfriends was told that a red nose could be toned down by using a green-tinted base. As she didn't have any she experimented by using green eye-shadow on her nose instead.

This she covered with a dusting of powder, but in the course of the day the powder came off, leaving her with a pale green nose. Was her face red when she realised it! — "Green Nose," Cheltenham, S.A.

Next week

• You've heard of the new "sulky" fashion colors introduced by the Australian Wool Board? In our next issue you will be able to see them in pictures of their preview compered by Murray Rose. On our cover we'll have a terrific double pin-up of Col Joye and Judy Stone.

Religious differences

• "C.J." (T.W., 26/6/63) wrote that she was going out with a boy of another religion, and wondered whether she should discuss their religious differences with him or not. Readers were unanimous that she should.

WHAT kind of friendship is it that you can't speak openly to him about such a vital question as religion, especially when you state that you have been influenced by his example?

If at this stage of your friendship you can't speak openly without risk of offending him, then what basis for happiness have you at all? — Mary Coulstock, Ashfield, N.S.W.

YOU say you have never thought about religion very intensely before. Well, perhaps now is the time to go more deeply into it.

Maybe your boy-friend's example and influence is due to the fact that he has had more personal experience of God than you.

It may not be that his religion is better than yours. After all, there are many ways of splitting the truth, and the basic belief of each religion is the main thing.

You may find these basic beliefs to be the same. A discussion would benefit you both. — B. Hemphill, Chatswood, N.S.W.

I GO out with a boy of another religion, but our religious differences do not impair our friendship. We have talked about religion and found that basically our beliefs are the same. We realise that many of our beliefs are not the same, but neither are they completely dissimilar.

As everybody has different conceptions of religion, even within one denomination, it is only reasonable that we should differ on some points. As long as the basic truths of Christianity are not lost, the other differences will be secondary. — C. Gratton, Melbourne.

BY all means consult your boy-friend about your worries. If your relationship is becoming at all serious, he has probably also thought about the question of religion.

Problems of this nature are never solved by avoiding them, and your friendship would be sooner or later affected by your worries.

Talk out the problem with your boy-friend, and if you can resolve your differences,

well and good. If you cannot, it is just as well to find out now as later on. — Jennifer Nicol, Ermington, N.S.W.

TELL your friend that you have become very interested in his religion and would like to know more.

If he knows that you are sincerely interested, there should be no quarrels, and you can discuss your problems without becoming involved in arguments. — P. Unwin, Gympie, N.S.W.

I HAVE been going out with a boy of another religion for two years. He has shown me a different way of life by allowing me to attend his church whenever possible.

Speak to your boy-friend, telling him you certainly don't want to argue, but just compare notes about your beliefs. Don't keep your worries to yourself — they can so often be solved simply.

Most important, disregard criticism by your friends — their ignorance of the true situation could lead to much unhappiness. — "Stick to Him," Melbourne.

PUZZLE

A GIRL had five pieces of chain — each identical, with three links. She wanted them formed into one chain of 15 links.

A jeweller told her the standard charge for such work was 1/- for each link cut and 2/- for welding it again.

He said he would have to cut and weld one link in each of four pieces of chain to join the five pieces together, making a total cost of 12/-.

The girl, however, was smarter than she looked. She agreed to pay 1/- a cut and 2/- a weld, but explained to the jeweller how he could do the job for 9/-.

Can you?

Answer, page 7.

Schoolboy, friends make adventure film

By Jayne O'Flahertie

● A 16-year-old schoolboy, Tom Hillard, of Hurstville, Sydney, has just completed his third movie—an adventure story about Australian teenagers. Called "The Australians," it is a 45-minute color film with background music from latest pop recordings.

TOM began filming last Christmas, and fixed a schedule to complete it during the holidays.

But like all movie producers he faced all kinds of hazards. If it wasn't casting, it was the weather. If it wasn't missing props, it was absent stars.

However, he overcame all difficulties, and recently had a private premiere of the film at his home—mainly for the 14 members of the cast.

Only a few of them had seen the completed film, and from start to finish there was barely a sound, except for an occasional embarrassed giggle.

After the showing the girl stars were presented with their "Oscars"—boxes of chocolates.

Tarzan fan

Tom made his first film when he was ten years old.

"At the time I was a very keen Tarzan fan," he said. "I filmed the jungle scenes near our weekend in the Woronora River Valley, south of Sydney."

A year later he made another Tarzan movie, and Tarzan's Jane was Elaine Standen, 16, one of the girl stars in his latest production.

When Tom plays a scene in his movies his mother takes over the camera, but the rest of the filming, scriptwriting, casting, and directing is all his own work.

After the second Tarzan film Tom packed his 8mm. movie camera and projector away and concentrated on his studies at Blakehurst High School.

Last year he wrote a series of stories about Australian teenagers ("for no particular reason"), and later decided to put their adventures on film.

When he mentioned the idea to his friends at school they were enthusiastic, and casting was soon under way.

Tom chose Ricky Lee, 16, John Cottier, 16, Grahame Appleby, 15, and Ian Bregenzer, 16, to play the four leading male roles in addition to his own.

Then came the problem of girls.

"We had a terrible time finding girls who wanted to act in the film—though they seem to do plenty of acting-up in school," said Tom.

Finally the girls' roles were taken by Tom's cousin, Pam Howard, 16, Elaine Standen, 16, and Lynne Chevor, 14.

Both Pam and Elaine are students at Blakehurst High.

Tom first worked on a budget of £15 for the film, but the final cost was £25.

"The Australians" opens with a panoramic view of Sydney Harbor, and 16-year-old narrator Robert Sanderson, also of Tom's school, describes the city and its people.

He then introduces the five Sydney teenagers around whom the film is built.

The scene changes to Queensland, where Ian Bregenzer is on a crocodile-hunting holiday near Townsville. (The bush scenes were filmed at the Hillards' weekend, and the crocodiles at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo.)

While hunting, Ian strikes trouble with a fanatical game protector, who shoots and wounds him.

Ian is taken to a Townsville hospital (a Sydney hospital was used for these shots, with close-ups of the patient taken in the Hillards' home) where, while recovering, he contacts Pam, who is holidaying in Sydney.

Pam immediately gets in touch with Tom—a racing-car driver, who is competing in a Bathurst, N.S.W., race meeting—and tells him of Ian's trouble.

This sequence, according to Tom, was the most difficult to film. "We had to wait until there wasn't a crowd at the circuit to do some of the filming, yet we wanted a crowded effect in the movie," he said.

"So the race I 'competed' in was filmed during an actual race meeting in Bathurst, and the close-ups were filmed one day on the deserted race track. The crowds we needed were composed of helpful friends."

Brabham's smile

Tom is especially proud of one scene in his movie—where Australian racing-car champion Jack Brabham makes a small "guest appearance"—unwittingly.

Tom was taking a few scenes of the pits when Jack turned around and gave a broad grin to the camera.

"He certainly added to the atmosphere of those scenes," said Tom. "I think he smiled when he recognised Dad, who used to be in his pit crew."

Tom leaves the race-track to find Ricky Lee, the third member of the group. Ricky is a very keen indoor bowler (as he is in real life), and he and Tom set off to find the rest of the group.

Grahame Appleby is lazing on the sands of a Sydney beach, soaking up the sun and surf, while John Cottier is skiing at Thredbo. Both answer the call to help their friend.

The four boys fly to Townsville, but no sooner had they arrived than Ian is kidnapped by a band of hoodlums—accomplices of the gamekeeper—and taken to a deserted shack in the bush out of Townsville.

The film ends with an action-packed fight outside the shack, in which the Sydney boys rescue Ian.

Robert Sanderson, as well as narrator for the film, plays the leader of the "hoods," complete with leather jacket and flick-knife.

Parents help

Tom admits that he would not have got very far without the help and interest of his parents.

"Mum and I get together on the splicing," he said. "I cut, she joins. And, as far as money goes, I could not have got by without her."

Tom's father has also been a big help—he is chief stuntman and art director.

"Dad is also a great help in the crowd scenes," said Tom. "He walks back and forth in front of the camera."

Despite his intense interest in his hobby, Tom has no plans for a career in motion pictures. He hopes to become a school-teacher.



TOM HILLARD, producer, director, scriptwriter, cameraman, and star of the film. Below are his leading ladies—Pam Howard (left), Lynne Chevor (centre), Elaine Standen.



FULL CAST of the film at its premiere. From left (standing): Tom Hillard, Ricky Lee, Robert Sanderson, Ian Bregenzer, and John Cottier. In centre: Warwick Don, Elaine Standen, Pam Howard, Lynne Chevor, and Peter Lindwall. In front: Grahame Appleby, Robert Cass, Geoff Shephard, and Bruce Edwards.

QUADS' FIRST TEEN FASHIONS



IN SPRING a young girl's fancy turns to clothes like the simple three-piece in rayon linen worn by Alison, for it goes just about everywhere. The shortish jacket tops an overblouse of white swiss-embroidered pique.



CASUAL young beau (left) is Phillip looking sharp and sassy, not to mention sportive and fashion-wise, in a colorful jerkin style (it's big news for the younger set and widely popular) above long trousers and brown suede shoes.

TEENAGE TWOSOME. Judith's newsy long-waisted dress in check cotton/silk (above) has lots of swish in the skirt and a wonderful tied bow at neck. Alongside her, Mark sports a plain red shirt and light-colored linen suit with belted shorts.



● The Sara quads, of Bankstown, N.S.W. — Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark — are about to celebrate their 13th birthdays. Alison's is on August 17, brother Phillip has his on August 18, and Judith and Mark share a birthday the day after.

ALWAYS on the move and interested in everything, the quads are bright and winning children with loads of charm.

When a leading Sydney department store dropped into the role of fairy godmother and gave the quads a new summer wardrobe each to celebrate their coming of (teen) age, everyone concerned thought it was pretty good.

The pictures on these pages are of the quads' new casual and go-anywhere styles. Their party styles are shown on the cover. In choosing their clothes, each showed individual taste.

For example, tall, fair Alison with her attractive cropped hairdo, once the tallest and now the tallest of the quads, is a regular suit girl and in-

variably goes for rather tailored lines that suit her schoolgirl figure.

Pony-tailed Judith, on the other hand, is a frank extrovert with a really gay approach to fashion. Not nearly as tall as her sister, she takes to bouncy skirts, checks, stripes, and bright colors, and manages to wear them all with considerable dash.

Mark, with the wide, winning grin and the yen for sharp colors (just look at him show off that brave red shirt pictured at the right), is something of the dashing cavalier type in his dress. Trying on the red shirt for a fitting, he raised the biggest laugh of the day when he turned eagerly to his mother and said, "Gee, Mum, can I wear it to the pictures this Saturday?"

Snowy-haired Phillip, tall and easy-going, wears his clothes with an unruffled air.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

OUR COVER: Party clothes worn by the Sara quads show that just-teenage girls look pretty in simple frocks without frills worn with plain-cut shoes in a gay color and white socks. Judith's floaty blue-and-white style is easy-care dacron. Alison's full-skirted plain-and-floral frock is esbilene. The boys' dacron/viscose suits worn with striped shirts are suitably formal.



PERKY little red hat worn (almost) by Judith (above) with cute crop-jacket two-piece of plain and check cotton/dacron. This frock is copied from a Paris style. Mark's jerkin outfit teams with a striking denim-look shirt that is big news for teenagers.

FRESH as the first hint of spring, Alison's three-piece in plain-and-spot dacron (left) features a tuck-in blouse that bows under the chin. Phillip's pale suit — "It's linen," he's telling his sister — looks especially right worn with gay red shirt style.

Fashions available at: Farmer & Co., Sydney; The Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide; McWhirter's, Brisbane; Brownell's, Hobart. All girls' wear by Paris Chic, boys' wear by Proper Tailoring.

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

Love by mail

"I AM 17 and my boy-friend is 19.

He is in the Navy. I have been going with him for nine months, and have only seen him once, but have been writing to him ever since. He wrote and asked me to marry him and I said yes. I don't know if I did the right thing or not. Mother says that when he comes up I might not like him. That is what I'm afraid of — I don't know if I'm in love with him or his letters. I have been going out with other boys and I enjoy myself, but always start talking about my boy-friend. He wants me to marry him in 18 months' time. He comes from W.A. and wants me to go there at Christmas-time to meet his mother. I want to go, but if I find out he is not the one for me I don't know what I will do. Mostly when he gets leave he goes home. Every time he has arranged to come and see me something seems to go wrong. Please help me."

"Miss Worried," Qld.

You should write to your boy-friend and tell him that you can't make any plans until you see him — and that you want to see him on his very next leave.

Even if you think you're still in love with him after you see him again, you'd be a very foolish girl to plan marriage for a long time yet. A: You're far too young; and B: You need to get to know one another much better (and if he's away for months at a stretch this will take time).

Letters CAN help in this process, but you need to spend time together, too. Unless the writer can express his or her real self on paper, there's always the danger that letters alone will build up a false image.

Showdown due

"I HAVE been keeping company with a boy for two months. I love him very much, but I am worried about his feelings toward me. He had just broken off with another girl when I met him, and now he always says to me, 'We will go to so-and-so today, because S. will be there and I want to see the look on her face when I walk in with you.' As he says this often, I feel he is only using me to spite her. It would be very hard for me to stop seeing him, so please give me some other suggestion as to what to do."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Whether you stop seeing this boy or not (and you'd better face the fact that you may have to), it's time you had a showdown with him.

The next time he announces that you're going to a place where his ex-girl-friend is likely to be, tell him quietly but firmly that you'd rather he took you somewhere else (have another place already selected).

Point out that it should be your privilege to choose where he takes you sometimes, that whether his former girl-friend sees you or not should make

no difference to his enjoyment of the outing — and that it is hardly gallant of him (which is putting it mildly) to embarrass you in this way.

Stand your ground, even if it means a broken date. If he really likes you and wants your company, he'll come round eventually.

Partner problem

"WE are two country girls attending boarding - school. Our annual school dance will take place soon, and we are worried because we have no one to invite. Most of the girls are inviting much older boys from the city, but we do not know anyone suitable from the country. We both have eligible cousins, but it is not very romantic when it is time to say good-night. Also, the other girls might laugh at us. Do you think we should not go? Please help us."

"Country Bumpkins," Vic.

Why stay home and miss all the fun? Go to the dance with your eligible cousins. The other girls won't laugh—they'll probably queue up for introductions to them. And you might meet somebody else's eligible cousins or brothers.

Beauty in brief:

BASIC SKIN CARE

BEAUTY habits developed in the very early teens aren't always constructive and wise.

One reason is because a youngster is apt to regard beauty aids as a sort of plaything and run haywire with them, treating her young skin to an ever-changing variety of beauty creams, cleansers, lotions, and instant acne cures.

It is wrong to assume that these won't do her any harm. At worst her skin could become upset and run into real trouble.

This point has been brought to light by a professor of dermatology at an American university, who backs up his theory by suggesting that when a girl is in doubt about what to use she can't go far wrong with two or three soap-and-water cleansings a day.

It's most important that these be done properly, not as dull, familiar chores but as skin treatments.

For instance, a badly washed surface that has been scrubbed with a rough washcloth and improperly rinsed and dried may be courting abrasion, soap-residue irritation, and chapping.

This will not happen, it's claimed, if the soap is worked into a lather and smoothed over the face with

"No" — in Latin

"I AM a 17-year-old girl, and have a very hot Latin temper. Men frequently ask me out, but they are all married, engaged, or going steady. This has upset me a lot, because it has made me feel as if I am encouraging them to ask me out, but I can assure you I am NOT! So could you please tell me how I can tell them to 'get lost' or 'leave me alone' in a ladylike manner, because I'm afraid that one day I might say something I may regret later."

"Lucienne," W.A.

If a ladylike "No, thank you" doesn't discourage them, let go a little with the Latin temper, especially on the married ones. You'll probably regret a few fiery words much less than becoming one side of a triangle.

Tall girl

"MY problem is one of tallness, as I am only 14 and am 5ft. 7in. Although I have read many articles on how a tall girl looks well dressed and stands out in a crowd, I always feel uncomfortable when I am with people, because I stand head and shoulders above them. My friends are all small (around 5ft. 3in.) and all the boys I know are smaller than I am. Whenever I go to a party and am with a boy smaller than myself I feel terribly self-conscious. I always wear flatties, but this is no good. I can't help feeling big and clumsy when I'm near my friends and that I will always be taller than everybody else. Can you help me gain some self-confidence, please?"

"Tall Girl," W.A.

I'd like to bet that in a few years' time your height won't be an embarrassment to you — you'll count it as one of your assets. You'll certainly be envied by lots of your shorter friends.

A word from Debbie



FOR the next birthday party you organise give the guests a special treat. Follow a quaint old custom and prepare a "favor" and "fortune" for each of the girls.

"Favors" can be small charms bought at chainstores, and you supply a matching "fortune" tag. Something along these lines:

- Teapot—a wonderful hostess.
- Dice—a charmed life.
- Flower—green fingers.
- Rocking-chair—you'll live to a ripe old age.
- Doll's house—a mansion.
- Invitation—a gay social life.
- Gold crown—a beauty queen.
- Telephone—lots of friends.
- Safety-pin—many children.
- Key—a trip abroad.
- Gold star—career girl.
- Spoon—a good cook.
- Red heart—many romances.
- Thimble—a contented wife.
- Silver coin—a wealthy husband.
- Ring—next to be married.
- Ladder—an elopement.
- Four-leaf clover—a happy life.
- Ticket—you'll win the lottery.

Right now the boys you are mixing with are around your own age, and most of them haven't grown to their full height. Girls generally "shoot up" at an earlier stage of their teens than boys. Later on you'll be looking up — literally — to many of the boys you seem to tower over now.

So keep your head up and shoulders back so that you'll have a graceful carriage to show your height to advantage. (Lots of young "tallies" make the mistake of hunching their shoulders to try to disguise their height.)

And don't stick exclusively to flatties. Wear little heels for special occasions. You'll look and feel much smarter.

The wrong bait

"RECENTLY I took out a girl whom I like very much and had wanted to take out for some time. When I asked if I could take her out again, she said I could but at present she had four 'on the hook,' including myself. I know for a fact that the other three are not 'on the hook.' I like the girl very much, but not her attitude. Do you think I should teach her a lesson and drop her? I would not like to do this, but I would hate to think that as far as she is concerned I am only one in four."

"Hooked," Qld.

I don't like her attitude, either. Maybe she just wants to play the field and keep you interested at the same time. Fair enough, but a nice girl wouldn't do it by boasting about her current conquests (whether they are real or not).

The practice of teaching people lessons can be like a boomerang. It sometimes rebounds on the teacher. So keep taking her out if you want to. You probably won't want to for long.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

— Carolyn Earle

LISTEN HERE

—with Diane Roberts

New Zealand boys on return visit

● Lou and Simon, the singing and comedy duo from New Zealand, are back in Australia for a few months—so watch out for them on our national teen shows.

YOU may remember them from their very successful two-month visit last year.

"We tried to get back sooner, but were too busy with tours of New Zealand," said Lou.

Lou Clauson and Simon Mehana have been working together now for about two and a half years.

They met when Lou was compering a talent quest in

which Simon, singing and doing impersonations, won second place.

Lou needed a guitarist to take on a singing tour, so he asked Simon if he could play. Although Simon had played only bass in bands before, they got together and formed a team.

One night on stage Lou asked Simon to sing with him, and the act was so successful they haven't looked back since.

Fifteen months ago they released a cover version of Rick Nelson's "Young World," and it outsold the Nelson disc in New Zealand. They also have another two discs out, and their last one, "This Time I Would Know," topped the New Zealand charts.

The boys spend most of their time making personal appearances in New Zealand, and have appeared on shows with Bobby Vee, John Leyton, Adam Faith, and Linda Scott.

Last trip to Australia they appeared on 18 TV shows, played in clubs, and spent a week appearing at a hotel at Surfers' Paradise.

Puzzle answer

HERE is the answer to our puzzle on page 2: The girl said that the jeweller should cut each of the three links in one piece of chain and use these to join the other four pieces together. This would mean only three cuts and three welds, totalling 9/-.

(From "Mathematical Fun, Games, and Puzzles," by Jack Finkelstein. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, and reprinted through permission of the publisher.)

WORTH HEARING

BAROQUE CONCERTOS

THE meaning of the word concerto has changed a good deal in the course of musical history. The first instrumental concertos (about 300 years ago) were not, like those of today, compositions with a brilliant solo part backed by an orchestra; they consisted of varied collections of instrumentalists playing together in a "concerted" manner.

In the typical early concerto orchestra a small group of instruments was contrasted with a larger group. The solo concerto emerged as a special form of this and finally took over as the cult of the virtuoso — the "star system" of music.

Older concertos, too, were a good deal shorter than modern concertos and did not take themselves quite so seriously. Nine Baroque concertos can be found on two newly issued discs.

One of these (from C.B.S.) carries four organ concertos by Handel played by E. Power Biggs with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. The other, issued by the Universal Record Club, has five trumpet concertos (four solo, one for two trumpets) played by the Mainz Chamber Orchestra under Gunter Kehr. The composers are Telemann, Vivaldi, Purcell, and Torelli.

There is here a wealth of spirited and tuneful music excellently played. The Handel concertos, played on an organ believed to have been designed according to Handel's own specifications, I can specially recommend, especially to those who imagine that the organ can only be solemnly pious.

The trumpet concertos, too, are far more varied than you might expect. This was a great age for the trumpet, and modern trumpeters (like those heard on this disc) are only now rediscovering the brilliant "high-register" technique of those days.

—Martin Long



MUCH as I love folk music, I was becoming a bit blasé about it, so when I picked up "The Folksong World of Doug Owen" (W and G LP) I put it on with a resigned sigh.

Within minutes, however, Melbourne boy Doug Owen had me more enthusiastic than ever — about him AND folk music. He has an easy, wonderfully controlled voice.

I hope his next album has some less familiar numbers on it.

THE title "New Sounds, Old Goodies" tells exactly what the Wild Voices of The Marty Cooper Clan have to offer (R.C.A. LP). Presenting past hits like "Raunchy," "Tequila," and "The Lonely Bull," The Clan substitute their voices for the lead instruments and come out with an unusually good sound.

It's fun to dance to, but I had more fun trying to figure out what they're saying.

AN excellent single out now is "People Say," backed with "So Sad," caressingly sung by Adrian Ussher (W and G). On the strength of this disc, which has a beautiful backing by Johnny Hawker's band, I hope we hear more from him.

GOOD for dancing: "Drum Beat For Dancing Feet," by Cory Cole and his orchestra with Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley and Panama Francis (Coral LP); and to get a party on the go, Del Shannon's "Little Town Flirt" (London LP).

AUSTRALIAN groups are producing some fine albums, but I feel The Breakaways, an instrumental group based in Melbourne, should have waited awhile before releasing "Meet The Breakaways" (W and G).

You get the impression they think a note, count 1 2 3 to themselves, then play it. Given better arrangements they could still make good.

MELBOURNE gossip: Johnny Chester is working on his second album, which will be released in a couple of months, and his new single is due to hit the market very soon; band leader Johnny Hawker has announced his engagement to pretty Anne Hathaway, a member of one of Melbourne's popular vocal groups, The Take Fives.

BROTHERLY GET-TOGETHER. Two groups of singing brothers — Australia's newest and America's oldest — recently met in Sydney. The Australians are Barry Gibb, 17, and his 14-year-old twin brothers, known as the Bee Gees, who recently moved from Brisbane to quick success in Sydney. The Americans are the Mills Brothers, who made their first disc in 1927 and are still going strong. In the picture, from left, are Herbert and Harry Mills, their accompanist Norm Brown, Barry Gibb and Donald Mills. In the front are Barry's twin brothers, Robin and Maurice.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

● American swimsuit designers apparently have not much to show for their latest efforts.

I MEAN that literally.

For, an Australian swimsuit expert says, American beachgirls are now wearing neck-to-knee bikinis!

The expert, just back from a business tour of U.S. beach fashions (there's certainly no business like that sort of "show" business!) says the new suits are still two-piece.

But—if you can take it, boys—the suits have high necks and legs down to the knees!

I was tempted at first to let the U.S. girls have a two-piece of my mind for making bikinis trunk and disorderly.

(By the way, girls in the 'sixties might not know the origin of the name "Bikini" as applied to skimpy swimsuits.

An enterprising manufacturer, it seems, took it from Bikini Atoll, in the Pacific, where Americans exploded their first atomic bomb.

After the bomb there wasn't much left to see!

Then, of course, I realised that some go-getting American swimsuit company executive had misunderstood the sign over his desk.

You fool! In the togs business it's not "Think Big."

It's "SHRINK Big!"

I ALSO see that an Italian statue is the most-oscultated (kissed, to you) man in the world.

The statue, almost 500 years old, in the coastal town of Ravenna has been kissed by an estimated two million women. The handsome statue of 16th-century soldier Guidarello Guidarelli is the target of women tourists' lips, because it is supposed to bring good luck to their romances.

I don't know what all the hewn cry is about.

Guidarelli should appeal to women—he kisses but never tells.

Boys should not regret the fact that the original Guidarelli gets the pecks posthumously.

As they say, better oscultate than never!

—Robin Adair

Another Herb Elliott?

● To most Australian teenagers, a sports scholarship trip to the University of Houston, Texas, would sound like the chance of a lifetime, but to Keith Wheeler, of Perth, it's not in the running with an Olympic Games trip to Tokyo.

SO two months ago, when the American offer was made, the 19-year-old athlete turned it down.

And the fact that two weeks ago he changed his mind about going to Texas doesn't mean he's changed his mind about the importance of Tokyo.

"It just means that I've made up my mind to try to do both," said Keith, who will leave for the States at the end of August.

"At first I thought going to Texas might interfere with my chances of making Tokyo.

"Now I think it might help, because the competition I'll get in the States should improve my speed... and I hope my new times will be good enough to clinch Olympic selection."

At present, Keith, a junior advertising representative, is on the fringe of world-class as a middle-distance runner, and by the time competitors have donned their running spikes in Tokyo he could well be in the champion category.

This is the opinion of track experts, who regard him as the most improved athlete of the

By Cynthia Robinson

1962-63 season and the brightest "streak" on the horizon.

He's so good, in fact, and is improving so rapidly that he's already being hailed by some as the boy from the West who is most likely to become Herb Elliott's successor.

Keith, a modest, dedicated athlete, hails originally from the tin-mining town of Greenbushes, in W.A.'s south-west.

"It was at the Greenbushes State School that I won my first race — the 75 yards for under eight-year-olds," said Keith with a grin.

It might have been a humble running start, but Keith hasn't really looked back.

He broke the 60 seconds for the quarter-mile in 1957 at the South-West Districts' Inter-school Competitions.

"I remember thinking at the time: 'Good, that means I'll be able to break the four-minute mile... four times under one minute adds up to under four minutes,'" he said.

It hasn't, of course, proved

as simple as all that. But Keith is now well on his way to cracking that four-minute mile, having got it down to 4.06.8 at the national championships in Adelaide earlier this year.

One record of which he's very proud dates back to the 1959 interschool sports. Then, as a pupil of Scotch College, he ran a 4min. 19.7sec. mile, breaking Herb Elliott's school-boy record by seven seconds.

After setting a W.A. record for the junior half-mile a year ago, he entered the Commonwealth Games with just fair prospects, but he ran so well in this event he was unlucky not to make the finals.

Keith works so hard on the track that he has little time for any other interests.

He hesitantly admits, however, that he's learning ballroom dancing. "But I'm not making much of a fist at that," he said.

He is, however, making a great "fist" of becoming a top-rate runner... one who could well make the Olympic victory dais for Australia, even as early as in Tokyo next year.

Next week: Diana Cross.



KEITH WHEELER, of Perth, is regarded as the most improved athlete of the 1962-63 season, with the potential to crack the four-minute mile and go to Tokyo for next year's Olympic Games.

